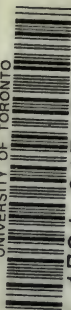


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# Ancient Metrical Tales:

PRINTED CHIEFLY

FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES.

EDITED BY

THE REV. CHARLES HENRY HARTSHORNE, M.A.

"Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema."



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LONDON:

WILLIAM PICKERING.

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TO  
SIR FRANCIS FREELING, BARONET,  
THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,  
IN ADMIRATION OF HIS  
LITERARY TASTE,  
AND IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE  
KINDNESSES  
CONFERRED BY HIM UPON ITS  
EDITOR.



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## A POSTSCRIPT PREFACED.

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Little Wenlock, Salop, Dec. 15, 1828.

THE present Volume is sent forth in a smaller size than that in which its Editor originally intended it should appear. It was commenced during a residence in the University, and purposed for enlargement as future opportunities might occur. But as nearly four years have now elapsed since the transcripts were first made, and as there appears every probability of a still longer delay if the Editor's earlier plans are adhered to, he has thought it prudent to abandon them; and commit it to the press in its present state.

The professional duties of a large parish, together with a want of access to those books illustrative of Early Poetry, which are to be found only

in the Libraries of the curious, have prevented him from elucidating his subject by more copious notes or a glossary.\* To the reader, already initiated into these mysteries, such helps would be unnecessary, whilst the wants, or the complaints of those who are but beginning to tread in the "primrose path," may be answered by the words of Sir Philip Sidney, "that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused."

\* The earliest transcript was *Piers of Ffulham*; to this are appended some scanty notes at the end of the present volume, which may serve to show, in part, what was the editor's plan of illustration.

## CONTENTS.

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I. KING ATHELSTONE. Page 1.

THE volume in Caius College Library from which this Romance is transcribed, contains the following pieces: it is in small quarto, and written upon vellum, about the middle of the 14th century.

1. Vita Ricardi regis prima (imperfect).
2. Hic incipit de milite Isumbras.
3. . . . . vita S<sup>te</sup>. Katerine Virginis.

This contains about seven hundred and sixty lines: there is also in the Library her life in Latin verse, written by Carolus Scotus, and dedicated to the Bishop of Lincoln: this latter appears to have been the author's own copy.

4. Eight Matin Masses De cruce in Anglicis verbis transpositi.

At myd day he was nayld foot and hande  
Jhu to the roode.

## 5. Bevys of Hamptoun.

Lordyng lystnith to my tale  
That is meryer than the nightingale.

## 6. KING ATHELSTONE.

Lord that is off myrtys most  
Ffadyr and sone and holy gost.

## II. A TALE OF KING EDWARD AND THE SHEPHERD. Page, 35.

The Manuscript from which this tale is transcribed is in the Public Library, lettered Ff. v. (LXVIII. it is a paper book in small quarto, written in the 15th century, containing a collection of English poems, ascribed in the Old Catalogue of this Library to Gilbert Pilkynghon, because at the end of one of them there is written "Explicit q<sup>d</sup>. Gilbert Pilkynghon;" a form often used by transcribers of MSS. and which I have several times met with at the end of Treatises, whose titles plainly shewed them to have been written by persons different from those who placed their signatures after this manner at the conclusion. When therefore such modes of expression as "Explicit A. B." or "Finis quod A. B." occur in MSS. it can only be inferred that A. B. was the transcriber, and not that he was the author. I see no sufficient ground for ascribing even the single poem at the conclusion of which the forementioned rubric is found, to this Gilbert Pilkynghon, much less for making him the author of the miscellaneous contents of the volume.



The beginning of this MS. is wanting : the first article now is :—

No.

1. A Fragment of a Poem, which might not unaptly be stiled, The Manual of Parish Priests, containing directions for preaching, and other parts of the ministerial function.—*Quere*, whether not the work of John Merks, canon of Lilleshull, who translated into English verse the treatise of Pagutas,\* entitled *Pars Oculi Sacerdotis*.—*Vide Tanneri Bibl.* p. 436.
2. The A B C, or short moral rules under each letter of the Alphabet.
3. A tabull of diverse moneth in the Yere, if thonder be herd in theym, what it betokeneth, after her seyngs that ar holdyn wyse men of sich things.
4. *Contra fures et latrones, oratio latina.*
5. *Passio Domini.*

“ Herkyne now if y’ wille

“ Off mycull pyle ye mowe lere

“ Off I. H. S. that us alle wroght

“ And syn he oure sowles bowgt.”

At the end, “ *Explicit Passio domini nostri Jesu Christi*  
2<sup>di</sup> *dominus Gilbert Pylkynton.*”

6. *Memento Homo.*

“ When the hed waketh memento.”

+ John de Burgo.

No.

7. Against the seven deadly sins from the example of the contrary virtues in our Saviour.

8.

## A TALE OF A LADY.

“ With garlande of thornes kene.”

9.

## A TALE OF KING EDWARD AND THE SHEPHERD.

This is one of those popular tales, which represent our Kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. It seems to be a different work from the very ancient poem entitled John the Reeve, mentioned in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, (vol. ii. p. 169, edit. 1767,) because the adventure here described passed between the King and a Shepherd, and because this poem appears to exceed the other in length, (what we have here consisting of about 900 lines,) and the rubric at the end, “ Non finis sed punctus,” shewing it to be imperfect. The language is, I think, as old as Edward IV.

10.

## THE NIGHTINGALES SONG.

“ In a morning of May as I lay on slepyng  
 “ To here a Song of a foule I had gret likyng  
 “ I hard a nytyngale syng I likyd hir full welle  
 “ She seid to me a wondrous thyng I shall tell the  
 every delle.”

No.

11.

## THE BASON, A TALE.

A ludicrous story of a Parson and his Brother, the latter of whom having an unthrifty and incontinent wife, the Parson contrives by a spell to expose her and her paramour to shame, and the tale ends with her repentance and amendment ; the incidents are highly laughable, and the whole is a good specimen of that humour which made it

Merry in the hall

When beards wagged all.

It has been printed incorrectly by Jamieson.

12.

## THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM.

This poem is printed in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, (vol. II. p. 13,) and the ingenious editor rightly observes, that Bedwell, who first published it in 1631, reduced the orthography to the standard of his own times. The first stanza in the MS. is as follows :

“ Of all these kene conquerours to carpe is oure kynde

“ Offe fel feghtyng folke ferly we fynde

“ The Turnament of Tottenham have in I mynde

“ Hit were harme sich hardynesse were holdyn behynde.

“ In story as we rede

“ off Hawkyn, of Harry

“ off Tymkyn, of Tyrry

“ of thaim that were dughty

“ And hardy in dede.”

No.

Bedwell, we are told, held this poem to have been written by one Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been sometime parson of Tottenham, and authour of another poem entitled "Passio domini Jesu Christi." From these circumstances I apprehend that Bedwell published from this very MS. and that his authority for attributing either poem to Pilkington was no other than the rubric before noticed, which led the compiler of the former Catalogue to make him the author of the whole contents of the volume.

13. Prognostications of the following year, from the day of the week on which Christmas-day happens to fall.
14. A poem against Adultery, including a Tale of two Brothers.

"Man for thy mischif thou the amende  
"And to my talkyng thou take gode hede  
"Fro vii dedly synnes thou the defende  
"The lest of alle is for to drede."

15. The Virgin's tale of her Son's Death.

"Lystyn Lordyngs to my tale  
"And ze shall her of on story  
"Is better than ony wyne or ale  
"That ever was made in this cuntry  
"How Iewys demyd my son to dy."

No.

## 16. The Lamentation of the Virgin.

“ Of alle women that ever borne  
“ That berys children abide and se  
“ How my son liggns me beforne  
“ Upon me kne takyn fro tre.”

## 17. A Poem to the Virgin.

“ Mary Moder wel thou be  
“ Mary Mayden thynk on me  
“ Maydyn and Moder was never non  
“ To the Lady but thou allon.”

## 18. Prophetick rules to know will happen according to the day of the week on which the year beginneth—

“ A man that will of wisdom lere.”

## 19. Poems on the Festivals and Gospels, beginning with Saint Michael's day. Written in a different hand—

“ Saint Michael the archangel and his fellagh also  
“ Er be twene God and us to schewe quat we shall do.”

## 20. Principium Angliæ, or a Chronicle of England from Gogmagog to Edward II.

“ Herkenet hideward Lordinges  
“ Ze that willen here of kynges.”

No.

## 21. THE MOURNING OF THE HARE.

“ Fer in frith as I can fere

“ Myself syzand alone

“ I hard the mourninge of an hare

“ Thus dolfully she made her mone.”

## 22. Prognostics of the seasons in prose.

## 23. A Ballad.

“ I have forsworn hit while I life to wake the well.”

24.

## A BALLAD.

“ NOW OF THIS FEEST TELLE I CAN.”

25. TALE OF A LADY, THAT LIVED NOT IN GRACE, THAT  
VERY GOD WAS IN FORM OF BREAD.

“ God that on the Rode was sent

“ Grant me grace redely to know the case

“ To mewe this matter I have ment

“ Clerely to declare God give me grace.”

The Lady carried home the consecrated bread, and buried it under a pear-tree, and a wonderful miracle ensued for her conviction.

26.

## TALE OF THE LADY AND THOMAS.

“ As I me went this andyrs day

“ Fast on my way makyng my mone

“ In a merry mornyng of may

“ Be Huntley banks myself alone.”



No.

## 27. THE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

“ In somer serson when shawes be sheyn  
 “ And leaves be large and long  
 “ Hit is full mery in feyre foreste  
 “ To here the foulys song.”

The first stanza of the story of Robinhood and Guy of Gishorne, printed in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, is evidently borrowed from this, but the tale in the MS. is different from the printed one. The MS. is here so damaged by the damp as to be nearly illegible, and would require much pains and trouble to decypher. From a cursory examination, it appears to me to contain the story of this celebrated robber and the Sheriff of Nottingham.

“ Hit is a fourtnett and more seyde Robyn  
 “ Syn I my Savior se  
 “ To day will I to Notyngham.”

He goes to church, where

“ Be side hym stode a gret heded munke.”

who incurs the malediction of the poet—

“ I pray to God, woo he be  
 “ Ful sure he knew gode Robyn  
 “ As sone as he hym se.”

The gates of the town are shut, and Robin Hood imprisoned, but released by a stratagem of Little John. Very few of these poems have any titles in the MS. I have adopted such as seemed best to suit the contents of each, and I have inserted their several beginnings, that the curious in Ancient English Poetry may the easier identify them when met with in other MSS.

III. FLORICE AND BLANCHEFLOUR. Page 81.

The Editor is indebted to David Laing, Esq. of Edinburgh, for the transcript of this beautiful fragment.

IV. PIERS OF FFULLHAM. Page 117.

Transcribed from a folio MS. in Trinity College Library, written upon paper about the beginning of the 15th century, containing chiefly piece by Lydgate.

V. HERE FOLOWETH A GOOD ENSAMPLE OF A LADY THAT  
WAS IN DYSPEYRE. Page 134.

Transcribed from a paper book in folio, written late in the 15th century. Lettered Ff. 11. xxxviii. in the Public Library. The beginning of the MS. is wanting. Its contents are—

No.

1. The seven salmes.

2. A salutation of oure Lady.

“ Heyle fareest that ever God fonde

“ Heyle modyr and maden free

“ Heyle floure of Josep wonde

“ Heyle the fruyt of Jesse.”

No.

3. The ten Commandements of Almyghty God.
4. The vii werkes of merci bodili.
5. ————— gostli.
6. The v bodyly wyttes.
7. ——— goostly ———
8. The vii deedly synnes.
9. The vii vertues contrarie to the vii dedle synnes.

The next 7 articles are in prose.

10. The xii articles of the beleewe.
11. The xii Sacraments shortly declared of St. Edmonde of Pounteneye.
12. A treatice of thre arowis that shullen be schott on Domesday agenste them that shullen be dampnedd.
13. The viii tokens of Mekenes.
14. The Life of Marye Mawdelyn.
15. The Lyfe of Seynte Margaret.
16. ————— Seynt Thomas [of Canterbury.]
17. xii profyts that men may gete in sufferyng of bodely anger.
18. The mirror of vices and of virtues, which also ys clepyd the Sevene Ages.

“ His wondre to descriye soo

“ In name he ys begeten with synne

“ The chylde ys the modres deedly foo

“ Or they be fully partyd on twynne.”

19. The ix lessons of Dirige, which is clepyd Pety Ioob.

No.

20. The Proverbis of Salamon. "Waste bryngyth a kyngdom in nede."  
21. The markys of medytacyonis." "Almighty God in Trynite."  
22. On the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

"A lovely tale y yowe tell may."

23. The Lyfe of Seynt Kateryn.

"All tho that be crystenyd and dere."

24. The Chartire of Criste. "Who so will over rede this boke."  
25. The xv tokenys before the day of dome. "The grace of the Holy Goste."  
26. How the goode man taght hys sone. "Lystenyth all and ye shall here."  
27. A good ensample of a Lady that was in despeyre.

"Cryst that was crucyfied for synners untkynde."

28. The Lamentation of the Blessed Virgin for the Death of her Son.

"Lystenyth Lordyng to my tale."

29. Another Poem on the same subject. "Of all women that ever were borne."

No.

30. A Poem against Adultery. "Man for myschefe thou the amende."

31. How a merchande did hys wyfe betray. "Lystenyth Lordyngs y yow pray."

32. A gode mater of the merchand and hys sone.

"Lystenyth ye godely gentylmen and all that ben hereyn

"Of a ryche franklyn of ynglond a song y wyll begyn."

33. The Erle of Tolous.

"Jesu Cryste in Trynite

"Oonly God and Persons thre

"Graunt us wele to spede

"And gyf us grace so to do"

That we may come thy blys unto

On rode as thou can blede.

34. Sir Egyllamour of Artus. "Jesu Lorde oure hevyn kyng."

35. Syr Tryamowre. "Heven blys that all schall wyne."

36. The Tale of the Emperor Octavian. "Lytyll and mykyll olde and yonge."

37. Befyse of Hampton. "Lordyngs lystenyth grete and small."

38. Diocesean the Emperor. "Some tyme was a noble man."

No.

39. Guy of Warwick. " Sythe the tyme that God was borne."

40. " Lystenyth now y schall yowe telle  
 " As y fynde in parchement spelle  
 " Of Sir Harrowee the gode baron  
 " That lyeth in Awfryke in pryson."

41. Le bone Florence of Rome.

" As ferre as men ryde or gone."

42. Robert King of Cysyll.

Pryncys that be prowde in presse.

43. Sir Degarre, imperfect.

" Lystenyth Lordings gent and free.

VI.	A BALLAD.	Page 145.
	From the same Manuscript.	
VII.	A TALE OF THE UNNATURAL DAUGHTER.	Page 151.
	From the Manuscript Ff. v. lxviii.	
VIII.	THE MOURNING OF THE HARE.	Page 165.
	From the same Manuscript.	
IX.	A TALE OF A FATHER AND HIS SON.	Page 169.
	From the same Manuscript.	
X.	A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.	Page 179.
	From the same Manuscript.	
XI.	THE TALE OF THE BASYN.	Page 198.
	From the same Manuscript.	



## XII. THE COKWOLDS DAUNCE. Page 209.

The Editor has again the pleasure of thanking his friend David Laing, Esq. of Edinburgh, for his obliging transcript of this poem, from a manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum, written about the middle of the 15th century.

This ancient bourd may serve as a companion or counterpart to the well known poem of *The boy and the Mantle*, published by Bishop Percy in the *Reliques of English Poetry*, vol. 3, p. 1, in which the trial of the Horn is alluded to in the following lines :

“ The litle boy had a horne,” &c.

The allusion to the Drinking Horn in the *Morte d'Arthur* is supposed to have suggested to Ariosto the tale of the Enchanted Cup.

## XIII. TO ALL FALSE FLATTERING FREEMEN OF CAMBRIDGE, &amp;c. Page 222.

Transcribed from a manuscript upon paper in Archbishop Parker's collection in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

## XIV. BILLA POSITA SUPER HOSTIUM MAJORIS. Page 225.

Transcribed from Cole's manuscripts in the British Museum.

## XV. DOCTOUR DOUBBLE ALE. Page 227.

Transcribed from a black letter volume, supposed to be unique, without printer's name, place or [date, in the Bodleian. From the style it appears to have been written by Skelton.

XVI. HERE EEGYNNETH THE JUSTES OF THE, MONETH  
OF MAYE. Page 246.

Transcribed from a black letter volume in the Pepysian Library, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and supposed to be unique.

XVII. WILLYAM AND THE WERWOLF. Page 256.

This fragment is printed as a specimen of a much larger fragment, beautifully written upon vellum, in folio, towards the close of the 14th century.

[The Editor takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to the Provost of King's College, for his permission to transcribe so curious a romance.]

XVIII. JACKE OF THE NORTHE. Page 288.

Transcribed from a folio manuscript, upon paper, in Archbishop Parker's collection.

XIX. THE KYNG AND THE HERMIT. Page 293.

Reprinted from the British Bibliographer, volume iv. p. 81.

XX. HEERE BEGINNETH A MERY TALE OF DANE HEW  
MUNK OF LEICESTRE. Page 316.

From a black letter copy, printed by John Alde.

THE ROMANCE  
OF  
KING ATHELSTONE.

EX MSS. to 171. APUD COLL: CAII: CANT.

---

LORD that is off mygtys most  
Ffadyr and sone and holy gost  
    Bryng us out off synne  
And lene us grace so for to wyrke  
To loue both god and holy kyrke  
    That may hevene wynne  
Lystnes lordyngs that ben hende  
Off ffalsnesse hou it wil ende  
    A man that ledes hym therin.

Off ffoure weddyd brethryn I wole you tel  
That wolde yn yngelond go dwel  
    That sybbe wer nouzt off kynde

And alle four messangres they were  
That wolde you yn yngelond lettrys bere  
    As it wes here yfynde  
By a fforest gan they mete  
With a cros stood in a strete  
    Be leff undyr a lynde.

And as the story telles me  
Ylke man was of dyvers cuntre  
    In book iwreten we ffynde.  
Ffor loue of here metyng thar  
They swoor hem weddyd brethryn for every man  
    In trewthe trewely dede hem bynde.  
The eldeste off hem ylkon  
He was hyzt Athelston  
    The kyngs cosyn der

He was of the kyngs blood  
Hys eemes sone i undyrstood  
    Therefore he neyzyd hym ner  
And at the laste weel and fayr  
The kyng hym dyyd wythouten ayr  
    Thenne was ther non hys pere.  
But Athelston hys eemes sone  
To make hym kyng woulde they nouzt schon  
    To corowne hym wyth gold so clere.

Now was he kynge semely to se  
He sendes afftyr hys brethryn thre  
And gaff hem her warysdom  
The eldest brothir he made eerl of Doune  
And thus the pore man gan come.

Lord off tour and toun.  
That othir brothir he made eerl of Stane  
Egelonde was hys name

A man of gret renoun.  
And gaff hym tyl hys weddyd wyf  
Hys owne sustyr dame Odyth  
With gret deuocyoun.

The ferthe brother was a clerk  
Mekyl he cowde off goddys werk

Hys name it was Alryke  
Cauntyrbury was vacant  
And fel in to that kynges hand

He gaff it hym that wyke  
And made hym bysschop of that stede  
That noble clerk on book cowde rede  
In the world was non hym lyche.

Thus avaunsed he hys brothir thorwz all gras  
And Athelston hym seluen was

A good kyng and a ryche.

And he that was eerl of Stane  
Ser Egeland was his name

Was trewe as ze schal her.

Thorw the myzt off goddys gras  
He gat vpon the countas

Twoo knave chyl dren dere

That on was ffyftene wyntyre old  
That othir thryttene as men me told

In the world was non her pere

Also whyt so lylve fflour  
Red as rose off her colour

As bryzt as blossme on brer.

Both the eerl and hys wyff  
The kyng hem louede as hys lyff

And her sones twoo

And offten sythe he gan hem calle  
Both to boure and to halle

To counsayle whenne they scholde goo

Theratt ser Wymound hadde gret envye  
Th \* \* \* eerl of doner wyn \* \* \* \*

In herte he was ful woo

He thouzte al for here sake  
Ffalse lesyngs on hem to make

To don hem brenne and sloo.



And thanne ser Wymound hym bethouzte  
Here loue thus endure may nouzte

Thozwz wurd oure werk may sprynge.  
He bad hys men maken hem zar  
Vnto Londone wolde he far

To speke with the kyng  
Whenne that he to Londone come  
He mete with the kyng ful sone

He sayde welcome my dere kyng  
The kyng hym frayned soone anon  
Be what way he hadde igon  
With oute ony dwellyng.

Come thou ouzte be Countyrbery  
There the clerke syngen mery

How fayryth that noble clerk  
That mekyl canon goddys west

Knowest thou ouzt hys state  
And come thou ouzt be the eerl of Stane  
That wurthy lord in hys wane

Wente thou oute that gate  
How fares that noble knyzt

And hys sones fayr and bryzt

My sustyr ziff that thou wate.

Ser thanne he sayde withoute les  
Be Countyrbery my way i ches

Ther spak i with that dere  
Ryzt weel he greetes thee that nobleslest  
That mykyl can off goddys west

In the world is non hys pere  
And also be Stane my way i drow  
With Egeland i spak i now

And with the countesse so dere  
They fare weel is nouzt to layne  
And both her sones the kynge was frayne  
And in his herte made glad chere.

Ser kyng he sayde ziff it be thi wille  
To chaumbyr that thou sholdest wenden tylle

Counsayl for to here  
I schall the telle a swete ydande  
That comen nuer non swyche in this lande

Off all this hundryd zer  
The kynges herte than was ful woo  
With that traytour for to goo

They wente bothe fozth in sper  
And whenne that they wer the chaymbyr wythynne  
False lesyng he gan begynne

On hys weddyd brothyr der.

Ser kyng he sayde woo wer me  
Ded that I scholde see the  
    So moot I haue my lyff  
Ffor by hym that that al this worl wan  
Thou hast makyd me a man  
    And i hope me ffor to thryff  
Ffor in thy land sere is a fals traytour  
He wol doo the mykyl dyshonour  
    And brynge the on lyve  
He wole deposen the slyly  
Sodaynly than schalst thou dy  
    Be crystys wondys ffyve.

Thennes sayde the kyng so moot thou thee  
Knowe i that man and i hym see  
    His name thou me telle  
Nay sayde that traytour that wole i nouzt  
Ffor al the gold that ever was wrouzt  
    Be masse book and belle  
But ziff thou me thy trowthe wil plyzt  
That thou schalt never bewrong the knyzt  
    That the the tale schal telle  
Thanne the kyng his hand up rauzte  
That ffalse man his trowthe be tauzte  
    He was a deuyl off helle.

Ser kyng he sayde thou madyst me  
And now thou hast thy trowthe me playzt

Our counsayl for to layne  
Sertaynly it is non othir  
But Egeland thy weddyd brothir.

He wolde that you wer slayne  
He dos thy sustyr to undyrstande  
He wole be kyng off thy lande.

And thus he be gynnnes here trayne  
He wole the poysoun ryzt slyly  
Sodaynly thanne schalt thou dy  
Be hym that suffryd the payne.

Thanne swoor the kyng be cros and rood  
Mete ne drynk schal do me goode

Tyl that he be dede  
Bothe he and hys wyff hys soones also two  
Schole they never be no moo

In Yngelond on that stede  
Nay says the traytour so moot i the  
Ded wole i nouzt my brothir se

But do thy best rede  
No lenger ther then wolde he lende  
He takes hys leve to douer gan wende  
God geve hym schame and dede.

Now is the traytour hom i went  
A messangre was aftyr sent  
    To speke wyth the Kyng  
I wene he bar his owne name  
He was hoten Athelstane  
    He was foundelyng  
The lettrys wer i maad fullyche thar  
Vnto Stane for to ffar  
    Withouten ony dwellyng  
To ffette the eerl and his sones twoo  
And the countesse alsoo  
    Dame Edyve that swete thyng ;

And in the lettre zit was it tolde  
That the kyng the eerlys sones wolde  
    Make hem bothe knyzt  
And therto his seel he sette  
The messangre wolde nouzt lette  
    The way he rydes ful ryzt.  
The messangre the noble man  
Takes hys hors and forth he wan  
    And hyes a ful good spede  
The eerle in hys halle he fande  
He took hym the lettre in his hande

Anon he bad hym rede  
Ser he sayde al so swythe  
This lettre ouzte to make the blythe  
\* \* thou take good hede.

The kyng wole for the cuntas sake  
Bothe thy sones knyzt make  
The blyther thou may be  
Thy ffayr wyff wyth the thou bryng  
And that be ryzt no levyng  
That so that sche may see.  
Thenne sayde that eerl wyth herte mylde  
My wyff goth ryzt gret wyth chylde  
And for thynkes me  
Sche may nowzt out off chaumbyr wyn  
To speke with non ende of her kyn  
Tyl sche delyveryd be.

But in to chaumbyr they ganne weinde  
To rede the lettrys before they hende  
And tydyng tolde her soone  
Theene sayde the cuntasse so moot i the  
I wil nowzt leve tyl i ther be  
To morwen oz it be noone  
To see hem knyzt my sones ffre  
I wole nouzt lette tyl i ther be

I schal no lenger dwelle  
Cryst for zelde my lord the kyng  
That has grauntyd hem her dubbyng  
Myn herte is gladyd welle.

The eerl hys men bad make hem zar  
He and hys wyff fforth gunne they far  
To London ffaste they wente  
At Westemynstyr was the kyngs wone  
Ther they mette wyth Athelstone  
That aftyr hem hadde sente  
And fetryd faste verayment  
Fful lowde the countasse gan to cry  
And sayde goode brothyr mercy  
Why wole ze us sloo  
What have we a zens zow done  
That ze wole haue vs ded so soone  
Me thynkith ze am oure ffoo  
The kyng as wood ferde in that stede  
He garte hys \* \* \* \* \* to pryson lede  
In herte he was ful woo

Thenne a squyer was the countasses ffrende  
To the qwene he gan wende  
And tydyngs tolde her soone.



Serlondes off chryres off sche caste  
Into the halle sche come at the laste

Long oz it was noone  
Ser kyng I am before the come  
Wyth a chyld douztyr oz a sone

Graunte me my bone  
My brothir and sustyr that I may bozwe  
Tyl the nexte day at mozwe

Out off her paynys stronge  
That we mowe wete be common sente  
In the playne playne parlement.

Dame he sayde goo fro me  
Thy bone schal nowzt grauntyd be  
I doo the to undyrstande  
Ffor be hym that weres crowne of thorn  
They schal be drawen and hangyed to morn

Ziff I be kyng off lande  
And whenne the qwene these wordes herde  
As sche hadde be beten with Zerde

The teeres sche leet down falle  
Certynly as I zow tell  
On her bare knees down sche felle

And prayde zit for hem alle  
A dame he sayde verrayment  
Hast thou broke my commandement

Abyyd ful dere you schalle  
With hys ffoot he wolde nouzt wende  
He slowz the chylde ryzt in her wombe  
Sche swownyd amonges hem alle

Ladyys and maydennys that these were  
The qwene to here chaumbyr bere  
And there was dool i nowz  
Soone wythinne a lytyl spase  
A knave chyld iborn ther was  
As bryzt as blosine on bowz  
He was bothe whyt and red  
Off that dynt was he ded  
Hys owne fadyr hym slowz  
Thus may a traytour *baret rayse*  
And make manye men ful euele *avase*  
Hym selff nowzt afftyr it towz.

But zit the qwene as ze schole here  
Sche callyd vpon a messangre  
Bad hym a lettre ffonge  
And bad hym wende to Cauntyrbery  
There the clerkys syngen mery  
Bothe masse and euensonge  
This lettre thou the bysscop take  
And praye hym for goddys sake

Come borewe hem out off here bande  
He wole doo more for hym I wene  
Thanne for me thouz I be qwene  
I doo the to vndyrstande.

An eerldom in Spayne I haue of land  
Al I sese in to thyn hand  
Trewely as I the hyzt  
An hundryd besauntys off gold red  
You may sare hem from the ded  
Ziff that thyn hors be wyzt  
Madame bronke weel thy more geve  
Also longe as thou may leue  
That to haue I no ryzt  
But off thy gold and off thy ffee  
Cryst in hevene ffor zelde it the  
I wole be there to nyzt.

Madame thrytty myles off hard way  
I haue reden sith it was day  
Fful sore I gan me swynke  
And for to ryde now ffyve and twenty threw  
An hard thyng it were to doo  
Ffor so the ryzt as me thynke  
Madame it is ner hand passyd prime  
And me behoves al for to dyne

Bothe wyne and ale to drynke  
Whenne I haue dynyd thenne wole I fare  
God may coure hem off here care  
Oz that I slepe a wynke.

Whenne he hadde dynyd he wente his way  
Al so faste as that he may

He rod be Charynge cros  
And entryd into Fflete Strete  
And seththyn thorwn London I zow hete  
Vp on a noble hors.

The messangre that noble man  
On Londone brygge sone he wan  
Ffor his travayle he hadde no los  
From Stone into Steppynge bourne  
For sothe his way nolde he nowzt tourne  
Ysraryd he nouzt for myre ne mos

And thus hys way wendes he  
Ffro Osprynge to the Blee

Thenne myzt he see the toun  
Off Cauntyrbery that noble wyke  
Ther in lay that bysscop ryke  
That lord of gret renoun  
And whenne they runggen undern belle  
He rod in Londone I zow telle

He was nouer redy  
And zit to cauntyrbery he wan  
Songe or euensonge began  
He rod mylys ffyfty.

The messenger no thyng abod  
Into the palays forth he rod  
There that the bysscop was inne  
Ryzt welcome was the messenger  
That was come ffrom the qwene so cleer  
Was off so noble kynne  
He took hym a lettre ful good speed  
And sayde sir bysschop haue this I reed  
And bad hym come with hym  
Or he the lettre hadde halff iredde  
Ffor dool hym thouzte hys herte bledde  
The teeres ffyl ouyr hys chyn.

The bysschop bad saddle hys palfray  
Also ffaste as thay may  
Bydde my men make hem zare  
And wendes before the bysschop dede say  
To my manres in the way  
Ffor no thyng that ze spare  
And loke at ylke ffyve mylys ende.  
A ffresch hors that I ffynde

Schod and no thyng bare  
Blythe schal I neuer be  
Tyl I my weddyd brothyr see  
To kenve hym out off care.

On nyne palfrays the bysschop sprong  
Ar it was day from euensong  
In romance as we rede  
Certaynly as I zow telle  
On Londone brygge ded down felle  
The messangres stede  
Allas he sayde that I was born  
Now is my goode hors forlorn  
Was good at ylke a nede  
Zistyrday vpon the grounde  
He was wurth an hundryd ponde  
Ony kyng to lede.

Thenne he spak the erchebysschop  
Oure gostly fadyr vndyr God  
Vnto the messangre  
Lat be thy menyng off thy stede  
And thynk vpon oure mykyl nede  
The whylys that we ben here  
Ffor ziff that I may my brothyr borwe  
And bryngen hym out off mekyl sorwe

Thou may make glad chere  
And thy warysoun yschal the geve  
And God haue grauntyd the to leue  
Unto an hundryd zere.

The bysschop thenne nouzt ne bod  
He took hys hors and forth he rod  
In to Westemynstyr so lyzt  
The messangre on his ffoot alsoo  
With the bysschop come no moo  
Nether squyer ne knyzt  
Upon the morwen the kyng aros  
And takes the way to the kyrke he gos  
As man of mekyl myzt  
With him wente bothe preest and clerk  
That mykyl cowde off goddys werk  
To praye God for the ryzt.

Whenne that he to the kyrke come  
To ffore the rode he knelyd a non  
And on hys knees he felle  
God that syt in trynyste  
A bone that thow graunte me  
Lord as thou harewyd helle  
Gyltles men ziff they be  
That are in my presoun ffree



Ffor cursyd there to zelle  
Off the gylt and they be clene  
Lene it moor on hem be sene  
That garte hem there to dwelle.

And whenne he hadde maad hys pryer  
He lokyd vp in to the qweer  
The erchebysschop sawz he stande  
He was for wondryd off that caas  
And to hym he wente a pas  
And took hym be the hande  
Welcome he sayde thou erchebysschop  
Oure gostly fadyr vndyr God  
He swoor be god lenande  
Weddyd brothyr weel moot thou spede  
For I had neuyr so mekyl nede  
Sith I took cros on hande.

Goode weddyd brothyr now the thy rede  
Doo nouzt thyn owne blood to dede  
But ziff it weer thy were  
For hym that weres the corowne off thorn  
Let me bozwe hem tyl to morn  
That me mowe enquer  
And weten alle be comonn asent  
In the playne parlement

Who is wurthy be schent  
And but ziff ze wole graunte my bone  
It schall vs rewe both or none  
Be God that alle thynges lent.

Thanne the kyng wax wroth as wynde  
A wodere man myzte no man fynde  
Than he began to bee  
He swoor be othis sunne and mone  
They scholde be drawen and hongyd or none  
With eyen thou schalt see.  
Lay down thy cros and thy staff  
Thy mytyr and thy ryng that I to the gaff  
Out of my lande thou flee.  
Hyze the faste out off my syt  
Wher I the mete thy deth is dyzt  
Non othir then schall it bee.

Thenne be spak that erchebysschop  
Oure gostly fadyr vndyr God  
Smertly to the kyng  
Weel I wot that thou me gaff  
Bothe the cros and the staff  
The mytyr and eke the ryng  
My bysschoprycke thou renest me  
And crystendom forbede I thee

Prest schal ther non syngge  
Nethyr maydyn chyld ne knave  
Crystendom schal ther non have  
To care I schal thee brynge.

I schal gare crye thorwz ylke a toun  
That kyrkes schole be broken doun  
And stoken agayn with thorn  
And thou schalt lygge in an old dyke  
As it wer an heretyke

Allas that thou were born.  
Ziff thou be ded that I may see  
Asoyld schalt thou neuer bee  
Thanne is thy soule in sorwe  
And I schal wende in uncouthz  
And gete me stronge men of hond

My brothir zit schal I borwe  
I schal brynge vpon thy lond  
Hungyr and thyrst ful strong  
Cold drouzthe and sorwe  
I schal nouzt leue on thy lond  
Wurth the gloues on thy hond  
To begge ne to borwe

The bysschop has his leve tan  
By that his men were comen ylkan

They sayden sere haue good day.  
He entryd into Flete strete  
With lordys of Ynglond gan he mete  
Vp on a nobyl iay  
On here knees they knelede a doun  
And prayden hym off his benyson  
He nykkyd hem with nay  
Neythyr off cros neythyr offryng  
Hadde they non kyns wetyng.  
And thanne a knyzt gan say.

A knyzt thanne spak wyth mylde voys  
Sere where is thy rynge, wher is thy croys ?  
Is it ffro the tan ?  
Thanne he sayde zoure cursyd kyng  
Hath me refft off al my ryng  
And off al my worldly wan  
And I haue entyrdytyd Yngelond  
Ther schal no preest synge masse with hond  
Chylde schal be crystenyd non  
But ziff he graunte me that knizt  
His wyff and chyldryn fayr and bryzt  
He wolde wyth wrong hem slon.

The knyzt sayde bysschop the agayn  
Off thy body we are ful fayn

Thy brothir zit schole we borwe  
And but he graunte vs oure bone  
Hys presoun schal be broken soone  
Hymselff to mekyl sorwe  
We schole drawe doun both halle and boures  
Bothe hys castelles and hys toures  
They schole lyggelowe and holewe  
Thouz he be kynge and were the corown  
We scholen hym settee in a deep dunjoun  
Oure crystendom we wole folowe

Thanne as they spoken off this thyng  
There comen twoo knyzt ffrom the kyng  
And sayden bysschop abyde  
And haue thy cros and thy ryng  
And welcome whyl that thou wylt lyng  
It is nouzt for to hyde  
Here he grauntys the the knyzt  
Hys wyff and chyl dren fayr and bryzt  
Agayn I rede thou ryde  
He prayes the per charytye  
That he myzte asoyld be  
And yngelond long and wyde

Here off the bysschop was fful ffayn  
And turnyd hys brydyl and wendes agayn

Barouns gunne with hym ryde  
Vnto the brokene cros offs ston  
Thedyr com the kyng ful soone a non  
And there he gan a byde  
Up on hys knees he knelyd a doun  
And prayde the bysschop off benysoun  
And he gaff hym that tyde  
With holy watyr and orysoun  
He asoyld the kyng that weryd the coroun  
And yngelond long and wide.

Thenne sayde the kyng a non ryzt  
Here I graunte the that knyzt  
And his sones ffree  
And my sustyr hende in halle  
Thou hast savyd here lyvys alle  
Iblessyd most thou bee  
Thenne sayde the bysschop also soone  
And I schal geven swylke a dome  
With eyen that thou schalt see  
Ziff thay be gylty off that dede  
Sonere the doome thay may drede  
Than schewe here schame to me.

Whanne the bysschop hadde sayd soo  
A gret ffyr was madd ryzt thoo  
In romans as we rede

It was sett that men myzte knawe

Nyne plowz lengthe on rawe

As red as any glede.

Thanne sayde the kyng what may this mene

Sere off gylt and thay be clene

This doom hem thar nouzt drede.

Thanne sayde the good kyng Athelston

An hard doome now is this on

God graunte vs alle weel to spede.

They fetten forth sere Egelan

A trewer eerl was ther nan

Before the ffyr so bryzt

Ffrom hym they token the rede scarlet

Bothe hosyn and schoon that weren hym met

That fel al ffor a knyzt.

Nyne sythe the bysschop halewid the way

That his weddyd brothir scholde goo that day

To praye God for the ryzt.

He was vnblemeschyd ffoot and hand

That sawz the lordes off the land

And thankyd God off hys myzt.

They offeryd hym wyth mylde chere

Vnto seynt Powlys heyze awtere

That myekyl was off myzt

Doun vpon hys knees he felle

And thankyd God that harewede helle

And hys modyr so bryzt



And zit the bysschop the gan say  
Now schal the chyldryn gon the way  
That the fadyr zede.  
Ffro hym they tooke the rede scarlette  
The hosen and schoon that weren hem mete  
And all her worldly wede  
The ffyr was bothe hydous and red  
The chuldren swownyd as they were ded  
The bysschop tyl hem zede  
With careful herte on hem gan look  
Be hys hand he hem vp took  
Chyldryn haue ze no drede.

Thanne the chyldryn stood and lowz  
Sere the fyr is cold i nowz  
Thorwz out he went a pase  
They weren vnblemeschyd foot and hand  
That sawz the lordys off the land  
And thankyd God off his grace.  
They offeryd be wyth mylde chere  
To seynt Powlys that hyze awtere  
This myracle schewyd was there  
And zit the bysschop efft gan say  
Now schal the countasse goo the way  
There that the chyldryn were.

They fetten forth the lady mylde  
Sche was ful gret igon wyth chylde  
    In romance as we rede.  
Before the fyr when that she come  
To Jhu Cryst she prayde a bone  
    That leet his woundys blede.  
Now God lat neuer the kyngys foo  
Quyke out off the ffyr goo  
    Thoff hadde sche no drede.  
Whenne sche had maad her prayer  
Sche was brouzt before the ffeer  
    That brennyd bothe fayr and lyzt  
Sche wente ffro the lengthe into the thrydde  
Stylle sche stood the ffyr amydde  
    And callyd it merye and bryzt  
Harde schonrys thenne took here stronge  
Both in bak and eke in wombe  
    And sith then it ffel at syzt.

Whenne that here paynys slakyd was  
And sche hadde passyd that hydous pas  
    Here nose barst on bloode  
Sche was vnblesched ffoot and hand  
That sawz the lordys off the lande  
    And thankyd God on rode.

They commandyd men here away to draw  
As it was the landys lawe

And ladyys thanne tyl here rode  
Sche knelyd down vpon the ground  
And there was born seynt Edemound  
Iblessyd be that ffood

And whanne this chylde iborn was  
It was brouzt in to the plas

And was bothe hool and sound  
Bothe the kyng and bysschop ffree  
They crystynd the chylde that men myzt see

And callyd it Edemound  
Half my land he sayde I the geve  
Also longe as I may leve

With markys and with pounce  
And al afftyr my dede  
Yngelond to wysse and rede  
Now iblessyd be that stounde.

Thenne sayde the bysschop to the kyng  
Sere who made this grete lesyng

And who wrouzt al this bale  
Thanne sayde the kyng so moot I the  
That schalt thou neuer wete for me

In burgh neythyr in sale  
For I have sworn be seynte Anne  
That I schal neuer bewreye that manne  
That me gan telle that tale  
They arn savyd thorwz thy red  
Now lat al this be ded  
And kepe this counseyl hale.

Thenne swooz the bysschop so moot I the  
Now I have power and dignyte  
Ffor to asoyle the as clene  
As thou were houen off the ffount ston  
Trustly trowe thou that vpon  
And holde it for no wene  
I swere bothe be book and belle  
But zif thou me his name telle  
The ryzt doome schal I deme  
Thy selff schalt goo the ryzte way  
That thy brothir wente to day  
Thouz it the euele be seme

Thenne sayde the kynge so moot I the  
Be schrysste off mouthe telle I it thee  
Therto I am vnblyve  
Certaynly it is non othir  
But Wymoundoure weddyd brothir

He wole neuer thryve  
Allas sayde the bysschop than  
I wende he were the treweste man  
That euer zit levyd on lyve  
And he with this ateynt may bee  
He schal be hongyd on trees three  
And drawen with hors ffyve.

And whanne that the bysschop the sothe bade  
That the traytour that lesyng made  
He callyd a messangre  
And hym to Dover that he scholde founde  
Ffor to fette that Eerl Wymound  
That traytour has no pere.  
Sere Egelane and hys sones be slawe  
Bothe i hangyd and to drawe  
Doo as I the lere  
The countasse is in presoun done  
Sche schal neuer out off presoun come  
But ziff it be on bere.

Now with the messenger was no badde  
He took his hors as the bysschop radde  
To Douer tyl that he come  
The eerl in hys halle he ffand  
He took hym the lettre in his hand

On hyz wolde he nouzt wone  
Sere Egelane and his sones be slawe  
Bothe i hangyd and to drawe

Thou getyst that eerldome  
The countasse is in presoun done  
Schal sche neuer more out come  
Ne see neythyr sunne ne mone.

Thenne that eerl made hym glade  
And thankyd God that lesynge was made

It hath gete me this eerldome  
He sayde ffelawe ryzt weel thou bee  
Have here besauntys good plente

Ffor thyn hedyr come  
Thanne the messanger made his mon  
Sere off zoure goode hors lende me on

And graunte me my bone  
Ffor zystyrday deyde my nobyl stede  
On zoure arende as I zede  
Be the way as I come.

Myn hors be fatte and corn fed  
And off thy lyff I am a dred

That eerl sayde to hym than  
Thanne ziff myn hors scholde the sloo  
My lorde the kyng wolde be ful woo

To lese swylk a man.  
The messenger zit he brouzte a stede  
On off the beste at ylke a nede  
That euer on grounde dede gange  
Sadelyd and brydelyd at the beste  
The messenger was ful preste  
Wytzly on hym he sprange  
Sere he sayde haue good day  
Thou schalt come whan thou may  
I schal make the kynge at hande  
Wyth sporis faste he strook the stede  
To Grauy's ende he come good spede  
Is ffourty myle to ffande

There the messenger the traytour abood  
And sethyn bothe in same they rod  
To Westemynstyr wone  
In the palays there thay lyzt  
In to the halle they come ful ryzt  
And mette with Athelstone  
He wolde haue kyssd hys lord swete  
He sayde traytour nouzt zit lete  
Be God and be seynt Ihon  
Ffor thy falsnesse and thy lesyng  
I slowz myn heyr scholde haue ben kying  
When my lyf hadde ben gon.



There he denyyd faste the kyng  
That he made never that lesyng  
    Among hys peres alle.  
The bysschop has hym be the hand tan  
Fforth in same they are gan  
    Into the wyde halle  
Myzte he neuer wyth crafft ne gynne  
Care hym schryven off hys synne  
    Ffor nouzt that myzt be falle

Thenne sayde the goode kyng Athelston  
Lat hym to the ffyr gon  
    To prove the trewethe in dede  
Whanne the kynge hadde sayd soo  
A gret ffyr was maad thoo  
    In romance as we rede  
It was set that men myeton knawe  
Nyne plowz lenge on rawe  
    As red as any glede  
Nyne sythis the bysschop halewes the way  
That that traytour schole goo that day  
    The wers hym gan to spede  
He wente ffro the lengthe into the thrydde  
And doun he ffel the ffyr amydde  
    Hys eyen wolde hym nouzt lede

Than the eerlys chyldrn were warful smerte

And wyztly to the traytour sterte

And out off the ffyr hym hade

And swore bothe by book and belle

Or that thou deye thou shalt telle

Why thou that lesynge made

Certayn I can non othir red

Now I wot I am but ded

I telle zow no thyng gladde.

Certayn ther was non othir wyte

He louyd hym to mekyl and me to lyte

Perffore envye I hadde

Whanne that traytour so hadde sayde

Ffyre goode hors to hym were tayde

That alle men myzten see with yze

They drowen hym thorwz ylke astrete

And seththyn to the elmes I zow hete

And hongyd hym ful hyze

Was that neuer man so hardy

That durste ffelle hys ffalse body

This hadde he ffor hys lye

Now Ihu that is heuene kyng

Leue neuer traytours haue better endyng

But swych dome ffor to dye.

*Explicit.*

TALE OF KING EDWARD  
AND THE SHEPHERD.

EX. MS.<sup>to</sup> FF. 5, 48. APUD BIBLIOTH: UNIV: CANT.

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GOD that sittis in trinite  
Gyffe theym grace wel to the  
That lystyns me a whyle,  
Alle that louys of melody  
Offe heuen blisse god graunte tham perty  
Theyre soules shelde fro peryle.  
At festis and at mangery  
To tell of kyngs that is worthy  
Talis that byn not vyle.  
And ze wil listyn how hit ferd  
Betwene kyng Edward and a sheperd  
Ze shalle lawgh of gyle.

Oure kyng went hym in atyde

To pley hym be a ryver side

In a mornyng of may,

Knyzt ne squyer wold he non,

But hym self and a grome

To wende on that journey.

With a shepherde con he mete

And gret hym with wordis swete

Without any delay,

The shepherde louyd his hatte so well

He did hit of never a dele

But seid "sir gudday?"

The kyng to the herde seid than

"Off whens art thou gode man?"

"Also mot I the

"In wynsour was I borne

"Hit is a myle but here beforne

"The town then maist thou see,

"I am so pyled with the kyng

"That I most fle fro my wonyng

"And therefore woo is me

"I hade catell now haue I non

"Thay take my bestis and don thai slone

"And payon but a stick of tre."

The kyng seid " hit is gret synne  
" That thei of sich werks wil not blynne  
    " And Edward wot hit nozt  
" But come to morne when it is day  
" Thou shalbe seruyd of thy pay  
    " Ther of haue thou no thozt,  
" Ffor in your towne born I was  
" I haue dwellid in diuerse place  
    " Sithe I thens was broght,  
" In the courte I haue sich a frende  
" The treserer or then I wende  
    " Ffor thy luffe shall be soght.

This gret lord the herd con frayne  
" What wil men of your kyng seyne  
    " Wel liltull gode I trowe,"  
The herd onsweryd hym rizt nozt  
But on his shepe was all his thozt  
    And seid agayn " charhow."  
Then loogh oure kyng and smyled stille  
" Thou onsweris me not at my will  
    " I wolde thei were on a lowe  
" I aske the tythyngs of our kyng  
" Off his men and his wyrkyng  
    " Ffor sum I haue sorow.

" I am a marchant and ride aboute

" And fele sithis I am in doute,

    " Ffor myn owne ware

" I tell it the in prevete

" The kyngs men oen to me

    " A M ponde and mare,

" \* \* \* \* \* he ouzt mycull in the cuntre

" What siluer shall he pay the

    " Ffor goddis haly are

" Sith thou art noght

" I wil my nedis do and thyne

    " Thar of haue thou no care.

" Sir," he seid " be seynt Edmonde

" Ther is owand MI ponde.

    " And odd twa schillyng

" A stikke I haue to my witnesse

" Off hasill I meue that hit is

    " I ne haue no nother thyng

" And gif thou do as thou has me hote

" Then shall I gif the a cote

    " Wittwo any lesyng.

" Seuon schelyng to morne at day

" Whan I am siruyd of my pay."

    " Graunte" seid oure kyng.

“ Tel me sir what is thy name ?

“ That I for the haue no blame

“ And wher thy wonnyng is”

“ Sir” he seid “ as mot I the

“ Adam the schepherde men callen me

“ Ffor certein soth I wysse.”

The schepherde seid “ whoos son art thou of our  
towne ?”

“ Hat not thy fadur Hochon ?”

“ Also haue thou blisse.”

“ No for god ;” seid oure kyng

“ I wene thou knovist me no thyng

“ Thou redis alle amysse.”

“ My fadur was a walsshe knyzt,

“ Dame Isabell my modur hyzt,

“ Ffor sothe as I tell the,

“ In the castell was hir dwellyng

“ Thorow commanndment of the kyng

“ Whene she thar shuld be.

“ Now wayte thou wher that I was borne

“ The tother edward here beforne

“ Fful well he louyd me.

“ Sertanly with owte lye,

“ Sum tyme I lyve be marchandye

“ And passe well ofte the see.



“ I haue a son is with the quene

“ She louys hym well as I wene,

“ That dar I sauely say.

“ And he pray hir of a bone

“ Zif that hit be for to done

“ She will not onys say nay.

“ And in the courte I haue sich a frende

“ I shall be seruyd or I wende

“ With out any delay

“ To morne at undern speke with me,

“ Thou shall be seruyd of thy mone

“ Er than hye mydday.”

“ Sir for seynt thomas of ynde

“ In what place shall I the fynde ?

“ And what shall I the calle ?

“ My name” he seid “is Joly Robyn.

“ Ilke man knowes hit well and fyne

“ Bothe in bowrs and halle,

“ Pray the porter as he is fre

“ That he let the speke with me

“ Soo faire hym mot be falle,

“ Ffor fer owtward shall I not be

“ Enquer I trow thou shall me see

“ With in the castell wall.

“ Ffor thou and other that leue your thyng

“ Wel ofte sithes ye banne the kyng

“ And ze ar not to blame.

“ Hit er other that do that dede

“ Thei were worthy so god me spede,

“ Ther for to haue great shame.

“ And if I wist whilke thei were

“ Hit shulde come the kyng to ere

“ Be god and be seynt Iame

“ Then durst I swere thei shuld aby

“ That dose oure kynge that vilayne

“ Ffor he berys all the same.”

The herd onswerd to the kyng

“ Sir be seynt Iame of the tithyng

“ Thou seist ther of right well

“ Thei do but gode the kyngs men

“ Thei ar worse then sich ten

“ That bene with hym no dell

“ Thei goo aboute be viii or nyne

“ And done the husbonds mycull pyne

“ That carfull is their mele.

“ Thei take geese capons and henne

“ And alle that euer thei may with renne

“ And reves vs our catell.

“ Sum of them was bonde sore  
“ And afturwarde honget therfore  
“ Ffor soth as I yow say,  
“ Zet ar ther of them nyne moo  
“ Ffor at my hows ther were also  
“ Certis zisturday  
“ Thei toke my hennes and my geese  
“ And my schepe with all the fleese  
“ And ladde them forth away.  
“ Be my doztur thei lay alnyzt  
“ To come agayne thei haue me hyzt  
“ Of helpe I wolde yow pray.

“ With me thei lefte alle their thyng  
“ That I am sicur of theire comyng  
“ And that me rewes sore  
“ I haue fayre chamburs thre.  
“ But non of them may be with me  
“ While that thei be thore  
“ Into my cart hows thei me dryfe  
“ Out at the dur thei put my wyfe  
“ Ffor she is olde gray hare  
“ Had I helpe of sum lordyng  
“ I shulde make with them recknyng  
“ Thei shulde do so no more.

“ Ffor othur iii felowes and I  
“ We durst wel take party  
    “ These nyne for to mete,  
“ I have slyngus smert and gode  
“ To mete with them zif thei wer wode,  
    “ And reve hem her lyves swete.  
“ The best archer of ilkon  
“ I durst mete hym with a stone  
    “ And gif hym leve to schete.  
“ Ther is no bow that shall laste  
“ To draw to my slyngs caste  
    “ Nought be feel fete.

“ Ther is non archer in this lande  
“ And I have my slyng in hande  
    “ Ffor I dar lay with hym ale  
“ That who so sonyst hitts abanke  
“ Ffor to haue the tothur hant  
    “ To what thyng he will hale  
“ That who so furst smyts a thyng  
“ Off his bow or my slyng  
    “ Vndur stande my tale  
“ Be the deth that I shall dye  
“ That to my hed then dar I ley  
    “ Now sone in this swale.

With talis he made the kyng to dwell,  
With mony moo then I can tell,

Till hit was halfe gan prime,  
His hatte was bonde vnder his chyn  
He did hit nothyng of to hym

"He thozt hit was no tyme,  
"Robyn," he seid, "I pray the  
"Hit is thy will come hom with me

"A morsell for to dyne  
"The kyng list of his bourds lere."  
"Gladly," he seid, "my lefe fere  
"I will be on of thyne."

As thei homeward con gon  
The kyng saw conyngs mony on,  
Ther at he can smyle,

"Adam," he said, "take up a ston,  
"And put hit in thy slyng anon,  
"Abyde we here awhile,

"Gret bourde it wold be  
"Off them to slee twoo or thre  
"I swere this be seynt gyle."

"No way," quod Adam, "let be that  
"Be god I wolde not for my hat  
"Be taken with sich a gyle.

- “ Hit is alle the kynges waren  
“ Ther is nouthur knyzt ne sqwayne  
    “ That dar do sich a dede.  
“ Any conyng here to sla  
“ And with the trespas away to ga  
    “ But his sides shulde blede  
“ The warner is hardy and fell  
“ Certainly as I the tell  
    “ He will take no mede.  
“ Who so dose here sich maistrye  
“ Be thou wel sicur he shall aby  
    “ And vn to preson lede.
- “ Ther is no wilde foule that will flyne  
“ But I am sicur him to hittyne  
    “ Sich mete I dar the hote,  
“ Zif it be so my slyng will last,  
“ Zif I fayle of him acaste  
    “ Brok thou well my cote.  
“ When we come and sitten in same  
“ I shall tech the a game  
    “ I canhit wel berote.  
“ Then shal thou se my slyng slaght  
“ And of the best take vs a draght  
    “ And drynk well right be note.”

The scheperd hows ful mery stode

Vndur a forest fayre and gode,

Off hert and hynde gret mynde.

The kyng seid, "be god almyght

" In thy hert thou may be lizt

" Homwarde when thou shall wende

" I the swere be goddis grace,

" And I had here sich a place,

" I shoulde haue of that kynde,

" Outher an evon ar on morning

" Sum of them shuld come to ryng

" Ther with to make me afrende."

The herd bade, "let sech wordis be

" Sum man myzt here the

" The were bettur be still—

" Wode has erys felde has sizt,

" Were the forstur here now right

" They wordis shuld like the ille.

" He has with hym zong men thre

" Thei be archers of this contre

" The kyng to serue at wille.

" To kepe the dere both day and nyzt

" And for theire luf a loge is dizt,

" Ffull hye vpon an hill.



- “ I wolde haue here no stondyng  
“ But ride now forth in my blessyng,  
    “ And make vs wel at ese,  
“ I am glad thou come with me  
“ Goo sit now wher thy willes be  
    “ Right at thine owne ese.  
“ Though sum det of my gode belorne  
“ I shall haue more and god beforne  
    “ He may hit increse  
“ And I shall tech the play  
“ When tyme comys thou shalt asay  
    “ Whille play be not lese.

A feyre cloth on the borde he leyd  
Into the boure he made abrayde,  
    Gode mete for to fette,  
Brede of whete *bultid* small  
ii penny ale he brouzt with all  
    “ Ther of wolde he not lett,  
Asse *saund* bred and that with a crane  
Othur fowles were there gode ane  
    Before the kyng he sette.

- “ Adam,” seid the kyng, “ blessed thou be  
“ Here is bettur then thou hertist  
    “ To day when that we mette.”

“ Sir,” he seid, “ do now gladly,  
“ Zet haue I mete that were worthy

“ A gret lord for to fech.”

He brozt a heron with a poplere  
Curlews bocurs both in fere,

The mandlart and hurmech,

And a wylde swan was bake

“ Sich fowle con my slyng take,

“ Ther off am I no wreck.

“ I bade felowes to my dynere

“ And sithen thei wil not cum here

“ A deuell haue who that rech.

“ Zif thou wilt ete thou shalt non wave ;

“ But gif thou will any drynk have

“ Thou most con thy play ;

“ When thou seest the cuppe anon,

“ But thou sei passelodion

“ Thou drynks not this day.

“ Sely adam shall sitt the hende

“ And answer with berafrynde

“ Lene vpon my ley.”

The kyng seid that he wold lere,

“ Me think it bourde for to here

“ Teche me I the pray.”

“ Passilodyon that is this,  
“ Who so drynks furst I wys  
    “ Wesseyle the mare dele,  
“ Berafrynde also I wene  
“ Hit is to make the cup clene  
    “ And fyller hit efte full wele,  
“ Thus shal the game go aboute,  
“ And who so falys of the route,  
    “ I swere be seynt michell,  
“ Let hym drynk wher he will  
“ He gets non here this is my skill,  
    “ Mozt to a nother sele.”

The kyng seid “ let so that drynke  
“ I shall say rizt that I thynke  
    “ Me thirstis swyth sore.”  
The scheperde bade the eur fill  
The kyng to drynk hade gode will  
    With passilodion more,  
    “ I can rizt wel my lore.”  
“ Berafrynde,” I yseid Adam,  
“ I wysse thou art a wytty man  
    “ Thou shalt wel drynke therfore.”

Thus thei sate with oute strife,  
The kyng with adam and his wyfe,  
    And made hym mery and glade,  
The scheperde bade the cuppe fill;  
The kyng to drynke hade gode will,  
    His wife did as he bade.

When the cuppe was come anon,  
The kyng seid, " passylodion."

    When he the cuppe hade;  
Hit was a game of gret solas,  
Hit comford all that euer ther was  
    Ther of thai were noght sade.

The scheperde ete till that he swatte,  
And than non erst he drew his hatt  
    Into the benke ende,  
And when he feld the drynk was gode,  
He wynkid and strokyd vp his hode  
    And seid, " Berafrynde."

He was qwyte as any swan,  
He was a wel begeton man,  
    And comyn of holy kynde,  
He wolde not ete his cromys drye  
He louyd nothyng but it were trie,  
    Nether fer ne hende.

Then seid the kyng in his reson,

“ Who so were in a gode town

“ This would ha costed dere,

“ In this maner to be fed

“ With alkyn deinteth wol be sted

“ As we haue had now here.

“ I shalle the whyle be hode myne

“ How hade I leuer a cony

“ In my manere.

“ But zif hit were of buk or doo

“ Ther is no mete I louyd soo,

“ And I come there hit were.”

The scheparde seid “ so mot thou the

“ Con thou heyle a private

“ And thou shalt se gode game

“ Ze,” seid the kyng, “ be my lerte ;”

“ And ellis haue I mycul mangre

“ Zif hit be for my frame,

“ What man that wrye a gode frende

“ Thouz he were rizt sibbe of my kynde

“ He were worthy gret shame.”

Then seid adam, “ thou seis soth

“ Zet I haue a morsel for thy toth

“ And ellis I were to blame.”

He went and fett conyngs thre,  
Alle baken well in apasty

With wel gode spicerye,  
And othur baken mete alsoo  
Bothe of hert and of roo

The venyson was full trye.

“ Sir,” he seid, “ asay of this

“ Thei were zisturday qwyk I wysse

“ Certan with outen lye

“ Hidur thei come be mone lizt

“ Eete ther of well aplizt

“ And schewe no curtasye.”

To the scheperde seid the kyng

“ The forsters luf this our althyng

“ Thou art alle thaire felowe

“ To thaire perfett thou con foulis slyng

“ And thei will venyson to the bryng

“ Ther of stande thei non awe.

“ Were thou as perfette in abowe

“ Thou shulde haue moo dere strowe

“ Soth to say in sawe.

“ Zet I zede that thou fande

“ Than any forstur in this land

“ An arow for to drawe.”

Then seid the scheperde, "no thyng soo

" I con a game worth thei twoo,

    " To wynne me a bridde

" Ther is no hert ne bucke so wode

" That I ne get with out blode

    " And I of hym haue nede.

" I haue a slyng for the nones

" That is made for gret stonys

    " Ther with I con me fede,

" What dere I take vndur the side,

" Be thou siker he shall abide

    " Til I hym home will lede.

" Conyngis with my nouthur slyng

" I con slee and hame bryng,

    " Sum tyme twoo or thre;

" I ete tham not my self alon

" I send persandes mony on

    " And sury fryndes make I me

" Til gentlemen and zomanry

" Thei haue tham all thei ar worthy

    " Those that are prive.

" What so thei haue it may be myne

" Corne and brede ale and wyne

    " And alle that may like me.



“ Do now gladly joly Robyne  
“ Zet shall thou drynk a drauzt fyne  
    “ Off gode drynk as I wene,  
“ Off lanycoll thou shall prove  
“ That is a cuppe to my be behove  
    “ Off maser it is ful clene.  
“ Hit holdis a gode thryden dele;  
“ Fful of wyne euery mele  
    “ Be fore me it is sene.  
“ Ffil the cuppe,” he seid, anon,  
“ And play we passilodion  
    “ Sith no moo that we bene.”

When the drynk was filled,  
The wife askid, “ who shuld be gynne,  
    The godeman sir or ze,  
“ Take my geyst,” seid Adam than,  
“ Sith he his game con  
    “ I wil that it so be.”

The kyng toke the cuppe anon  
And seid, “ passilodion.”

    Hym thozt it was gode gle,  
The sheperde seid “ certainly  
“ Berafrynd shall be redy,  
    “ Also mot I the.”

He drank and made the cuppe ful clene,  
And sith he spake wordis kene,

That game was to here,

“ This cuppe hit hat lanycoll

“ I luf hit wel for it is holl

“ It is me lefe and dere,

“ Ffil it ofte to Joly Robyn,

“ I wysse he drank no bettur wyne,

“ Off alle this seuen zere,

“ To alle that wil my game play

“ Ffill it be this ee I the pray

“ My bourdis that wil lere.”

Then dranke oure kyng and toke his leve,

The sheperd seid, “ sir not the greue

“ And it thy wille be,

“ I shalle the schew joly Robyn

“ A litull chaumbur that is myne

“ That was made for me.”

The kyng therof was ful glad,

And did as the scheperde bad,

Moo bourdis wold he se

He lad hym in to a prive place,

Ther venyson plente in was,

And the wyne so clare.

Vndur the erth it was ditz

Fferre it was and clene of syzt,

And clergially was hit wrozt.

The kyng seid, " here is feyre ese

" A man myzt be here wel at ese

" With game zif he were souzt,"

The kyng seid, " gramercy and haue goday."

The scheperde onswerid, and said, " nay

" Zet me gose thou nought,

" Thou shalle preue furst of a costrell tre

" That gode frendis send to me

" The best that myght be bouzt.

" Telle me now whylke is the best wyne;

" Off lonycoll cuppe myne

" Als thou art gode and kynde.

" Play onys passilodion

" And I shall answer sone anon

" Certes berafrynde.

" This chambur hat Hakderne my page

" He kepis my thyng and taks no wage

" In worde wher that I wende,

" Ther is no man this place con wrye,

" But thy self zif wilt say,

" And than art thou vnkynde.

“ Ther is no man of this countre  
“ So mycull knowes of my priuete  
“ As thou dost Joly Robyn;  
“ Whil that I lif welcō to me  
“ Wyne and ale I dar hete the  
“ And gode flesshe for to dyne.”

The kyng his stede he can stride,  
And toke his leue for to ride,  
Hym thozt it was hys tyme,  
The scheperde seid, “ I will with thee goo  
“ I dar the hete a foule or twoo  
“ Perauntur with a conyne.”

The kyng rode softely on his way  
Adam folowyd and wayted his pray  
Conyngus saw he thre,  
“ Joly Robyn chese thou which thou wytt,  
“ Hym that renmys er hym that sitt  
“ And I shall gif him the.  
“ He that sits and wil not lepe  
“ Hit is the best of alle the hepe  
“ Fforsoth so thynkith me.”

The scheperde hit hym with a stone  
And breke in two his brest bone  
Thus sone ded was he.

The kyng seid, "thou art to slow,

" Take hym als that rennyth now

    " And thou con thou thy crafte,"

" Be god," seid Adam, " here is a stone

" It shall be his bane anon

    " Thus sone his life was rafte

" What fowle that sitts or flye

" Whethur it were ferre or nye,

    " Sone with hym it laste,

" Sir," he seid, " for soth I trowe

" This is behette any bowe

    " Ffor alle the Fedurt schafte."

" Joly Robyn brok wel my pray

" That I haue wone here to day

    " I vouchsafe wels more,

" I pray the telle it to no man

" In no maner that I hit wan

    " I myzt haue blame therfore.

" And gif thou do my errand of rize

" Thou shalle haue that I the hyzt

    " I swere be goddis ore."

The kyng seid, " take me thy tayle

" Ffor my hors I wolde not the fayle

    " A peny that thou lore."

The kyng to court went anon,  
And Adam to his shepe con gon,  
His doggs lay ther full stille,  
Home er nyzt come he nozt  
New mete with hym he brozt  
Ffor defaute wolde he not spill.

“ Wife,” he seid, “ be not sory  
“ I wil to courte certainly,  
“ I shalle haue alle my wille,  
“ Joly Robyn that dynet with me  
“ Hase behette me my mone  
“ As he conlawe and skill.

“ He is a marchande of gret powere  
“ Many man is his trespere  
“ Men owe hym mony a pounce ;  
“ The best frend he had sith he was borne  
“ Was the tothur Edwart here beforne  
“ Whil he was holl and sounde.  
“ He hase a son is with the qwene  
“ He may do more then othur fyftene  
“ He swerys be seynt edmounde.  
“ Thouz he shuld gif of his catell  
“ I shalle haue myne euery dell  
“ Off penys holl and rounde.”

On morow when he shuld to court goo  
In russet clothyng he tyret hym tho;

    In kyrtil and in surstbye,  
And a blak furred hode  
That wel fast to his cheke stode,

    The typet myght not wrye.  
The mytans clutt for gate he nozt  
The slyng euen ys not out of his thozt  
    Wherwith he wrouzt maystre.

Toward the court he can goo  
His douztur lemman met he thoo  
    And alle his cumpanye.

He thozt more then he seyde,  
Towarde the court he gaf abrayde,

    And zede a well gode pas,  
And when he to the zatis come  
He askid the porter and his man

    Wher Joly Robyn was.

He was warned what he shuld sayn  
Off his comyng he was fayne,

    “ I swere be goddis grace

“ Sir I shall tel the where he is

“ And than be thaire gamen I wis

    “ When he come forth in place.”



The kyng seid to erles tweyne,

“ Ze shall haue gode bourd in certayne,

“ If that ze will be stille

“ Off a scheperde that I see

“ That is hidur come to me

“ Ffor to speke his wille.

“ I pray you alle and warne betyme

“ That ze me calle Joly Robyne

“ And ze shalle lawz your fille

“ He wenys a marchande that I be

“ Men owe hym siluer here for fe

“ I shalle hym helpe ther tille.

“ But a wager I dar lay,

“ And ze will as I yow say,

“ A tune of wyne I wysse,

“ Ther is no lorde that is so gode

“ Thouz he avayle to hym his hode

“ That he wil do of his.

“ Sir Raufe of Stafforde I pray the

“ Goo wete what his will be

“ And telle me how hit is

“ Whilke bourdis I wolde fulfayn se

“ Gladly lord so mot I the

“ Off thyngus that fallis amyse.”

And when he to the herde came,

He seid, " alhayle gode man

    " Whidur wil thow goo?"

He onsweryd as he thouzt gode,

But he did not of his hode

    To hym neuer the moo.

" Joly Robyn that I yondur see

" Bid hym speke aworde with me

    " Ffor he is not my foo."

Then onswerid the erle bolde

" Take the porters staffe to holde

    " And the mytens also."

" Nay felow," he seid, " so mot I the

" My staffe no shal not goo fro me

    " I wil hit kepe in my hande

" No my mytens gets no man,

" Whil that I tham kepe can

    " Be goddis sone alweldande.

" Joly Robyn that I yondur see

" Goo bidde hym speke a worde with me

    " I pray the for goddis sande.

" I wolde wete how hit is

" I am aferd my schepe go mysse

    " On othur mennys lande."

And when he to the kyng came,  
Then seid the kyng, "welcom adam

"As to my powere."

"Joly Robyn," he seid, "wel mot thou be  
"Be god so shuld thou to me

"On othur stede than here.

"I am commyn thou wot wherfore

"And trauayle shal not be for lore

"Thou knowis wel my manere."

"Ffor god," seid the kyng tho,

"Thou shalbe sauyd er thou goo

"Ffor thy make glad chere."

"Joly Robyn," he said, "I pray the

"Speke with me aworde in priuate."

"Ffor god," seid the kyng gladly :

He freyred the kyng in his ere,

What lordis that thei were

That stondis here hym bye,

"The erle of lancastur is the ton,

"And the earl of waryn sir John,

"Bolde and as hardy :

"Thei mow do mycull with the kyng,

"I haue tolde hem of thy thyng :"

Then seid he, "gramercy."

The scheptrde seid, "sir god blesse zew,  
" I know yow not be swete ihu,"

And swere awel gret oth.

" Ffelow," they seid " I leve the well

" Thou hase seen Robyn or this sell

" Ze ne ar no thyng wrothe."

" No sirs," he seid, " so mot I the

" We ar neghtburs I and he,

" We were neuer loth."

As gret lordis as thei ware

He toke of his hode neuer the mare

But seid, " god saue you bothe .'

The lordis seid to hym anon,

" Joly Robyn let hym nozt gon

" Till that he haue etyn

" Hym semys a felow for to be

" Moo bourdis yet mow we see

" Er his errand be gettyn."

The kyng to the scheperde con say,

" Fro me thou gost not away

" Tille we to gedur haue spokyn.

" An errande I hyzt the for to done

" I wolde that thou were siruyd sonē

" That hit be not for getyn.

“ Goo we to gedur to the marshall

“ And I my self shall tel the tale

“ The bettur may thou spede.”

“ Robyn,” he seid, “ thou art trew,

“ I wis it shalle the neuer rew

“ Thou shalt haue thy mede.”

To the hall he went a full gode pase,

To seke wher the stuards was,

The scheperde with hym rede,

Long hym thouzt til mydday

That he ne were siruyd of his pay

He wolde haue done his dede.

When he into the hall came,

Ther fonde he no maner of man

The kyng hym bade abyde.

“ I wil go aboute thy nede

“ Ffor to loke gif I may spede,

“ Ffor thing that may be tide.

“ Robyn dwel not long fro me,

“ I know no man here but the,

“ This court is nozt but pride ;

“ I ne come of no sick fare

“ These hye halles thei are so bare

“ Why ar thei made so wyde.”

Then lowz the kyng and began to go,  
And wyth his marsshale met he tho,

He commandit hym azeyne

“ Ffelow,” he seid, “ herkyn alizt

“ And on myne errand go thou tyte

“ Also mot thou thynne

“ A scheperde abides me in hall

“ Off hym shall we laz alle

“ At the meyte when that we bene.

“ He is cum to aske iij pounde

“ Goo and fech it in astounde

“ The sothe that I may sene.

“ Twey schelyng ther is more

“ Ffor gete hem not be goddis ore

“ That he ne haue alle his pay

“ I wolde not for my best stede,

“ But he were siruyd er he zede,

“ Er then hye mylday.

“ He wenys amarchande that I be,

“ Joly Robyn he callis me,

“ Ffor sertayn soth to say,

“ Now sone to mete when I shall goo

“ Loke ne be nozt for me fro.”

“ Lorde,” he seid, then: “ nay.”

Fforthe the marshale can gon

And brouzt the stuard sone anon

And did adowne his hode,

"Herstow felow hast thou do

"The thyng that I seid the to?"

"Ffor the gode rode"

"Sir," he seid, "it is redy

"I know hym not be oure lady

"Before me thoz he stode."

"Goo take zond man and pay be tyme

"And bidde hym thonk Joly Robyne

"We shall sone haue game gode."

Fforthe thei went all thre

To pay the scheparde his mone

Ther he stode in the halle,

The stuard at hym frayued tho,

"What askis thou felow er thou goo?"

"Telle me among vs alle."

"Sir," he seid, "so mot I the,

"Ffoure pounce de owe to me

"So fayre mot be falle,

"Tway schillyngs is the rodde,

"I haue wytnesse ther of begod,

"Within the castell walle.



“ Hit is skorid here on atayle

“ Haue brok hit wel with owt fayle

“ I haue kept it long enoz.

“ The stuarde ther of I ne rech

“ I wisse I haue ther to no mech.”

At hym ful fast thei looz,

“ Ne were Joly Robyn that I here se

“ To day no gate no mone of me

“ Made thou it neur so towz.

“ But for his luf go tel it here.”

Then made the scheperde right glad chere,

When he the siluer drowz.

He did it vp the sothe to say,

But sum therof he toke away

In his handful rathe.

“ Joly Robyn,” he seid, “ herkyn to me,

“ A worde er tweyn in priuete

“ To gedur be twene vs bath.

“ I hize the zisturday seuen shylyng,

“ Haue brok it wel to thy clothyng,

“ Hit will do the no slathe

“ And for thou hast holpyn me now

“ Ever more felowes I and thou

“ And mycull thanks sir now haue ze.”

“ Graunt mercy,” seid than he,  
“ But siluer shalt thou nou gif me  
    “ I swere be seynt martyne.”  
“ Be god,” seid the scheperde, “ zys :”  
“ Nay,” seid oure kyng, “ I wys  
    “ Nozt for a tunne of wyne  
“ Ffor thy luf I wolde do more  
“ Then speke aworde or ij therfore,  
    “ Thou may proue sum tyme,  
“ Zif thou be fastyng cum with me  
“ And take a morsell in priuete  
    “ To gedur then shall we dyne.”

“ Nay sir,” he seid, “ so god me spede,  
“ To the kyngs meyte haue I no nede  
    “ I wil ther of no dele.  
“ Ther is non of his proud meny  
“ That hase alway so gode plente  
    “ I ha ne euery sele.”

The kyng bare witnesse and seid, “ za  
“ But thou myzt onys er thou ga  
    “ Etyn with me a mele.  
“ The grettist lordis of the lande  
“ Haue bidde the tary I vnderstonde  
    “ And therfore bere the well.”

" Ffor thy luff robyne I wil gladly

" To day then mett I myne enemye,

" Ffor sothe as I the tell

" He that be my doztur lay,

" I tolde the of hym zisturday

" I wolde he were in hell.

" At my howse is alle the rowte

" They wil do harme whil I am oute

" Fful yuel then dar I dwell.

" Wolde thou speke for me to the kyng

" He wolde avow me my slyrgyng

" Thaire pride then shulde I fell."

Kyng Edwart onswerid agayne,

" I will go to these erles twane

" That stode lang ore be me.

" Thai ar a partie of my knowyng,

" Thei shall speke for thee to the kyng

" That wrokyn shall thou be

" In this courte thai ar twenty

" At my bidding to bidde redy

" To do a gode iornay,

" When thou comys home make no bost

" Thei shal be takyn er thou it wost

" Thouz thai were sech thre."

Thus the kyng held hym with tale,  
That alle that euer was in the sale,  
    Off hym hade gret ferly,  
To gedur thei zede vp and down  
As men that seid thair orison,  
    But no man wist why,  
The scheperde keppeid his staf ful warme,  
And happid it euer vndur his harme  
    As he romyd hym by,  
He wold no man toke it hym fro,  
Til that he shulde to meyte goo,  
    Sich was his curtasy.

The kyng commandit al his  
That no man speke to hym amysse  
    As thei wolde be his frynde,  
When tablys were layd and cloths sprad  
The scheperde in to the hall was lad  
    To begynne a bordis ende.  
His mytans hang be his spayre  
And alway hodit like a frere  
    To mete when he shulde wende,  
And when the waytis blew lowde hym be  
The scheperde thozt what may this be  
    He wende he hade herd a fende.

And alle that hym aboute stode  
Wende that man hade bene wode

And lowz hym to hethyng.

Ffor he so nycely zede in halle

And bare a staffe among tham alle

And wolde take it no thyng,

The stwarde seid to Joly Robyn,

“ Goo wesshe sir for it is tyme

“ At the furst begynyng

“ And for that odor Edwart loue

“ Thou shalt sitte here aboute

“ In stidde alle of the kyng.”

When he had wasshen, and fayr i sett,

The qwene anon to hym was fett,

Ffor sche was best worthy,

At euery ende of the deyse,

Sate an erle withowte lese

And a fayre lady.

The kyng commandit the stward tho,

To the scheperde for to go,

And pray hym specially,

A tabul dormant that he begynne

Then shal we lawz that be here in

Off his rybaudy.

"Adam," he seid, " sit here down

" Ffor Joly Robyn of the town

" He gifs the gode worde.

" And for thou art of his knyng

" We vouch safe olde and zong

" That thou begynne the borde."

" Perdy," seid the scheperde nowe,

" Hit shal be thouzt if that I mow

" Hit is wel kept in horde

" But if I do Robyne a gode tourne

" Ellis mot I hangyt be

" Wyth a hempyn corde."

And when the hall was rayed out

The scheperde lokid al aboute,

How that hit myzt bene

Surkets ouer al he con holde,

Off knyztz and of persons bolde,

Sich had he non sene.

The prince was feched to the borde

To speke with the kyng aworde,

And also with the qwene.

Then he frayned hym in his ere

If he wolde " passilodion" lere

And " berafrende" be dene.

“ Lorde,” he seide, “ what may that be ?

“ I know it not be goddis tre

“ It is a new language.”

“ I leue the well,” seide the kyng,

“ Thou may not know al thyng

“ Thou ther to ne has non age.

“ There is a mon in this town,

“ That will it preue gode reson

“ To kyng squyer and page

“ And gif thou wille gif any mede

“ I shal do ther to hym lede

“ Vnto his scole astage.”

“ Hit is a scheperde that I of mene

“ At his howse then haue I bene

“ With in this seuen nyzt

“ A dosan knyztz and thai had cum with me

“ Thei shulde haue had mete plente

“ Off that I fonde zedy dyzt.”

Then he tolde hym alle the case

Off “ passilodion” what it was,

And “ berafrynde” I plyzt.

“ He sitts yonde in a furrid hode

“ Goo bere hym here a golde ryng gode

“ And that anon right.”



“ And thank hym mycul for Joly Robyne

“ He wenys that it be name myne

“ Ffor soth as I the say.

“ He wot I haue a son here

“ That is the qwene lefe and dere

“ I tolde hym so zisturday.

“ As ofte as thou wilt to hym gon

“ Name passilodion

“ And wete what he will say.”

“ Lorde,” he seid, “ I wil gladly

“ I can hit wel and perfityly

“ Now have I lornyd a play.”

When he to the scheperde came,

He seid, “ do gladly gode adam

“ And mycull gode hit the doo

“ Micul thanke for Joly Robyn

“ That thou did my lorde to dyne

“ And othur ther is also.

“ Whi playes thou not passilodion

“ As thou did zisturday at home ?

“ I will answer ther to

“ I know the game to the end

“ Ffor to say berafrynde

“ As haue I zest and zoo.”

Then looz the herde and liked ille  
And seid, "lefe childe be stille"

"Ffor goddis swete tre."

"Go sei thy fadur he is to blame"

"That he for gode dose me schame—"

"Why has he wryed me ?"

"Have I maugre for my god dede"

"Shall I neuer more marchande fede"

"Ne telle my pryete."

He stroked vp his hud for tene

And toke a cuppe and made it dene

A gret drauzt then drank he.

The prynce seid, "that was wel done"

"Hit shalle filled azeyn ful sone"

"Alle of the best wyne."

"Play passilodion and haue no drede"

"And haue a gold ryng to thy mede"

"And were it for luf myne."

"I wil it not for soth to say"

"Hit shulde not laste me halfe aday"

"Be goddis swete pyne."

When it were brokyn farewell he

An hatte wer bettur then sech thre

Ffor reyne and sonne schyne.

When the prince hade hym be holde,  
He zede and sate hym wher he wolde,

As skille and reson is.

And alle the lordyngs in the halle  
On the herd thei lowzen alle

When any cuppe zede amys.

When they hade etyn and clothe draw  
And wasshen as hit is landis lawe

Certayn sothe I wysse,

Thei drank thei aftur sone anon

And played passilodion

Tille ilke man hade his ———.

The lordis anon to chaumbur went,

The kyng aftur the scheperde sent,

He was brozt forth full sone,

He clawed his hed his here he rent

He wende wel to haue be schent

He ne wyst what was to done.

When he french and latyn herde

He hade mervell how it ferde

And drow hym euer alone

“Jhū,” he seid, “for thy gret grace

“Bryng me fayre out of this place

“Lady now here my boné.”

"What eyled me why wis I wode?"

"That I cowth so litell gode."

"My seluen for to wrye?"

"A lord god that I wis vnslie."

"Alasse that euer he come so nye."

"The sothe that I shulde seye."

"Wolde god for his modurs luf."

"Bryng me onys at myn abose."

"I were out of theire eye."

"Shulde I neuer for no fair spech."

"Marchande of my cowncell teche."

"Loo aferde I am to dye."

The kyng saw he was sory,

He had ther of gret myrth for thy,

And seid, "come nere adam,"

"Take the spices and drynk the wyne."

"As homely as I did of thyne."

"So god the gif the dame."

Ffulle carfully in he zede.

"Haue I this for my gode dede."

"Me rewes that I here came."

He toke the wyne, and laft the spice,

Then wist thei wel that he was nyce,

Wel carfull was that man.

He ete the spycethe, wyne he drank,  
Oure kyng on the schéperde wanke,

Priuely with his eye.

Joly Robyn he thozt wo thou be

That tyme that I euer met with the,

Er euer that I the seye!

Be god, he thouzt, had I the nowe

Ther were zisturday I and thou

Paynes then shulde thou drye.

I shulde chastis the so with my slyng

Thou shulde no moo tythyngs bryng

On horse thówz thou were hye.

The kyng commandit a squyer tere,

"Goo telle the scheperde in his ere

"That I am the kyng

"And thou shalt se sich cowntenance

"That hym had leuer be in fraunce

"When heris of that tythyng.

"He has me schewid his preuete

"He wil wene ded to be

"And make therfore mournyng.

"Hit shalle hym mene alto gode

"I wolde not ellis be the rode

"Nouzt for my best gold ryng."

The squyer pryuely toke his leue,  
And plucked the scheperde be the sleue,  
Ffor to speke hym with,  
“Man,” he seid, “thou art wode  
“Why dose thou not down thy hode  
“Thou art all out of kith.  
“Hit is the kyng that spekes to thee  
“May do what his willis be  
“Be refe this lym and lith  
“And gif thou haue do any trespas  
“Ffall on knees and aske grace  
“And he will gif the grith.”

Then was that herd a carful man  
And neuer so sory as he was than  
When he herd that sawe.  
He wist not that hym was gode,  
But then he putte down his hode  
On knees he fel down lawe.  
“Lorde,” he seid, “I crye the mercy,  
“I know the not be oure lady,  
“When I come into the sale;  
“Ffor had I wist of the sorowe  
“When that we met zistur morow  
“I had not ben in this bale.”

## FLORICE AND BLANCHEFLOUR.

---

I NE kan telle zou nowt  
How richeliche the sadel was wrount ;  
The arsouns were gold pur and fin,  
Stones of vertu set thair in ;  
Bigon abouten wiz orfreis,  
The quene was hende and curteis ;  
She cast hir hond to hire fingre,  
And drouz ther of a riche ringe ;  
“ Haue now, sone, here this king  
“ While thou hit hast, doute the no thing,  
“ Bestir the brenne, ne drencher in se,  
“ Ne iren ne stel schal derie the.  
“ And, be hit erli and be hit late,  
“ To the will thou schalt haue whate.”  
Weping thai deþted nouthe,  
And kuste him wiz softe mouthe



Thai made for him non other chere,  
Than thai seze him legge on bere !  
How forth thai nine wiz alle main,  
Himself, and his chamberlain.  
So long thai han undernome,  
To the hauene thai bez icome,  
Ther blancheflour lai a nitz ;  
Richeliche thai wer idizt.  
The louerd of the hous was wel hend,  
The child he sette next his hende,  
In the althiest fairest sete.  
Gladlie thai dronke and ete  
All that ther were,  
Al thai made glade chere,  
And ete and dronke echon wiz other :  
And Florice thouzte all another !  
Ete ne drinke mizte he nouzt ;  
On Blaunches flour was al his thouzt  
The leuedi of the hous underzat  
How this child moarning sat  
And seide her loverel wiz still dreme  
“ Sire,” ze said, “ nimstou no zeme  
“ How this child mourning sit ?  
“ Mete and drink he forzit ;  
“ Litel he etez and lasse he drinkez,  
“ He nis no marchaunte as me thinkez”

To Flourice than spak zhe,  
“ Child, ful of mourning y the se ;  
“ Thus sat her inne, this enderdai  
“ Blanche flour that fair mai  
“ Herinne was that maiden bouzt  
“ And ouer the se sche was ibrochzt  
“ Her inne thai bouzt that maiden swete  
“ And wille her eft selle to bezete,  
“ To babilothne thai wille here bring,  
“ And selle hire to Kaisar other to king  
“ Thou art slich here of alle thinge,  
“ Of semblant and of mourning,  
“ Bot thou art a man and zhe is a maide”  
Thous the wife to Florice saide.  
The Florice herde his leman neuene,  
So blithe he was of that steuene.  
That his herte began alle lizt.  
A coupe of gold he lette fulle rize ;  
“ Dame, he saide, this haill is thin  
“ Bothe the gold and the win  
“ Bothe the gold and the wineke  
“ For thou of mi leman speke.  
“ On her I thout, for here I fize ;  
“ And, west ich wher hire fende mezt,

“ The scholde no weder me assoine  
“ That ine schal here seche at babeloine.”  
Florice rest, him there al nize.  
Amorwe, whanne hit was dai lize,  
He dide him in the salte flod ;  
Winde and weder he hadde ful god.  
To the mariners he gaf largeliche,  
That brouzten him ouer blethaliche,  
To the londe thar he wold lende,  
For thai founden him so hende.  
Sone so Florice com to londe,  
Wele zerne he thankede godes sonde,  
To the lond ther his leman is,  
Him thouzt he was in paradis.  
Wele sone men Florice tiddinggis told,  
The amerall wolde feste holde,  
And kinges and dukes to him come scholde,  
Al that of him holde wolde,  
For to honour his hezhe feste,  
And also for to heren his heste.  
Tho Florice herde this tiding,  
Than gan him glade in alle thing ;  
And in his hert thouzt he,  
That he wolde at that feste be ;

For wole he hopede, in the halle,  
His lemen sen among hem alle,  
So long Florice hath undernome,  
To a fair cite he is icome,  
Wel faire men hath his in one,  
Ase men scholde to a kinges sone,  
At a palais was nou him alicht,  
The louerd of the hous was wele riche,  
And god inow him com to honde,  
Bothe biwater and belonde.  
Florice he sparede for nose, no fee,  
I now that there ne scholde be,  
Of figsch, of flesch, of tendre bred,  
Bothe of whit win, and of red.  
The louerd hadde ben wel wide ;  
The child he sette bi his side,  
In thealtherferste sete.  
Gladliche thai dronke and ete,  
And Florice ete an drank riztoowt,  
On Blancheshour, was al in thouzt.  
Than bespak the bourgeis,  
That hende was fre, and courteys,  
“ Child, me thinkkis swiche wele,  
“ Thi thout is mochel on thi catel !”

- “ Nai on mi catel is hit nowt ;  
“ On othe think is al mi thouzt,  
“ Mi thouzt is, on all wyse,  
“ Mochel on mi marchaundise,  
“ And zit, that is mi maist wo,  
“ Gif ich hit finde and schal forgo !”  
Thanne spak the louerd of that inne,  
“ Thous sat, this other dai, her inne,  
“ That fare maide Blaunchesflour,  
“ Bothe in halle and eke in bour.  
“ Ouere zhe made mourning chere,  
“ And bimette Florice here leue sere ;  
“ Joie ne bliss ne hadde zhe none,  
“ And on Florice was al here mone.”  
Florice het a coupe of silver whizt,  
And a mantel of scarlet,  
Ipaned al wiz meniver,  
And zaf his hostesse ther.  
“ Have this, “ zhe saide,” to thine honour ;  
“ And thou hit myztze thonke Blaunchesflour  
“ Stolen zhe was out mine countreie,  
“ Her ich here seche by the waie.  
“ He mizte make mi herte glad,  
“ Than couthe me telle whider zhe was lad.”

“ Child, to babeloyne zhe his ibrouzt ;

“ And ameral hir had ibouzt.

“ He zaue for hire, as zhe stod uprizt,

“ Seuene scheshere gold of wizt

“ For hire faired (hire faired) and for hire schere,

“ The ameral hire bowzte so dere.

“ For he thinkez, wizouten wene,

“ That fair mai to honen to quene.

“ Amang other maidnes in his tour,

“ He hath hire ido wiz mochel hōur.”

Now Florice rest him there al nize.

On morewe, whan hit was dai lize,

He aros up in the moreweninge,

And zaf his host an hondred schillinge,

To his hoste and to his hostesse ;

And nam his leue, and gan hem messe ;

And zerne he had his ostesse bisouzt,

That zhe him helpe, zif zhe mouzt,

How he mizte, wiz sum gine,

The fair maiden to him awine.

“ Child, to one brigge thou shalt come,

“ A burgeis thou findest at a frome ;

“ His palais is at a brigges ende :

“ Curteis man he his, and hende,

“ We beth wed breththen, and trewthe iplize ;

“ He the can wessen, and renden arize.

“Thou schalt beren him a ring,

“Fram mi selue, to toking,

“That he the helpe in eche helue,

“So hit were befallle mi selue.”

Florice tok the ring, and nam his leue,

For ther no leng wold he beleue,

Bi that his was ondren heghz,

The brigge he was swithe negz,

When he was to the brigge icome,

The burges he fond at a frome ;

Stonded on a marbel ston,

Fair man, and hende he was on,

The burgeis was i hote dayae,

Florice him grette swithe faire,

And hath him the ring irawt,

And wele faire him bitawt,

Thourgh tokening of that ilke ring.

Florice had there god gestining,

Of fichss, of flegsch, of tendre bred,

Bothe of whit win and of red,

And euere Florice sizte ful cold,

And darys gan him behold.

“Leue child, what mai the be?

“Thous carfoul as I the se,

“I wene thou nart nowt al fer,

“That thou makest thous doelful cher.



“ Other the likez nowt thin in.”

How Florice answered him,

“ Zis, fire, be godes hore,

“ So god me ne hadde zore,

“ God late me bide thiwe dai,

“ That ich the zelde mai!

“ Ac I thenke, in alle wise,

“ Upon min owen merchaundise,

“ Wherefore ich am hider come,

“ Lest I ne finde hit nowt at a frome.

“ And zit is that mi meste wo,

“ Zif ich it finde and sschal forgo!”

“ Child, woldest thou tel me thi gres,

“ To helpe the me were ful les.”

Now euerich word he had him told,

Now the maide was fram him sold,

And how he was of Speine a kinges sone,

And for hire loue thides icome

For to fond wiz som gine,

That faire maide to biwine.

Daris nou that childe bihalt,

And for a fol he him halt.

“ Child,” he seiz, “ I se how goz;

“ I wis thou zernest thin owendez!

“ The ameral hath, to his iustenig,

“ Other half hondred of riche kig,

- “ That al ther richest king,  
“ Ne dorste begine swich a thing,  
“ For, mizte the amerall hit underzete,  
“ Some thow wereof hire quite.  
“ Abouten babeloin, wezouten wene,  
“ Sexte longe milen and tene ;  
“ And ate walle thar beth ate,  
“ Seuen sithe twenti zate,  
“ Twenti towris ther bezine,  
“ That euerich dai chefungisine.  
“ This no dai thurg the zer,  
“ That cheping nis the iunepleuer.  
“ An hundred toures also therto,  
“ Mez in the bozewe and somdel mo.  
“ That alderest feblest tour,  
“ Wolde kepe and empower,  
“ To comen al ther wiz nine,  
“ Forther wiz strengze newiz ginne.  
“ And thei alle the men that beth ibore,  
“ Addon hit up here deth is whore ;  
“ That scholde winne the mai so sone,  
“ As fram the heuene hez the sonne and mone,  
“ As in the borugh, amide the rizt,  
“ Ther stat a riche a tour, the aplizt,

- “ Agonsang taiser he his treize,  
“ Wo so it be alt wit fer and naggone.  
“ And an hundres taises he is wid,  
“ And I maked wiz mochel prid,  
“ Of lim, and of marbel ston.  
“ In cristience nis suilk none.  
“ And the mortar is maked so wel,  
“ Se mai no man hit breke wiz no stel,  
“ And the pomel, aboue the led,  
“ Is wrocht wiz so moche red,  
“ That men ne ferren a nize berne  
“ Neither torche ne lanterne.  
“ Swiche a pomel was neuer bigonne  
“ Hit schinez a nize so a dai doth the sone  
“ Son beth therinne that riche toure  
“ Four and twenti maidenenes boure,  
“ So wele wer that i we man,  
“ That mize women in that an,  
“ Now thourte him neuere ful I wis  
“ Willen after more blisse.  
“ Those beth the seriantes ni the stage,  
“ To seruen the maidenenes of page.  
“ So mai no seriaunt be ther inne,  
“ That in his breche bereth the ginne,  
“ Neither bi dai ne bi nize,

- “ But he be as capoun dizt.  
“ And at the gate is a gateward ;  
“ He nis no fol, ni no coward.  
“ Zif the comez ani man,  
“ Wis inne that ilche barbican,  
“ Out hit be bi his leue,  
“ He wille him bothe bete and reue.  
“ The porter is proud wiz alle ;  
“ Euerich dai he goth in palle.  
“ And the amerail is so wonder agoine,  
“ That euerich zer, hit his wone,  
“ To chesen him a newe wif,  
“ And whan he a newe wif under fo,  
“ He knawez how hit sal be do,  
“ Than schollemen fechche doun of the stage  
“ Alle the maidenenes of parage,  
“ And breng hem in to on orchard,  
“ The fairest of al middelhard,  
“ Ther is foulen song,  
“ Men mizte levven ther among,  
“ Aboute the orchard goth a walle,  
“ The werste stone is cristal.  
“ Ther man mai sen, on the ston,  
“ Mochel of this werldes wisdom,

- “ And a welle ther springes inne,
- “ That is wrowt wiz mochel gine,
- “ The welle is of mochel pris,
- “ The strem com fram paradis.
- “ The grauel in the grounde of precieuse stone
- “ & and of vertu, I wis, echone,
- “ Of Sapheres and of Sardoines
- “ Of oneches, and of calsidoines,
- “ Son is the wat of so mochel eye,
- “ Zif the comez ani maiden that is forleie,
- “ And bowe to the grounde,
- “ For to waschen hire honde,
- “ The water wille zelle als hit wer wod ;
- “ And bicom on here so red so blod.
- “ Wich maiden the water fairez on so,
- “ Hye schal sone bi fordo.
- “ And thilke that beth maidenenes clene,
- “ Thai mai hem wassche of the rene,
- “ The water wille erne stille and cler,
- “ Selle hit hem make no danger.
- “ At the welle heued ther stant a tree.
- “ The fairest that mai in erthe be ;
- “ Hit is icleped the tre of loue,
- “ For floures and blosimes beth en aboue

- “ And thilke that clene maiden es be  
“ Men schall here bring under that tre  
“ And wiche so fallez on that flour  
“ He schal ben chosen quen wiche houre  
“ And zif ther ani maiden is,  
“ That thamerail halt of mest pris,  
“ The flour schal on here be went,  
“ Thurch art, and thurch enchantement :  
“ Thous he cheseth thourz the flour,  
“ And euere we herknez when hit be Blanche flour.”  
Thre siches Florice swouned nowthe,  
Or he micht speke wiche mouthe,  
Sone he awok, and spek micht,  
Sore he wepe, and sore he sizt.  
“ Marie ! “ he said, “ ich wolte ded,  
“ Both ich haue of the help and red ! ” —  
“ Leue child, ful wel I se,  
“ That thou wilt to deathe te !  
“ The best red that ican,  
“ Other red i ne can,  
“ Wende to morwe to the tour,  
“ As thou were a god ginour,  
“ And nim in thin honds quis and santelour,  
“ Als thai thou were a masoun.

- “ Bihold the tour up and down,  
“ The porter is coluard and feloun ;  
“ Wel sone he wil come to the,  
“ And aske what mister man thou be.  
“ And ber upon the felonie,  
“ And sai thou art comen the tour aspie.  
“ Thou shalt answeren him swechlich,  
“ And speke to him wel undelich,  
“ And sai thou art aginour  
“ To beheld that elche tour,  
“ And for to lerne and for to fonde,  
“ To mak another in the londe.  
“ Wel sone he wil com the ner,  
“ And bidde the plaien at the schecker  
“ To plaien he wil be wel fous,  
“ And to winen of thin wel concitous.  
“ When thou art to the schecker brouzt ;  
“ Wizouten faus ne plai thou nowt.  
“ Thou shalt haue redi mitte,  
“ Thritte mark under thi slitte,  
“ And gif he winne ouzt al thin,  
“ Al leue thou hit wiz him,  
“ And gif thou winne ouzt of his,  
“ Thou lete therof ful litel pris.  
“ Wel zeron he wille the bidde & praie,  
“ That thou come amorewe and plaie,



- “ Thou schalt sigge thou wilt so,  
“ And min wiz the amorewe swich two,  
“ And euer thou shalt in thin owen wolde,  
“ Thi golde cop wiz he at holde,  
“ That ilkeself coppe of golde,  
“ That was for Blancheflour zolde.  
“ The thridde dai bere wiz the an hondred pond  
“ And the coppe al hol and sond  
“ Zif him markes : and pans fale,  
“ Of thi mone tel thou no tale,  
“ Wel zerne he the wille bidde and praie,  
“ That thou legge the caupe to plaie.  
“ Thou shalt answeren him ate first,  
“ So lenger plai thou no list.  
“ Wel moche he wille for thi coupe bede,  
“ Zif he mizte the better spede.  
“ Thou schalt blitheliche ziuen hit him,  
“ Thai hit be gold thur and fin,  
“ And sai, me thinkez hit wel besemez the  
“ That hit wer wore worz swiche pre.  
“ Sai also, the ne faille non,  
“ Gold ne seluer ne fiche won,  
“ And wil thanne so mochel loue the,  
“ That thou hit schalt bothe here and see,

“ That he wil falle to thi fot,  
 “ And bicom e thi man zif he mot.  
 “ His manred thou shalt afonge.  
 “ And thi trewthe of his honde,  
 “ Zif thou mizt thous his loue winne,  
 “ He mai the helpe wiz som ginne.”  
 Son also Florice hath iwrowt,  
 Also darie him hath icawt;  
 That thourgh his gold and his garsome,  
 The porter is his man bicom,  
 “ Now quath Florice thou art mi man,  
 “ And al mi trest is the upan.  
 “ Sone thou mezt wel ethe,  
 “ Arede me fram the dethe.”  
 And euerich word he hath him told,  
 Hou Blancheflour was fram him sold;  
 And hou he was of Spaine a kynges sone,  
 And for hire loue thider icome;  
 To fond wiz som ginne,  
 The maiden azen to him winne.  
 The porter that herde and sore sizte;  
 “ Icham bitraied thourz rizte  
 “ Thourz the catel icham bitraid  
 “ And of mi lif icham dismaid

“ Thou ich wot child hou hit geth  
“ For the ich drede to tholie deth  
“ And natheles ich ne schal the neue faile mo  
“ Ther whiles mai ride or go.  
“ Thi foreward ich wil heldenalle,  
“ What so wille betide or falle  
“ Wende thou hom into thin in,  
“ Whiles I think of som ginne,  
“ Bitwene this and the thridde dai,  
“ How ich wille that I mai.”

Florice spak, and wepe among ;  
That ilche terme him thouzte wel long  
The porter thouzte what to rede.  
He let floures gatheren in the mede,  
He wist hit was the maidenes wille,  
Two coupon he let of floures fille;  
That was the red that he thouzt tho,  
Florice in that o coupe do ;  
And were gegges the coupe bere,  
So hem charged that wroth thai were,  
Thai bad god zif him euel fin,  
That so mani floures dede therin,  
Thider that thai weren wede,  
Se wer thai nouzt arizt birede ;

Ac thai turned in hire left hond,  
Blaunchesfloures bour an hond.  
To Clarice bour the coupe thai bere,  
Wiz the floures that therinne were;  
Ther the coupepe thai sette adown,  
And zafe here malisoun,  
That so fele floures embzouzte on honde;  
Thai wenten forth, and leten the coupepe stonde,  
Clarice to the coupe com, and wolde  
The floures handleden and biholde.  
Florisse wende hit hadde ben his swet witz,  
In the coupepe he stode uprizt.  
And the maid, al for drede,  
Bigan to schrichen an to grede  
Tho sche seghz hit nas nowch hye  
And held him bitraied al clene,  
Of his dez he ne zaf nowt abene.  
Ther com to Clarice maidenenes lepe,  
Silen bi twenti in one hepe;  
And askede what her were,  
That him makede so loude bere?  
Clarice hire understod anon rizt,  
That hit was Blancheflour that swete witz,  
For here boures nez were,  
And seldon that thai nezen I fere,

And ather of other counseil that wizte,  
And michel ayther to other triste.  
Hie zaf hire maidenens answeere anon,  
That into boure thai scholder gon,  
“ To his coupe ich am, and wolde  
“ The floures handle, and beholde;  
“ Ac ther ich hit euer weste,  
“ Aboterfleze to zain me fluste;  
“ Ich was sor adrad of than,  
“ That schrichen and greden I began.”  
The maidenens hadde ther of gle,  
And turnede azene and lete Clarisse be.  
So sone so the maidenens weren agon,  
To Blauncheflours bour Clarice went anon,  
And saide leyende to Blauncheflour;  
“ Swiche a flour that the schal lik  
“ Haue thon sene hit alite!”  
“ Anoth, dameseile,” quath Blauncheflour,  
“ So skorne me is litel hour!  
“ Ich I here, Clarice, wizoute gabbe,  
“ The ameral wil me to wiue habbe;  
“ Ac thilke dai schal neuer be,  
“ That men schal at wite me,  
“ That I shal ben of loue untrewed,  
“ Se chaungi loue for non newe;

“ For no loue, ne for non eie,  
“ So doth Florice in his countreie  
“ Thou y schal swete Florice misse,  
“ Shal non other of me haue blisse!”  
Clarice stant, and behalt the reuthe,  
And the treunesse of this treuthe;  
Leizande sche said to Blaunchefflour,  
“ Com nou se that ilche flour!”  
To the coupe thai zeden tho,  
Wel blisful was Floresse tho,  
For he had iherd al this,  
Out of the coupe he sterte I wis.  
Blaunchefflour changede hewe,  
Wel sone aither other knewe.  
Wizouten speche togidere thai lepe,  
That clepte, and keste, and eke wepe.  
Hire aissing laste a mile,  
And that he thouzt litel while.  
Clarice bihalt al this,  
Here countenaunce and here bliss,  
And leizende said to Blaunchefflour  
“ Felawe, knoweston thou ouzt this flour?  
“ Litel er, noldest thou hit se;  
“ And nou thou ne mizt hit lete fro the!

“ He moste conne wel mochel of art,  
“ That thou woldest zif therof ani part !”

Bothe thise swete thinges, for blis,  
Fallez down here fet to kis ;  
And criez hire merci, al weping,  
That zhe hem briwaie nowt to the king.  
To the king that zhe hem nowt bewreie  
Wher thourgh thai were siker to dethe ?  
Tho spak Clarice to Blaunche flour,  
Wordes ful of fin amour.

“ Se doute zou na more wiz alle,  
“ Than to miself hit hadde bifalle.

“ White zhe wel wrichli,  
“ That hele ich wille zoure both druni.”

To on bedde zhe hath him ibrouzt,  
That was of silk and sendel wrouzt,  
Thai sette hem there wele softe adoun,  
And Clarice drouz the courteyn rown.  
Tho began thai to chirpe and kisse,  
And made joie and mochel blisse.

Florice ferst speke began,  
And said, “ louered that madest man,

“ The I thanke, godes sone,  
“ Nou al mi care iche haue ouercome,



“ And now ich haue mi left i founde,  
“ Of al mi care ich am unbounde !”  
Now hath aither other told  
Of mani a car, foul cold;  
And of mani pine strong,  
That thai had bene atwo so long.  
Clarice hem serued al to wille,  
Bothe derneliche and stille.  
Bot so ne mizte zhe long i wite,  
That hit ne scholde ben underzeite.  
Now had the ameral swich a wone,  
That eueri dai ther scholde come,  
Thre maiden es out of hire bower,  
To seruen him up in the tour,  
Wiz water and cloth and bacyn,  
For to wasschin his hond es in,  
The thridde scholde bringge comb & me<sup>z</sup>our,  
To seruen him wiz gret honour,  
And thai serued him neuer so faire.  
Amorwen schold another pair.  
And mest was woned into the cour,  
Ther to Clarice and Blauncheflower.  
So longe him serued the maiden es route,  
That hir seruice was comen aboute ;

On the morewen that thider com Florice,  
Hit fel to Blaunchefflour & to Clarice.  
Clarice, so wele hire mote betide,  
Aros up in the morewented,  
And cleped after Blaunchefflour,  
To wende wiz here into the tour.  
Blaunchefflour said ich am comende,  
Ac here answere was al sleuende.  
Clarice in the wai is nome,  
And wende that Blaunchefflour had come  
Sone so Clarice com in the tour,  
The ameral asked after Blaunchefflour.  
“ Sire, zhe saide anon rize,  
“ Zhe had iwaked al this nize,  
“ And ikueled, and iloke,  
“ And irad upon hire boke,  
“ And bad to god hire oriesoun,  
“ That he the ziue benisoun,  
“ And the held long alive,  
“ Now sche slepeth also swithe,  
“ Blaunchefflour that maiden swete,  
“ That hir ne mai nowtt comen zhete.”  
“ Certe, said the king,  
“ Now is he a swete thing,

“ Wele arizte ich here serue to wiue,  
“ When zhe bit so for mi liue.”  
Another dai Clarice arist,  
And Blaunchefflour at wist,  
Whi hi made so longe demoere?  
“ Aris up, and go we ifere.”  
Blanchefflour saide, “ icode anon.”  
And Florice he kleppe bigan,  
And felle aslepe on thise wise,  
And after hem gan sore agrise.  
Clarise to the piler cam,  
The batyn of gold zhe nam,  
And had icheped after Blaunchefflour,  
To wende wiz here into the tour.  
Zhe ne answerede nai ne zo,  
To wende Clarice zhe ware ago.  
Sone so Clarice com in to the tour,  
The ameral asked after Blaunchefflour,  
Whi and wharfore zhe ne come,  
As he was woned to done?  
“ Zhe was arisen ar ich were,  
“ Ich wende her hauen ifonden here.”  
“ What, ne is zhe nowt icomen zit?  
“ Now zhe me doutez al to lit.”

Forthe he clepeth his chamberleyn,  
And bit him wende with alle main,  
And wite withat zhe ne com,  
As he was wone before to don.  
The chamberleyn had undernome,  
Into his bour he his come,  
And stant bifore hire bed,  
And find thar twa neb to neb.  
Neb to neb, an mouth to mouth,  
Wele sone was that sorwe couth!  
In to the tour up he steiz  
And said his louerd al that he saz.  
The ameral het his swerd him bring,  
I witen he wold of that thinge.  
Forht he minz wiz alle mayn,  
Himself and his chamberleyn,  
Til thai com thar thai two laie;  
Zit was the slepfast in hire eie.  
The ameral het hire clothes keste,  
A litel binethen here breste,  
And sez he wel son anon,  
That on was a man that other a woman,  
He quok for anguisse ther he stod;  
Hem to quelle was his mode,

He him bethowzte ar he wolde hem quelle,  
What thai wer that schold him telle,  
And sithen he thowzte hem of dawē don.  
The children awoken under thon.  
Thai segh the swerd ouer hem i drawe,  
Adrad thai ben to ben islawe.  
Tho bispak the ameral bold,  
Wordes that schold sone be told.  
“ Sai me now, thou belami,  
“ Who made the so hardi,  
“ For to come in to mi tour,  
“ To ligge ther be Blaunchefflour?  
“ To wrotherhale wer ze bore;  
“ Ze schollen tholie deth therfore.”  
Than ne said Florice to Blaunchefflour,  
“ Of oure lif mis no socour.”  
And mercy thai crideon him so swiche,  
That he zaue hem respite of her liue,  
Til he had after his baronage sent.  
To awreken him thourgz jugement.  
Up he bad hem slit bothe,  
And don on other clothes,  
And siththe he let hem bindefast,  
And in to prisoun hem he cast,  
Til he had after his baronage sent,  
To werken him thourgh jugement.

What helpez hit longe tale to schewe,  
Ich wille zou telle, at wordes fewe,  
Now al his baronag had undernome,  
And to the ameral zhe beth icome,  
His halle that was heize ibult,  
Of kinges and dukes was ifult.  
He stod up among hem alle,  
Bisemblaunt swithe wrotht wizalle.  
He said "lordingges, of mochel honour,  
"Ze han herd speken of Blaunchefflour,  
"Hou ich hire bouzte dere, aplizt."  
For seuen siches of gold hire wizt.  
For hire faired and hire chere,  
Ich hire bouzte allinge so dere.  
"For ich thouzte, wezouten wene,  
"Here haue i had to mi quene.  
"Bifore hire bed miself icome,  
"And fond bi hir naked grom.  
"Tho thai were me so wrothe,  
"I thouzte to han equeld hem bothe,  
"Ich was so wras and so wod:  
"And zit ich wizdrouz mi mod.  
"Forthe ich haue after zou went,  
"To awreke me thourgz jugement.  
"Now ze witen how hit his agon,  
"A wreke mi swithe of mi fon!"

Tho spak a king of that londe,  
“ We han iherd this schame and schonde,  
“ Ac er we hem to dethe weeke,  
“ We scholle heren tho children speke,  
“ What thai wil speke and sigge,  
“ Zif thai ouzt azein wil allegge.  
“ Hit were nowt rezt jugement,  
“ Wezouten answer to acouplement.”  
After the children nou men tendez,  
Hem to brenne for men lendez,  
Twaie sarazins forth hem bringez,  
Toward here deth sore wepinge.  
Ther were this children two,  
Now arther birepez otheres wo.  
Florice saide to Blaunche flour,  
“ Of our lif nis non socour.  
“ Zif manken hit tholi mizt,  
“ Twies I schold die wiz rizt,  
“ One for miself another for the ;  
“ For this deth thou hest for me !”  
Blaunche flour said azen tho,  
“ The gelt is min of ounbother wo.”  
Florice drow forth the ring,  
That his moder him zaue at his parting.



“ Haue now this ring, leman min,  
 “ Thou ne schalt nowt die whiles hit is thin.”

Blaunchefflower said tho,

“ So ne schal hit never go,

“ That this ring schal ared me

“ Me maicht no deth on the se.”

Florice the ring here arauzt,

And he him azen hit breauzt.

On hire he had the ring ithrast,

And hi hit hauez awai ikast.

A duk hit sez and bezgh to grounde,

An was glad that ring he founde.

On this maner the children come,

Weping to the fur and to hire dome.

Bifor al that fok thai ware wrowt ;

Drer was hire brother thouzt.

Ther was non so sterne man,

That these children loked upan,

That thai ne wolde alle, fulfawe,

Here jugement haue wizdrawe.

And wiz gret garisoun hem begge,

Zif thai dorste speke other sigge.

So Florice was so fair a zongling,

And Blaunchefflower so swete a thing,

Of men and wemen that beth nouthe,  
That gon aur riden and speketh wiz mouthe,  
Bethe non so fair in hire gladnesse.  
Als thai ware in hire sorewenesse.  
No man ne knew hem that hem was wo  
Bisemblaunt that thai made tho,  
But be the teres that thai schadde,  
And fellen adoun be here nebbe.  
The ameral was so wroz and wod,  
That he ne mizt wizdraw his mod.  
He bade binde the children faste,  
In to the fir he hem caste.  
Thilk duk that the gold ring hadde,  
Son to speke reuthe he hadde.  
Fain he wolde hem help to liue,  
And told how thai for the ring did strive.  
The amiral hete hem azen clepe,  
For he wolde tho schildren speke,  
He asked Florice what he hete;  
And he him told swithe skete.  
“ Sire, he saide, zif it were thi wille,  
“ Thou ne auztest nowt this maiden spille.  
“ Ac, sire, lat quelle me,  
“ And lat that maiden aliue be.”

Blaunchefflour saide tho

“ The gilt is min of our both wo.”

And the ameral saide tho,

“ I wis ze stille die bo.

“ Wiz wreche ich wille me awreke,

“ Ze ne scholle neuere go no speke.”

His swerd he braid out of his schethe,

The children for to do to dethe ;

And Blaunchefflour putt forth hire swire,

And Florice gan hire azein tire.

“ Ich am a man, ich schal go ffore :

“ Thou ne auztest nowzt mi dez acore.”

Florice forth his swire putte ;

And Blaunchefflour arzen it brutte.

Al that wezen this,

Therefore sori weren I wis,

And saide “ dreri mai we be

“ Biswicke children swich reuthe se.”

The ameral, wrothe thai he were,

Bothe him chaunged mod and chere.

For aither for other wolde die,

And he segh so mani a weping eye.

And for he hedde so mochel loued the mai,

Weping he turned his heued awai,

And his swerd hit fel to grounde,  
He ne mizte hit elde in that stounde.  
Thilke duk that the ring founde,  
Wiz the ameral spak and round.  
And ful wel ther wiz he spedde,  
The children ther wiz fram dethe he redde,  
“ Sire, he saide, hit is litel pris,  
“ Thise children to slew iwis,  
“ Hit is the welmore worsschipe,  
“ Florice conseile that thou wile,  
“ Who him tawzte thilke gin,  
“ For to com thi tour wizin,  
“ And who that him brouzte thai,  
“ The bet of other tho mizt be wai.”  
Than said the ameral to Florice tho,  
“ Tel me who the tauzte her to ?”  
“ That, quath Florice, ne schall sch neuere do,  
“ Bot zif hit ben forziuen also.  
“ That ze gin me tauzte therto,  
“ Arst ne schal hit neuer be do.”  
Alle thai praied therfore I wis,  
The ameral graunted this.  
So euere word Florice hath him told,  
Hou the maide was fram him sold,

And hou he was of Speyne a kinges sone,  
For hire loue thider i come,  
To fonden, wiz som gin,  
That faire maiden for to win,  
And hou thourgh his gold, and his garisoun,  
The porter was his man bicom,  
And hou he was in the coupe bore,  
And alle this other louen therfore.  
Now on the amerail wel him mote betide,  
Florice he sette next his side  
And made him stonde ther uprizt,  
And hath idubbed him to knizt,  
And bad he schold wiz him be,  
Wiz the formest of his mene,  
Florice fallet to his fet,  
And bit him ziue his lip so swet.  
The ameral zaue him his leman,  
Alle the othere him thonked than.  
To one chirche hiet hem bringge,  
And wedde here wiz here owen ringge.  
Now bothe this children alle for bliss,  
Fil the ameral for to kis,  
And thourgh counsel of Blaunche flour,  
Clarice was fet down of the tour,

And the amerales here wedded to quene ;  
Ther was feste swithe breine.  
I ne can tellen alle the sonde,  
Ac the richest feste in londe,  
Nas hire nowt longe efter than,  
That Florice tidingge ne cam,  
That his fader the king was ded,  
And al the barnage zaf him red,  
That he scholde wenden hom,  
And underfongen his kyngdom,  
Ac ameral he nom his lent ;  
And he him bad wiz him be lent.  
Thanne bespake the ameral,  
“ Zif thou wilt do, Florice, bi mi conseil,  
“ Dwelle her, and wend nowt hom.  
“ Ich wille the ziuen a kyngdom,  
“ Also longe and also brod,  
“ Als euer zit thi fader bod,  
“ I nel beleue for to winne,  
“ To bidde me hit were sinne.”  
Thai bitauzt the ameral our drizt.  
And thai com hom whan thai mizt,  
And let croune him to king,  
And hire to quene that swete thing,

And underfeng cristendom of prestes honde,  
And thonked god of alle his sonde,  
Now ben thai bothe ded,  
Crist of heuen hom soules led,  
Now is this tale browt to the ende,  
Of Florice and of his lemans hende,  
How after bale hem combote,  
So wil our louerd that ous mote !  
Amen sigges also,  
And ich schal helpe zou therto !



## PIERS OF FULLHAM.

EX. MS.<sup>to</sup> FF. 5. APUD TRIN: COLL: CANT.

---

Loo worshipfull Sirs here after ffolleweth a gently-  
māly Tretyse full conveyent for contemplatiff  
louers to rede and understond made by a noble  
Clerke Piers of ffulhā sum tyme ussher of Venus  
Schole, whiche hath brieflye compyled many praty  
conceytis in loue under covert termes of ffysshying  
and ffowlyng.

Perdimus anguillam manibus dum stringimus illam.

A MAN that lovith ffisshying and ffowlyng bothe,  
Ofte tyme that lyff shall hym be lothe,  
In see in ryver in ponde or in poole,  
Off that crafte thowe he knowe the scole,  
Thought his nett never so wide streiche,  
It happith full ofte hym naught to ketch.

What fissue is slipperer than an ele ?  
Ffor whan thow hym grippist and wenest wele  
Too haue hym siker right as the list,  
Than faylist thou off hym, he is owte of thy fyst.  
Diches sumtyme there samons used to haunte,  
Lampreyes lucys or pykys plesaunt,  
Wenyng the fisssher suche fissue to ffynde;  
Than comyth there a noyous north west wynde  
And dryveth the fissue into the depe,  
And causeth the draught nat worthe a leeke ;  
But in steide off sturgeon and lamprons  
He draweth up gurnard, and goions,  
Codlyng cungur, and suche coisy fissue,  
Or wulwiche rochis, nat worthe a rysshe.  
Suche fortune ofte tymes on fissshers fallys,  
Though they on Petir prayen and callys.  
It profiteth nat and skille is why  
Ffor they to fisshyng goon wyth envy,  
And put it oute off hiernes and hooles  
Where as they ffynde the ffatt sooles,  
And wayte in waraynes all the nyght,  
Evene a non after the owls flight,  
Whan that true men shulde goo to rest  
To bribe and bere away the best.

That sojourne and kept bien in stiewe  
Ffor store that nothyng shulde hym remewe.  
But the goode man that oweth that gouernance,  
His costlewe catell and his purviaunce  
And severel oonly for to serue hym selff;  
But nowe other that use anglyng ten or twelff,  
Wyth water hookys, and certayne baite,  
That makyth the fische after their foode to wayt,  
To breeke trunks these traitours use,  
The cely fisses can nat hem selff excuse;  
Tyll it be spitted like a sprotte,  
But the goodeman knoweth thereof no grott.  
That paieth for all though that he be blynde  
So that he his fille off fische may fynde  
It suffiseth he seieth. No man will stele  
Thus berdes been maade all daye full feele  
With anglers and other gynnes over all,  
There may no mans stiewe stonde seuerall,  
Be it closed neuer so well abowte,  
Therfor I stonde cliere out off doute,  
Shall I never ponde wyth pykes store  
Breame tenche. Perche neuer the moore.  
But in rennyng ryvers that bee commone,  
There will I fische and taake my fortune

Wyth nettys, and with angle hookys,  
And laye weris and spreteris in narrowe brookys,  
Ffor loochis, and lampreyes, and good layk,  
I will stele off no mans a strayke.  
Ffor whoo so usith that lyff too, and too,  
His fusteryng sothly is for doo.  
Idrowned, on day peraventure sodeynly,  
Taken to prison in povert dye.  
And therfor lett true men liven in pays,  
Stroye natt theire stiewes, stele nat theire plays.  
I see suche thynges afoore the eye  
That dayly encresith save the severalte  
Beeth wise and ware howe that ye wende  
Ffor off false fisshyng commyth a fowle ende.  
Therfor eschewe all suche prevy slaunders  
Com there nat dayly out off fflaunders  
Off ffat elys full many a showte?  
And grete chepe whoso waiteth aboute,  
But nowe men in deyntynges so hem delyte,  
To feede them on tendre fisshes lyte,  
As floundres, perches, and such pikyng waare,  
I see no man that will gladly spaare  
To suffre them wex unto theire age;  
Theye shullen be endyted for suche damage,

And ete the olde fissue, and leve the yonge,  
Thought they moore towgh be uppon the tonge,  
And the belyes not shewyng an ynche resett,  
Yet savowre off sawce may make goode mete.  
Late this yonge fissue lyve till certayn yeres,  
And payne us to fissue oure olde weres,  
But stynkkyng fissue, and unseasonable,  
Latt passe, and taake such as be able.  
Spaare no man, but love no wast,  
Beth well waare when ye feelee such tast,  
Ffor in fissue ffatt is felt no boone,  
But whoo that about suche game shulde goon,  
Off governance he must have a name,  
And suffre no man to fissue in others game.

*Ffistula dulce canit volucrem dum decipit auceps.*

Ffull swetely sowneth the pipe, and syngith,  
While the fowles with his deceyte bryngeth  
The byrdes in to his ffalse craft,  
Than som fowlyng wer goode to be lafte,  
There may no mannes snares by other stande  
No panteirs pight be water, nor by lande,  
Where a comone ffowlyng hath ofte be sayne  
In snowe, in ffrost, in hayle, and in rayne.  
Theyr may no man ever his grennes keepe,  
Ffor somtyme a mong a man must slepe,  
And wayte on his game at certayne tyme,  
Att noone, at nyght, or ellis at pryde ;  
To see iff any fowle be kyght,  
As meny as be taken at that fflyght,  
But than happeneth ofte that a nother,  
A man is deceyved off his owne brother,  
Nat levyng his lustys but folleweth the same,  
And steleth away his ffelowes game;

And that the ffayrest and fattest of the fflokke  
Enfeffying his felowe with a more cok ;  
And seyth sothely, I haue grete mervayle  
That thy panteirs catcheth no pullayle,  
And I haue the ffayrest that euer thau felt,  
But I trowe that thy grynnes been untelt,  
Ellys to fieble, or to many folde,  
Off queeres, or ells thy complexion is colde  
That it makyth that all this fowle is myne,  
Supposing that my baite is better than thyne ;  
Thou maiste see by all this store,  
Here is i nowgh ffor me, and moche moore ;  
Taake off the best that is off myne,  
And serue me the same another tyme,  
He is a gloton that wolde haue all,  
Ffor somtyme suffice shall.  
A queynt is used, a quayle pipe,  
In somer er the corne be ripe,  
Ffollewyng the sowne sewyng his maake,  
Tyll the byrde under the nett be taake,  
And giltles been begiled in suche a wise,  
But and ffishes and ffowles weren wyse,  
They myght euermore lyven in pease,  
Butt hungour it maketh wythouten leese,



And bayte suche as men for hem legge,  
Whiche causeth them to be taake or they be flegge,  
Wyth full-meny kennys instrumentys.  
A gentyll fflowle can make no defence.  
Whan he is taake, save wrigge wyth the tayle a lite,  
But pyes, and crows, can bothe cracche and bytee,  
Kytes and bosardys, and suche boystous fflowles,  
It commyth by kynde, and eke owlys,  
It passith my witt in eny maner wise  
The craft off fisshyng and fflowlyng you to devyse.  
Off fisshyng, and fowlyng, I am to leere  
But men that medlith off suche matter,  
To fisshe, and fowle and ffayleth witte,  
Knowing where fflowles are wont to sitt  
Ffor their ffoode bothe day, and nyght,  
To wayte what thyng comyth to their sight  
And flayen thise fflowles from thire place  
Ffaarewell their sportis for lakk off grace,  
Ffor a wylde fflowle that was neuer tame,  
Is crasfe to catche it in any game.  
And whane they be caughte, to hold them fast,  
yett but thowe please them whan they be past,  
Thy panteris, and playes, they will forsaaake,  
And to others byrdys playntes maake.

That all gentyll ffowles shall the lothe,  
So may thowe leese thy game, and others bothe ;  
Thy lyme twiggis shall the litill avayle,  
Thus unkonnyng may all craftis quayle.  
Butt an olde ffowle that hath the snares escaped,  
May cause many a fowle to be japed,  
Whooso canne suche olde fowles please,  
Ofte tyme in hungur it dooth grete ease ;  
But men nowe adayes been so lycorouse,  
That fewe can lyve by stoore of howse,  
As brawne, bacon, and powder beeff,  
Suche lyvelod nowe is no man lieff,  
But volatile venyson and her onsewes  
So newefangle and nyce men been of thewes,  
Moche medlett wyne men all day drynke,  
I haue wyst wilde fowle sum tyme stynke ;  
Whan it is newe caught whoo can it knowe  
Nat byt by lookyng and tastyng lowe ?  
And iff he ffynde so chafed that chaffre,  
That it late com out off the snare,  
Yet this condycyon myght cause debate,  
But men seen ofte that ffolke off symple estate,  
Shall haue moche happe as in this arte,  
Off partriches and plovers to haue their part.

Whan lordys shall lakke and that is wronge,  
But ffowlis syng thus in theire songe,  
Where baite is best there will we abyde,  
And love oure profyte for eny pride,  
My soueraynes I yowe ensure,  
Wyth ffisshyng and ffowlyng I may not endure,  
My laste will shalle be ever moore,  
Whan deyntees ffayle, to taake me to stoore  
A mallard off the dung hill is good inought for me,  
Wyth plesaunt pykill, ells it is poyson perde:  
My stomak accordeth to every meete,  
Save reresoupers I refuse lest I sorfette;  
Gouernaunce is goode; who so it use can;  
Piers of ffulham was a wele gouerned man.  
He knewe the condition off every byrde,  
There was no husbondry from hydde;  
Off ffisshyng and ffowlyng he wolde nat fayle  
But his enbatement were store on the tayle.  
So usen his eyres get at this day  
It is full harde bothe to pycche and paye;  
An empty purse may evill accomptis yelde,  
Therfor I will my panteris untield,  
My gynnes, my japis, I will resigne  
To ffellowes, and to ffrendys off myne,

That han ffeelyng in ffisshyng, and fflowlyng eke,  
Ffor suche ffantesyes han maade me seeke ;  
By suche crafte may no man catche estate ;  
But he that laboreth bothe erly, and laate,  
And therfor I gave up all my geere,  
And pray yow that I may youre byrdys beere.  
That office will serue me at the ffull,  
To helpe ete them rost, or pulle,  
It sufficyth wolld ye me so avaunce,  
Ffor translated is all my plesaunce  
Dyverse fflowles han dyverse tast !  
A man may all day myshap for hast.  
Hungur sparith no mete, though it be rawe,  
Yet suche licouresnesse is nat worth a strawe  
Thy stomak wyth corrupcion to encombre,  
For all the leches from Dover to Humbre,  
We myght save thy lyff so it myght happe ;  
Therfor in tyme tye up thy tryacle tappe.  
Latt neuer to longe thy ffawcett renne,  
Kepe allway some ynke in thy penne,  
To write wyth thyng that berith charge,  
Off thy litill lyveloode be nat to large,  
Lest thow takke whan thou levest weere,  
Whoso knoweth the so the needith nat to enquire.

But ofte tymes been ther bargaynes dryven,  
And when ther is noon earnest gyven.  
All is loste that thou hast goon abowte,  
That is sothe this is no dowte.  
A thryfty bargayn wold not be taryed  
Whan it is maade but lightly caryed.  
Into a certeyn place to receyve the paye  
No lusshebornes, but money of ffyne assaye.  
No nobles, nor groots, nor coyne iclypped,  
But full payment, and no thyng over skyped.  
A true payer may bargayne whan hym lyst,  
But tollers off money been nat be tryste.  
Ffor they token off that they shulde nat taake,  
Off the marchaunt therfor they bee forsaaake.  
And that is becawse off covenantes brooken,  
A man shulde nat contrary that his mowthe had  
spoken.

And tyde tarieth no lenger than hym lyst  
An hundred han been begiled wyth badde I wyst  
Ffor southyn wyndys that som tyme blowe,  
Makyn mastys to bowen and lye full lowe,  
Ffor som havens wyll no anker holde,  
The cablys crasen, and begynne to ffolde.  
So myry, and so moyst is the grounde,  
Than lakkyth the lyne wherewyth to sounde.

So is he begyled that stondith atte sterne,  
Ffor the loodsman that shulde hem lerne,  
Lakkyth brayne, and also the lanterne is out,  
That what worde to sey, he is in doute,  
Eyther warae the lof, or ells full and by  
And so is he chased out off the chanell sodeynly.  
Than is no helpe but strike sayle,  
I knowe noon so redy a ryvaile,  
As is the reedeclyff by this warine wose,  
There mayst thow savely as I suppose,  
Abyde for evry wynde, or storme that blowes,  
Itt is an open haven that meny men knowes  
And sielden been ther shippes seen goon to wrakk,  
But in the lethy mastis lieth all the lakke  
A man shulde his takle evene mesure,  
After the vessel may endure,  
Ffor as to rowe in a barge with a skull,  
It avayleth nat but the ffloode be at the full  
Ffor and iff the streme stande styff a gayne  
Thanne all the laboure is loste in vayne.  
A man must his course as it commyth abowte  
An unredy rower shendith all the rowte  
As well in ffisshyng as in other ffaare  
Trouthe wolde that every man shulde sparre  
His ffrendys game, and lyve in pays,  
Stroy nat their stewes stele nat their plays.



Here after follewyth the moralyte off this lytill  
processe in a fewe goode wordys. Iff any  
man and woman that hath a deuocyon to  
heire hit they shall haue peraventure for  
theire meede nat past C dayes of par-  
don.

Som men been so longe absent from their play  
That other men come and take their game away  
And therfor it is seid in wordys ffewe  
How that longe absence is a shrewe.  
Ffor loves myghty violence  
Apalled is wyth longe absence,  
And thus full ofte the game goth  
That ffirst was lieff it makith lothe  
For love stant in no certeyn  
Off ffolke that been selden sayne.  
And eke as I reherse can  
The tyde off love abideth no man.  
Looke theym that been ffurthest from the stronde  
Whoo rowyth best commyth first to londe  
Men rehersen in their sawe,  
Hard it is to stryve wyth wynde or wawe,



Whether it doo ebbe or ells fflowe  
But who that in lovis boote doth rowe,  
If that he to longe abide  
To cast an anker at his tyde,  
And fayleth off his lodemanage  
To waite uppon a sure passage,  
A tyme sett that he ne fayle  
In diepe to maake his a ryvaile.  
Whan the water is smothe, and stille,  
Wher ther be no wyndys ille,  
That contrarious will heve, and blowe,  
To make his ryvaile to be knowe,  
At Redeclyff on his sayle to shewe,  
In suche a caas absence is a shrewe.  
Absence haue well in mynde,  
He settith ffeeles folke ofte behynd,  
And loveship goth ay to wrakke,  
Where that presens is put a bakk,  
But he that is off custom nye,  
And off his porte queynt and slye,  
That erst waslieff he makyth loth  
That absent trustith uppon othe  
Ffor men han seen here to fforne  
That love laughith whan men been forsworn.

Lapwynk playnly it is no ffable,  
In theire hartys been so unstable,  
Whether they been olde or yonge off age,  
Upon the tyde of theire coorage,  
What thyng that commyth ffirft to hande,  
Itt is welcom unto the stronde,  
Off kynde they haue suche appetite,  
Ffor to fullfyll theire delyte,  
Whiche hath caused here to forne,  
That many a man hath hadde an horne.  
And unto suche myschieff fall,  
That he unware hath loste his galle,  
To make hym sure that he nat drowne,  
Nor wyth sodayn wawis swonne,  
Whyche as clerk ysdeterminyng,  
Is a parfite medycyne,  
Bothe oon fresshe water, and on see,  
That ffolke shall nat drowned be.  
I meane hosbondys yong and olde,  
That beren the name off a cookeold,  
They be ensured from all suche rage,  
Off maryners the fel passage,  
Concludyng to speke in wordys fewe,  
That longe absence is a shrewe.

Ffor thorowyth the yere som folke lyvyng  
Han harde the cokcove ffresshly syng,  
In contreyes many moo than oon ;  
God save suche ffowlis euerychon  
As lapwynkys and thise cal mewes  
That swymme on wawes whan it flowes,  
And somtyme on the sondys goon,  
That can maake and put a bone  
In the hcodys off their husbond ;  
Whan they been goon fer out of londe,  
And can shewe their goodely chiers  
To knowen folke and to straungers,  
Namely to folke that been datyeff,  
They haue ther eyen vocatiff,  
Theyr purses been callyd ablatiff,  
That ffolke that be name genytiff,  
An erbe is cause off all this rage  
In oure tonge called culrage.

EXPLICIT PIERS OFF FFULHAM.

Here foloweth a good ensample of a lady that was  
in dyspeyre.

EX M.S.S.<sub>10</sub> FF. 2. 38. APUD BIBL: VNIV: CANT.

Cryst that was crucyfied for synners unkynde  
Gyf me very happe and tokyn in thys cas  
To mene of thys matter that y of mynde  
Clenly to declare God graunt me hys grace  
Y schall telle yow hyt was 5  
Of a lady that lyved in drede  
Sche levyd nothyng in the masse  
That very God was in forme of bredd

(Various readings from M.S. Ff. 5. 48.)

- 1 God that on the rode was rent,
- 2 Graunt me grace redely to know this case
- 3 To meve this mater I haue ment
- 4 Lerely to declare God gif me grace
- 5 I shal yow tell right as hir was
- 6 Off. lyved
- 7 She levyd not in that was hir grace
- 8 Veray.

Sche had a lorde a gentyll knyght  
 That loued wele hys God the sothe to say 10  
 The lady was in sorowe pyght  
 Sche grevyd God false was hur lay.  
 Sche levyd nothyng that ys preste can say  
 As clerkys in bookys can rede,  
 And for nothyng that men do may, 15  
 That very God was in forme of bredd.

Hyt be felle at Estur day, after the lente,  
 That every man to churche dud gone  
 To resceyve ther God in good  
 All but the lady sche was yn none. 20

- 10 Levyd wel in god.
- 11 In syn I plight.
- 12 To greve hir god that was hir grace
- 13 She belevyd in no masse that she sawe
- 14 But wroght aftur the fendys rede
- 15 Deest and. coud sey
- 16 Verray. formed in brede
- 17 On estur day aftur the lent
- 18 Every man to criste made his mon
- 19 Him in gode entent
- 20 And only that lady allon

Sche hydd the ooste on hur brest bon,  
 And bare hyt home to hur own stedd,  
 There gode devosyon had sche non,  
 That very God ys in forme of bredd.

There sche take that body bleste, 25  
 And in a kerchyt sche can hyt folde  
 And in hur forcer sche can hyne keste,  
 That same God that Judas solde.  
 And there sche kepyd that body dere,  
 And wrought aftur the fendys redd, 30  
 When that was paste halfe a yere  
 Very God in forme of bredd.

21 She had criste vndur hir brest bon

22 Hym. til.

23 Ffor gode beleve.

24 Is formed in brede.

25 She bare him home, &c.

26 Did.

27 Deest can.

28 The same body.

29 Deest and.

31 Till it was passed. zere.

32 That veray God was formed in brede.

Be thys alhalow tyde nyhed nere,  
The lady to hur forcer dud gon,  
Sche beryed that body that sche put there 35  
Under a pere tree hur selfe allon ;  
In an erbere be syde hur halle,  
That feyre and grene can spryng and sprede,  
In gode ensample schew y schall  
That very God ys in form of brede. 40

A ryall feste the knyghte can make,  
So worschypfully on crystymas day,  
Of lordys and ladyes that wolde hyt take  
And knyghtes that were of gode array :

33 Tille alhalow day drew hym nere  
34 Til hur forser she can goon  
35 And ther she beryd that body dere  
38 Began to groo.  
39 Be this ensample.

41 Kyng.  
42 Deest so.  
44 And also knyghts.



An holy byschopp the knyght dyd pray 45  
So worschypfully to his own stedd  
That levyd well in goddys fay  
That very God was in forme of bredd.

So they waschyd and yede to mete  
The byschop the grace did say 50  
A squyer wyth owten lete  
Servyd them in gode array.  
The squyer knelyd on hys knee  
And sayde lordyngs wyth owten drede  
Blessyd must that lorde bee 55  
That ys very god in forme of brede.

45 Holy bisshoppis. can

46 Worshippy to be at mete.

47 He lovyd wel the sothe to sey

48 Is formed in.

49 When they had wasshene and wene set

50 Worthely grace thei can sey

53 Down on knees he hym sett

55 Here is a peyre tre semely and gret

56 And fayre blomys began to sprede

Herkenyth now all wele to me (a)  
And of my carpyng takyth gode hede,  
Hyt ys a semely syght to see  
Thys day a pere tre be gynyth to spredd. 60  
A fayer syght may no man see  
The blossomys be bothe whyte and redd  
Thorow hys myght that dyed on tre  
Very God in forme of bredd.

The seconde cours came in full sone 65  
Wyth grete myrthe and solempnyte  
The lady dredd sche had wysdom  
Anon when sche the pere true see.  
Often sche stodyed in hur thought  
And in hur hert sche had grete dredd 70  
And sayde to her selfe sche had myswoagt  
Ageyn hur God in forme of bredd.

The thyRDD cours come in y wene  
Ffull ryally in to the halle  
Be this the pere tre was growen all grene 75  
Wyth perys rype and downe can falle.

(a) 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. desunt in M.S. Ff. 5. 48.

67 The lady thozt she hade mysdon

68 Can se.

Thys tydyngs had bothe grete and small  
 Ffor fayrer fruyt was nevyr in lede  
 Thorow hys myght that boght us all  
 Very God in forme of brede. 80

Breke a braunche the byschop seyde  
 Of that fruyt that ys comen thorow godds  
 grace ;  
 A squyer brake a bogh wyth grete breydd  
 Kyt bledd on hym bothe honde and face ;  
 The squyer sykyd, and seyde alas 85  
 Upon hym bledd the blode so redd,  
 Ffor he was beryed in that place,  
 Very God in forme of bredd.

78 Ffayrer was neuer with outen drede

79 Vertew of hym

80 That veray, &c.

81 Breke vs.

82 Deest fruyt owyn.

83 Brake a braunch of the tre.

84 The blode ran.

85, 86, 87, 88. desunt in M.S. Fl 5.

The byschop start ouyr the tabull anon  
 And hydd to the pere tre that syghte to see 90  
 To ihu cryst he had a boon  
 Ffayre knelyng on hys knee.  
 He sett the braunches ageyn to the tre,  
 Hyt grewe to the tre wyth outh drede  
 By all gode sample men may see 95  
 That very God is in forme of brede.

The byschop made to delue down to the rote  
 And put ther to hys men anon.  
 And found in a \* \* \* \* \*  
 A blessyd chylde formyd in blode and bon. 100

89 Rose fro the bord anon.  
 90 And presed the sirt to se.  
 91 To myghtfull god he made his mon  
 92 Fful fayre.  
 93 Deest agayn.  
 94 Hit closed ageyn long and brede.  
 95 Be this insampull ze may se.  
 96 Formed in brede.

97 Thei reised the erth fro the rote  
 98 Thei sowzt on sadly eury chon  
 99 Ther thei fond the fode  
 100 A welfayre childe of flesh and bon

He lokyd on the pere tre, the fryt was gon  
 The chylde turnyd hym abowte wyth wounds redd,  
 And blessyd the pepull euery chon  
 God that was before in forme of bredd.

The lady syked, and sayde, alas! 105

Into the worlde that sche was wroght,  
 The chylde turnyd away his face,  
 To loke on that lady wolde he noght.  
 Schriste of the byschop the lady besought  
 I have greuyd my god in worde and dede 110  
 The byschop seydd thou haste mys wrought  
 A geyn thy God in forme of brede.

The byschop \* \* in that stounde  
 And seyde woman wythowten drede,  
 In bitter balys thou arte bounde 115  
 Schryve the wele thus y the rede.

101 v. 103 comes before 101 in M.S. Ff. 5. 48, but the  
 M.S. is illegible on account of the damp it has sustained.

106 When she was forth brozt

108 The lady se wolde he not.

109 Souzt.

110 And in hir hert she began to drede

112 The lorde in forme of brede.

v. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 112. 120. desunt in  
 M.S. Ff. 5. 48.

And thynk on hym that dyed on tre  
 And for us all hys blode hath schedde  
 Here thy selfe the sothe may see  
 That very God ys in forme of bredd. 120

The byschop reveschyd hym in holynes  
 And bare that blessyd body to an autere  
 Wyth holy wordys in to bredd he can hym dresse  
 And there he \* \* that lade dere.  
 Sche resceyuyd hur god then 125  
 That for vs all hys blode hath schedd,  
 I take wytnesse of god and man  
 That very god ys in forme of bredd.

God as thou dyed on the rode  
 Ffor me, and yow, and al mankyde, 130  
 And boght vs wyth hys precyovs blode  
 Thou haue vs euyr in thy mynde.

121 Armed him in his surplese.

122 And to the awter he hym bare.

123 In forme of bred he can hym dresse.

124 Hous.

v. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. desunt in M.S.  
 Ff. 5. 48.

Mary modur that art so honde!

Saue us fro the fendys redd,

And geve vs grace when we haue wonde 135

To resceyve God in forme of bredd.



## A BALLAD.

(EX M.S.S.<sup>to</sup> FF. 2. 38. APUD BIBL: VNIV. CANT.)

---

Now of this feest telle I can  
I trow as wel as any man  
                    Be est or be west,  
Ffor ouer alle in ilke aschire  
I am send for as a sire  
                    To ilke a gret fest.

Ffor in ferth ther was on  
Sich on saw I neuer non  
                    In Ingland ne in Fraunce.  
Ffor they hade I the maistry  
Of alle maner of curry  
                    Sith then was myschaunce.

Ther was meyts wel ditz  
Well sesoned to the right  
                    Off rost, and of sew,

Ther was meys to heuen  
That were a maistre al to weren  
But sum I con you.

Ther was pestels in pozra  
And laduls in rozra  
Ffor pord \* \* \* \* \*  
And somer saduls in sewys  
And mashefatts in mortrewys  
Ffor ther to \* \* \* \* \*

Ther was plente of ale  
To theym that were in halle,  
To lasse and to more  
Ther was gryndulstones in graly  
And mylstones in mawmany  
And al this was thore.

But zet lett thei for no costs  
Ffor in euery mylus posts  
iij in a disshe  
And bell clapurs in blawndisare  
With a nobull cury  
Ffor tho that ete no fissh.

Then come in iordans in iussall  
Als red as any russall  
Come ther among,  
And blobsterdis in white sorre  
Was of a nobull curry  
With spicery strong.

Ther come chese crustis in charlett  
As red as any scarlett  
With ruban in vise;  
Certis of alle the festis  
That euer I saw in gestis  
This may ber the prise.

Ther was costrell in cambys  
And capuls in cullys  
With blandamete in dorde  
The nedur lippe of a larke  
Was broght in a muk cart  
And set be for the lorde.

Then come in stedis of Spayn  
With the brute of Almayne  
With palfrayes in paste

\* \* \* \* dongesterks in doralle  
Was forsed wele with charcoal  
But certis that was wast.

Then came in the fruture  
With a nobull savoure  
With fetur loks fried,  
And alle the cart whelis of Kent  
With stonys of the payment  
Fful wel were thei tried.

Then come in a horshed  
In the sted of french brede  
With alle the riche hide,  
Now hade I not ther seen  
Side of sow wold wene  
Fful lowde that I lyed.

Then came in the kydde  
Dressyd in a horse syde  
That abył was to lese,  
iii yron harows  
And many whele barowes  
In the stid of new chese.

When they had drawen the borde  
Then seid Perkyn a worde  
    Hymself to avownce,  
Syn we haue made gode chere  
I zed ilke man in fere  
    Goo dresse hym to a downce.

There ze myght se a mery sight  
When thei were sammen knytte  
    Without any fayle,  
They did but ran ersward  
And ilke a man went bakward  
    Topper ouer taylor.

Tybbe were full tharre of hert  
As sche dawnside she latt a fart  
    Ffor sich \* \*  
Now sirris for your curtesy  
Take this for no vilany  
    But ilke man crye. \* \*

Off this fest can I no more  
But certes thei made ham mery thore  
    Whil the day wold last,

Zet myght thei not alle in fere  
Haue eton the meytis I reckond here  
But theire bodyd had brast.

EXPLICIT FF. \* \* \* \* \*

A T A L E  
OF THE UNNATURAL DAUGHTER.

EX M.M.S.<sup>to</sup> FF. 5. 48. APUD BIBL: VNIV: CANT:

---

HERKYNs now bothe more and lasse  
I wille yow telle of a heuy casse  
Listyns I wille yow telle,  
If ze this tale wille here  
Sum gode therein ze mow lere  
At home if ze wille dwelle.

Ther was a man of mycall mayne  
In the bisshope riche of Wyan  
Riche of londe and ledis,  
He hade a wyfe gentill, and fre,  
The best woman that myzt be  
And fulle of almys dedis.

A douzter they had betwen hem twoo  
The fayrest that myzt on erth goo,



Made of flesshe and blode  
A fulle harde grace was hir lentte  
Er she owt of this worde wentte  
And alle hit turned to gode.

Sech dedis hade she wrouzt  
In dedly synne she was brouzt  
In wan hope without bote,  
Such a grace was hir lent  
That she come to mendment  
God graunte that we so mowzte.

The fende of hell agayn skyll  
Put on hir a harde wille  
Hur fadurs luf to wyne,  
And also temped was that man  
His owne douzter for to tan  
To do a dedly synne.

The fende temped hym on a day  
The mayden came the sothe to say  
In a preve stede,  
Hur fadur prayed hir of luf derne  
And she wolde hym not werne  
Thorow the fendis rede.

The fadur with his douzter did his wille  
They zede togedur priuely and stille

    Thei were wonder wylde,  
In holy churche as clerks fynde  
On his douztur a gayn kynde,  
    Ther he gate a knave childe.

Zet thei wolde not of that blynn  
But lyved forth in dedly synne.  
    In romans as we rede,  
Holy churche berys wytnesse sadde  
Thre knave children be hym she hadde  
    And alle she put to dede.

So preuely to gedur thei wrouzt  
That no man perceyued hem nouzt  
    Wher aboute thei zede,  
Vpon a day hir modur con gon  
Ffulle preuely hir self allon  
    And fonde hem in this dede.

Alasse she seid that ze were borne  
Fful wele I wot ze ar for lorne  
    Ze ar the deuels of hell,

Alasse he seyde now am I woo  
I wot she wille be wrye vs too  
    Gret sorow con he make,  
Nay seid his douztur so mo I the,  
So shalle hit not be  
    And I may hir euer take.

Thorow the deuels notiesment  
Aftur hir modur she went  
    Euen into the halle,  
A knyfe in hir hande she hent ful smerte  
And smote hir modur to the herte  
    That ded down can she fall.

When that synfull dede was done  
They toke the body vp sone  
    And leyde hit in a cheste,  
And beryd the cors with bothe her rede  
As she sodenly hade be ded  
    That no man odur wiste.

Zet wolde thei not lese her foly  
But lyued forth in lechory  
    Be day and eke be nyzt,

Alle on aday to church he went  
With goode will and gode intent  
    Thorow the grace of god almyzt.

He be thouzt hym and vnder stode  
In how synfull life he zede  
    His synnes he wolde for sake,  
And if he myzt haue legeans  
Ffor his synnes to do penans  
    Schrifte he thouzt to take.

When folke out of the kyrk wer gon  
The man folowed the preest anon  
    Stille withowte strife,  
He tolde the preest his synnes ychon  
How he and his douztur had don  
    And alle was holden her life

The preest seid hast thou gode wille  
Ffor they synne thou has don ille  
    Schrifte for to take,  
Thou shalt not be thy douztur lye  
Nor touche hir with no vilany  
    Thy synnes thou most for sake.

If thou thy penaunce wilt undurstonde  
Thou most in to the holy londe

Where God was whik and dede,  
Zis for sothe seid he  
If my life wille last me  
I wille do aftur thy rede.

When he was schryven of his synnes  
He went hom vn to his innes

Wher his douztur was,  
His douztur hade his meyte made  
She bade hur fadur make hym glade  
And made hym fayre solace.

Go way douztur sich thyng  
I wille no more of thy playng

At mete nor at mele  
My synnes I haue forsake.

She seid fudur wyckud man

Haste thou tolde the prest our synnes ychan

Ffull ille thou shalt hit like,  
Thou made me furst my thre childur to sloo  
And my dere modur also  
To the herte for to smyte.

Thou wotte well that hit is soo  
And othur gatis hit shall goo  
    Er to morne at pryme,  
Thou hast me brouzt in to this ille  
And I shalle ful wel haue my will  
    When I se my tyme.

When it was tyme of the nyzt  
The gode man was to bed dizt  
    His rest for to take,  
The gode man thouzt when hit was day  
In pilgremage to wende his way  
    Ffor his synnes sake.

Thorow the fendis intisyng  
The douztur thouzt anodur thyng  
    Hir fadur for to sloo,  
When hir fadur on slepe was  
She hyed to hym a gret pas  
    And karve his hart in twoo.

When she hade don as I yow tell  
Ther wolde she no longur dwell  
    But she busvet hir son to gon,

She zede into a fer cuntre  
There no man knew hir pryete  
Nor fro what stid she come.

She toke tresur as I yow swere  
Also mycull as she myzt bere  
And other felawes thre,  
Thei went out of that towne  
To a borow of gret renowne  
And ther wonned in that cuntre.

They spend it ther full fast  
Whil that her gode wold last  
In gret honoure and in pride,  
Men of that cuntre as I yow say  
Comyn thidur with hir to play  
A bowte on ilke aside.

She was fair woman in alle thyng  
She gaf to lechory hir likyng  
And of hir life not to mende,  
She hopid neuer heuen to wyne  
Ffor the synne that she was in  
But helle withowt ende



Alle wyckud men that wer fals  
Thei came to hur stolis  
    She helde mony and fell,  
She for soke nouthur preest nor clerke  
Nor non that lechory wolde worke  
    That wolde with hur dwelle.

So be fell thorow goddis sonde  
The bisshop that was of that londe  
    Preechid in that cite,  
Alle gode men of that towne  
Come to his predicacion  
    Hym to herkyn and se.

But that synfull woman  
With hir felows euerychon  
    Lafte stille in that strete,  
Sory was she that ilke day  
That no man with hir wold play  
    Siluer myzt she non gete.

Tille hur felowes she seide  
To the church go we I rede  
    As swythe as we may,

Ther may we sum zangman fynde  
That is both curtesse and kynde  
That wille with vs play.

Thorow the grace of God almyzt  
That is mercifull to euery wyzt  
And thruz his modur mary,  
The holy bisshop that ther stode  
Prechid wordis bothe fayre and gode  
On hir he cast his ee.

Ffoure fendis se he  
Hongyng fast aboute hir  
And with chenys hir ledde,  
In to the kyrke con thei gon  
The bisshop saw the fendis ilkon  
Ther of wondur he hade.

About her nek a coler strong  
Ffendis led hir with arrable song  
Be hynde and zeke before,  
The bisshop wist wel be than  
That synfull was that woman  
Ffor hir he siked sore,

She putte to a squyer and on hym loogh  
And hym be the slefe she drowgh  
    And other of hir felaws also,  
He bade hir go away  
Hit was apon agode friday  
    With hir thei wolde not goo.

The bisshop lokid and saw all this  
Sore in hert he was I wys  
    When he lokid hur vntill,  
The fende he thouzt to wreke  
Off goddis mercy cowde he speke  
    Bothe lowde and stille.

Thorow the grace of God almyzt  
A worde in to hir body lizt  
    That the bisshop speke,  
Terys fell hir een froo  
Down on hir brest cowth thir goo  
    Hur colars thei alto breke.

Ffyndes that be the armes hur ladde  
The chenys breke away thei fledde  
    They durst no longur abide,

She hade gret sorow with alle  
Vpon hir brest terys cowth downe fall  
Ffaste on ilke aside.

She sette hir down vpon hir kne  
And prayed to god in trinite  
Such grace she can hym crave,  
Bisshop she seid what may this be  
Alle day thou hast spoken of me  
And here thou may me haue.

I haue done the grettist synne  
That any woman may be in  
Agaynes god and his seynts ychan,  
With my fadur I haue don foly  
Thre children I had hym by  
And I haue hem all sloon.

My modur I slow with a knyf also  
And karve my fadurs hert in twoo  
Ffor sorow alasse I crye,  
Bisshop she seid if thy wil be  
Howfil and schrifte for charite  
Ffor sorow now I dye.

The bisshop seyð anon ryzt  
Abide womā in that tizt,  
    Tille my sirmonde be done,  
She swonyd and fel downe there  
So ful she was of sorow and care  
    To berst hir hert began.

The bisshop saw she likid ille  
He bade the folke sitte stille  
    And some tille hir he start,  
Vpon hir fast con he call  
And she was ded among hem alle  
    The bisshop was sory in hert.

He bade the folke that ther ware  
Ffalle on knees withowten mare  
    A prayer for to make,  
That god graunte the askyng of this  
Whedur hir soule be in heuen blisse  
    Or to helle take.

When thei hade made theire oryson  
A voyce came fro heuen down  
    That alle men myzt here,

And seid the soule of the synfull wyzt  
Is wonnen into heuen bright  
To ihu lefe and dere.

The voyce seid to the bisshop right  
Asoyle the body with alle thy myght  
And bery hit in a graue.  
Alle if it did gret foly  
With rufull hert hit cryed mercy  
God graunt that hit shuld haue.

Gode men I warne alle  
That ze in no wan hope falle  
Zif ze haue don gret synne,  
Ffor thynk hit sore and crye mercy  
Were hit neuer so gret foly  
And zet shalle ze heuon wyne

FFINITUR FABULA.

## THE MOURNING OF THE HARE.

(EX M.S.S.<sup>to</sup> FF. 5, 48. APUD BIBL: VNIV: CANT.)

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FFER in frithe as I can fare  
My selfe syzand allone  
I herd the mournyng of an hare  
Thus delffully she made her mone.

She seid alas how shuld I lyfe  
Er thus my life to lede in lond  
Ffro dale to downe I am dryfe  
I wot not quedur I may sit or stond.

These hunters they wille here no masse  
In hope of huntyng for to wende  
They coupill her houndis both more and lesse  
And drife me to the felds end.



Rachis rennyng on euery side  
Be falowe before me for to fynde,  
These hunters will on her horses ride  
And cast the cuntre with the wynde.

When they loken toward me  
I loke asyde I herke full lowe  
The furste man that me may see  
Anon he cryes, " se howe, se howe."

Lo he seith here sitts an hare  
Rise vp wat and goo be lyve  
Then with my cull sorow and care  
Vnneth I may scape with my lyve.

Thus I am in turnament  
Be woode, be way, be more, be mede,  
And other while my tayle is rent  
Alle day thus my life I leede.

In wyntur in the depe snowe  
On euery side the wil me trace  
Be my steppys they wil me knowe  
And seven me fro place to place.

Thow I me to townward drawe  
Andur to lurke or to leyke  
The wyves wil out me drawe  
And dere me with her doggus grete.

I dar not sit to croppe on hawe  
And the wyves be in the way  
Anon she swerith be cocks mawe  
Ther is a stoute hare in hir hay.

Smertly then she callis a knave  
Fful he hopeth wher I sitte  
He cometh stalkyng be hynde me with grafe  
Fful wel he troweth me to hitt.

Then thei haue doggus grete  
Aftur me thei bid hem goo  
And as aswyne thei wil me bete  
Then thei crye goo dogge goo.

Go bet wat with crysts curse  
The next tyme thou shal be take  
I have a hare pype in my purse  
That shall be set watte for thy sake.

The next tyme thou comes ther in  
Be my crowthe I the be hete  
Tho thou throwe the hege ren  
Thou shall be hongut be the throte.

Thus I droupe I drede my deth  
Alas I dye long or my day,  
Ffor welle and woo a way it gothe  
And this word hit wends away.

## A TALE OF A FATHER AND HIS SON.

(EX M.S.S.<sup>to</sup> FF. 5-48. APUD BIBL: VNIV. CANT.)

---

MAN for thy myschif thou the amend  
And to my talkyng thou take gode hede  
Ffro vij dedly synnes thou the defende  
The lest of alle is for to drede.

Ffor of the lest I will now speke  
Ffor soule hele I wil you tech,  
Thynk no man god will hym wreke  
Of hym that is cause of spouse breke.

The furst sacrament that euer god made  
That was wedlok in gode fay  
Leve you hit with outen drede  
Ffor last hit shall till domesday.

Ffor his bonde we may not breke  
His owne worde and we wil holde  
Til deth cum that alle shall wreke  
And vs alle in clay to folde.

The grettist kyng of all this worlde  
Be sum cause his crowne may for gon  
I take witnesse of kyng Richard  
Off kyng Sother and king Absolon.

And king Dauid that made the sauter boke  
Ffor syn he did with Barsabe  
Criste fro hym his crown he toke  
Thus holy writte tellis me.

The grettist clerk that euer thou seest  
To take hym vndur heuyn cope  
He may neuer take ordur of preest  
But he haue licens of the pope.

And he begetan in a voutre  
Or ellis a bastarde and he be borne  
This cause I tell wel for the  
The ordur of preest he has 'orne.

And the beggar that is so pore  
To him wedlok is as fre  
As to the riallest kyng of kynde thore  
Ffor alle is but on dignite.

Man if thou wist what hit were  
To take a nothur then thy wyfe  
Thou woldest rather suffir here  
To be quyk slayn with a knyfe.

For if thou take a nothur mannes wife  
A wrong eyre thou most nedis gete  
And thus thou bryngis thre soulis in stryfe  
In hell fire to ly and hete.

But wrecches thynken in her hert  
That felis hem gitty in this case  
With schrifte of mouthe and penans smert  
They wene their blisse for to unbras.

But and thei dye a soden dethes  
Withouten schrifte or penans  
To hell thei gon with outen les  
Ffor thei can chese no nothur chaunce.

A gode insampull I will yow telle  
To my talke if ze take hede  
In fele moneth this cas be felle  
Thirty wyntur syn the dede.

Ther dwellid ij brethren in a towne  
Be on fadur and modur getan and borne  
Squyers thei were of gret renowne  
So the story tellis me beforne.

The eldur brothur had a wyfe  
The fayrest woman in alle this londe  
And zet he vsed a cursed life  
And brozt his soule in bittur bonde.

He rougt not what woman he toke  
So litull he set be his spouse hede  
Till the deuall cauzt hym in his croke  
And with gret myschefe merkyd his mede.

The ij bredur vpon a day  
With enmys wer slayn in saght  
The eldur to helle toke the way  
The zongur to paradys braght.



And this was knowen in sothnesse  
Herkyn sirres what I wil say  
Takis gode hede both more and lesse  
Ffor goddis luff berys this tale away.

The elder brothur had a son was a clerke  
Wel of xv wyntur of age  
He was wytty and holy in werke  
To hym shulde falle the heritage.

Ffor his fadur he made gret mone  
As fallis to a gode childe euer of kynde  
Euery nyzt to his fadur graf wold he gon  
To haue his saule in speciall mynde.

Thus he prayed bothe day and nyght  
To god and to his modur dere  
Off his fadur to haue a sight  
To wote in what place that he were.

The childe that was so nobul and wyse  
Stode at his fadurs grafe at eve  
Ther com on in a qwyte surplisse  
And pryuely toke him be the slefe.

Come on childe and go with me  
God has herd thy prayere  
Child thy fadur thou shall se  
Wher he brennyys in hell fyre.

He led hym till a cumly hill  
The erth opeynd in thei gede  
Smoke and fyre ther can out well  
And mony gests gloyng on glede.

Ther he saw many a sore torment  
How sowlis were put in gret paynyng  
He saw his fadur how he brent  
And be the memburs how he hyng.

Ffendis bolde with hokis kene  
Rent his body lith fro lith  
Childe thou cometh thy fadur to sene  
Loke up now and speke hym with.

Alas fadur how stondis this cas  
That ze be in the peynes strong  
Son he seid I may sey alas  
That euer I did thy modur wrong.

Ffor she was bothe feyre and gode  
And also bothe trusty and trew  
Alas I was worse then wode  
Myne owne bale ther did I brew.

Ffadur is ther any seynt in heuen  
That ze were wont to haue in mynde  
That myzt yow lifte out of this peyne  
Oure lady mary or sum gode frende.

Son alle the seynts that be in heyuen  
Nor alle the angels vndur the trinite  
On here breyde out of this peyne  
Thei haue no pouer to lift me.

Son if euery grosse were a preest  
That growes vpon goddis grououde  
Off the penance that thou me seest  
Can neuer make me vn bonde.

Son thou shalt be a preest I wot hit wele  
Onys or this day seuon zere  
At masse matyns mete nor mele  
Thou take me neuer in thy prayere.

Loke son thou do as I sey the  
Therfore I warne the wol before  
Ffor euer the longur thou prayes for me  
My peynes shall be more and more.

Ffare wele he seid my dere sone  
The fadur of heuyn be teche I the  
And warn euery man wher for thou come  
Off wedlok brekyng war to be.

The angel be gan the childe to lede  
Sone out of that wreched won  
In to a forest was fayre in brede  
The son was vp and brizt hit shone.

He led hym to a fayre erber  
The zatis were of clen cristall  
To his sizt wer passyng fayre  
And brizt as any beriall

The wallis semyd of gold brizt  
With durris and with toures strong  
They herd vpon the zatis on heght  
Mynstralsy and the angel song

The pellican and the popyniay  
The tornor and the turtill trew  
A hundirthe thousand vpon hy  
The nyztyngale with notis new.

On a grene hill he saw a tre  
The sauor of hit was strong and store  
Pale hit was and wan of ble  
Lost hit hade both frute and floure.

A ruffull sizt that childe can se  
And of that sizt he hade gret drede  
A dere lady how may this be  
The blode of this tre bled is so rede.

The angel seid this is the tre  
That god adam the frute forbede  
And therfore dryvon owt was he  
And in the erth his life he lede.

Ffor in the same place that thou seest hit blede  
Grew the appull that adam bote  
And that was thorow Evys rede  
And the deuoll of hell wol I wot.

When any synfull comys her in  
As thou seest now her childe with me

Ffor vengeans of that cursed synne  
The blode wil ren out of this tre.

He led hym forth vpon the pleyne  
He was war of a pynapull pizt  
Sechan had he neuer seyne  
Off clothes of gold burnysshed brizt.

Ther vndur sate a creature  
As brizt as any son beme  
And angels did hym gret honoure  
Lo childe he seid this is thy neme.

Thy fadur brothur thou may sene  
In heuen blisse with outen ende  
So myzt thy fadur haue bene  
And he to wedlok had be kynde

But perfor he has geton hym helle  
Endlesse in that depe doman  
Ther euer more for to dwell  
Ffor fro that place is no redempcion

Man for thy myschif thou the amende  
And thou may sit al safe fro care  
Ffro dedly synne thou the defende  
And streght to blisse the saule shall fare.

## A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

EX M.S.<sup>to</sup> FF. 5. 48. ASSERVATO APUD BIBL : VNIV : CANT.

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In somer when the shawes be sheyn  
And leves be large and long  
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste  
To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale  
And leve the hilles hee  
And shadow hem in the leves grene  
Vndur the grene wode tre.

Hit befell on whitsontide  
Erly in a may mornyng  
The son vp fayre can shyne  
And the briddis mery can syng.

This is a mery mornynge seid litull John  
Be hym that dyed on tre  
A more mery man then I am one  
Lyves not in cristiante.

Pluk vp thy hert my dere mayster  
Litull John can sey  
And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme  
In a mornynge of may.

Ze on thyng greves me seid Robyn  
And does my hert mych woo  
That I may not no solem day  
To mas nor matyns goo.

Hit is a fourtnet and more sayd hee,  
Syn I my sauyoer see  
To day will I to Notyngham seid Robyn  
With the myght of mylde marye.

Then spake moche the myluer sun  
Euer more wel hym be tyde  
Take xii of thy wyght zemen  
Well weppynd be ther side.



Such on wolde thy selfe slon  
That xii dar not abyde  
Off all my mery men seid Robyn  
Be my feith I wil non haue.

But litull John shall beyre my bow  
Til that me list to drawe  
Thou shall beyre thin own seid litull Jon  
Maister & I wil beyre myne  
And we wille shete a peny seid litull Jon  
Vnder the grene wode lyne.

I wil not shete a peny seyde Robyn Hode  
In feith litull John with thee  
But euer for on as thou shetis seid Robyn  
In feith I holde the thre.

Thus shet thei forth these zemen too  
Bothe at buske and brome  
Til litull John wan of his maistre  
Vs. to hose and shone.

A ferly strife fel them be twene  
As they went bi the way  
Litull John seid he had won v shylyngs  
And Robyn hode seid schortly nay.

With that lyed Robyn hode lyed litul Jon  
And smote hym with his hande  
Litul John waxed wroth ther with  
And pulled out his bright bronde.

Were thou not my maister seid litull John  
Thou shuldis byhit ful sore  
Get the a man where thou wilt Robyn  
For thou getis me no more.

Then Robyn goes to Notyngham  
Hym selfe mornyng allon  
And litull John to mery Scherewode  
The pathes he knowe alkone.

Whan Robyn came to Notyngham  
Sertanly with outen layne  
He prayed to god and myld mary  
To bring hym out saue agayne.

He gos in to seynt mary chirch  
And knelyd down be fore the rode  
Alle that euer were the church with in  
Be held wel Robyn hode.

Be side hym stode a gret hedid monk  
I pray to God woo he be  
Fful sone he knew gode Robyn  
As sone as he hym se.

Out at the durre he rann  
Fful sone and anon  
Alle the zatis of Notyngham  
He made to be sparred euerychon.

Rise up he seid thou prowde schereff  
Buske the and make the bowne  
I haue spyed the kyngs felon  
Ffor sothe he is in the town.

I haue spyed the false felon  
As he stonds at his masse  
Hit is long of the seide the munke  
And euer he fro vs passe.

This traytur name is Robyn hode  
Vnder the grene wode lynde  
He robbyt me onys of a C pound  
Hit shalle neuer out of my mynde.

Vp then rose this prowde schereff  
And zede towarde hem zere  
Many was the moder son  
To the kyzk with hym can fare.

In at the dures thei throlly thrast  
With staves ful gode ilkone  
Alas alas seid Robyn hode  
Now mysse I litull John.

But Robyn toke out a too hond sworde  
That hangit down be his kne  
Ther is the schereff and his men stode thyckust  
Thidurward wold he.

Thryes thorow at then he ran  
Then for sothe as I yow say  
And woundyt many a moder sone  
And xii he slew that day.

Hys sworde vpon the schireff hed  
Sertanly he brake in too  
The smyth that the made seid Robyn  
I pray to God wyrke hym woo.

Ffor now am I weppynlesse seid Robyn  
Alasse agayn my wyll  
But if I may fle these traytors fro  
I wot thei wil me kyll.

Robyns men to the churche ran  
Thro out hem \* \* ilkon  
Sum fel in swonyng as thei were dede  
And lay still as any stone.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Non of theym were in her mynde  
But only litull Jon

Let be your rule seid litull Jon  
Ffor his luf that dyed on tre  
Ze that shulde be duzty mon  
Hit is gret shame to se.

Oure maister has bene hard by stode  
And zet scapyd a way  
Pluk up your herts and leve this mone  
And herkyn what I shal say.

He has seruyd our ladie many a day  
 And zet wil securly  
 Ther fore I trust in her specially  
 No wycked deth shal he dye.

Therefore be glad seid litull John  
 And let this mournyng be  
 And I shall be the munkis gyde  
 With the myght of mylde marye.

And I mete hym seid litull John  
 We will go but we too

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Loke that ze kepe wel youre tristil tre  
 Vnder the levys smale  
 And spare non of this venyson  
 That gose in thys vale.

Fforthe thei went these zemen too  
 Litul John and moche on fere  
 And lokid on moch emys hows  
 The hye way lay full nere.

Litul John stode at a window in the mornyng  
And lokid ferth at astage  
He was war wher the munke came ridyng  
And wyth hym a litul page.

Be my feith seid litul John to moch  
I can the tel tithyng ys gode  
I se wher the munk comes rydyng  
I know hym be his wyde hode.

Thei went into the way these zemen bothe  
As curtes men and hende  
Thei spyrrred tithyngus to the munke  
As thei hade bene his frende.

Ffro whens come ze seid litul John  
Tel vs tithyngus I yow pray  
Off a false outlay  
Was takyn zisturday.

He robbyt me and my felowes bothe  
Of xx marks in serten  
If that false outlay be takyn  
Ffor sothe we wolde be fayn.

So did he me seid the munke  
Of a C pound and more  
I layde furst hande hym upon  
Ze may thanke me therfore.

I pray god thanke yow seid litull John  
And we wil when we may  
We wil go with yow with your leve  
And bryng you on your way.

Ffor Robyn hode hase many a wilde felow  
I tell yow in certen  
If thei wist ze rode this way  
In feith ze shulde be slayn.

As thei went talkyng be the way  
The munke and litull John  
John toke the munks horse be the hede  
Fful sone and anon.

John toke the munks horse be the hed  
Ffor sothe as I yow say  
So did much the litull page  
Ffor he shulde not stirre away.



Be the golett of the hode  
John pulled the munke down  
John was nothyng of hym agast  
He lete hym falle on his crown.

Litull John was so agrevyd  
And drew owt his swerde in hye  
The munke saw he shulde be ded  
Lowd mercy can he crye.

He was my maistur seid litull John  
That thou hase browzt in bale  
Shalle thou neuer cum at oure kyng  
Ffor to telle hym tale.

John smote of the munks hed  
No longer wolde he dwell  
So did moch the litull page  
Ffor ferd lest he wold tell.

Ther thei beryed hem both  
In nouthur mosse nor lyng  
And litull John and moch in fere  
Bare the letters to oure kyng.

He kneled down vpon his kne  
God zow saue my lege lorde  
Ihū yow saue and se.

God yow saue my lege kyng  
To speke John was fulle bolde  
He gaf hym the letturs in his hond  
The kyng did hit unfold.

The kyng red the letturs anon  
And seid so mot I the  
Ther was neur zoman in inglond  
I longut so sore to see.

Wher is the munke that these shuld haue browzt  
Oure kyng can say  
Be my trouth seid litull Jon  
He dyed aftur the way.

The kyng gaf moch and litul Jon  
xx pound in sertan  
And made them zemen of the crown  
And bade them go agayn.

He gaf John the seel in hand  
The scheref for to bere  
To bryng Robyn hym to  
And no man do hym dere.

John toke his leve at oure kyng  
The soth as I yow say  
The next way to Notyngham  
To take he zede the way.

Whan John came to Notyngham  
The zatis were sparred ychon  
John callid vp the porter  
He answerid sone anon.

What is the cause seid litull John  
Thou sparris the zates so fast  
Because of Robyn hode seid porter  
In depe prison is cast.

John and moch and wyll scathlok  
Ffor sothe as I yow say  
Thir slew oure men vpon oure wallis  
And sawten vs euery day.

Zitul John spyrrred aftur the schereff  
And sone he hym fonde  
He oppyned the kyngus prive seell  
And gaf hym in his honde.

When the schereff saw the kyngus seell  
He did of his hode anon  
Wher is the munk that bore the letturs  
He seid to litull John.

He is so fayn of hym seid litull John  
Ffor sothe as I yow sey  
He has made hym abot of westmynster  
A lorde of that abbay.

The scheref made John gode chere  
And gaf hym wine of the best  
At nyzt thei went to her bedde  
And euery man to his vest.

When the schereff was on slepe  
Dronken of wine and ale  
Litul John and moch for sothe  
Toke the way vn to the dale.

Litul John callid vp the jayler  
And bade hym rise anon,  
He seid Robyn hode had brokyn preson  
And out of hit was gon.

The porter rose anon sertan  
As sone as he herd John calle,  
Litul John was redy with a swerd  
And bare hym to the walle.

Now will I be porter seid litul John  
And take the keyes in honde,  
He toke the way to Robyn hode  
And sone he hym vnbonde.

He gaf hym a gode swerde in his hond  
His hed with for to kepe  
And ther as the walle was lowyst  
Anon down can thei lepe.

Be that the cok began to crow  
The day began to spryng  
The scheref fond the jayler ded  
The comyn bell made he ryng.

He made a crye thoro' owt al the town  
Whedur he be zoman or knave  
That cowthe bryng hym Robyn hode  
His warison he shulde haue.

Ffor I dar neuer said the scheref  
Cum be fore oure kyng  
Ffor if I do I wot sertan  
Ffor sothe he wil me heng.

The scheref made to seke Notyngham  
Bothe be strete and stye,  
And Robyn was in mery scherwode  
As lizt as lef on lynde.

Then be spake gode litull John  
To Robyn hode can he say,  
I haue done the agode turne for an euyll  
Quyte the when thou may.

I haue done the agode turne, said litull John,  
Ffor sothe as I ~~you~~ saw,  
I haue brouzt the vnder grene wode lyne  
Ffare wel and haue gode day.

Nay be my trouthe, seid Robyn hode  
So shall hit neuer be,  
I make the maister seid Robyn hode  
Of alle my men and me.

Nay be my trouth, seid litull John,  
So shall hit neuer be,  
But lat me be afelow seid litull John  
No noder kepe I be.

Thus John gate robyn hode out of presan  
Sertan with outyn layn,  
When his men saw hym hol and sounde  
Ffor sothe they were ful fayne.

They filled in wyne, and made him glade  
Vnder the levys smale,  
And zete pastes of venysan  
That gode was with ale.

Than worde came to oure knyng  
How Robyn hode was gon  
Aud how the scheref of Notyngham  
Durst neuer loke hym vpon.

Then be spake oure cumly knyng  
In an angur hye,  
Litull John hase begyled the schereff  
In faith so hase he me.

Litull John has begyled vs bothe  
And that full wel I se  
Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham  
Hye hongut shuld he be.

I made hem zemen of the crown,  
And af hem soo with my hond,  
I gaf hem grith, seid oure kyng,  
Thorow out all mery Ingland.

I gaf hem grith, then seide oure kyng,  
I say so mot I the,  
Ffor sothe sech a zeman as he is on  
In all Ingland ar not thre.

He is trew to his maister, seide oure kyng,  
I sei be swete seynt John,  
He louys better Robyn hode,  
Then he dose vs ychon.



Robyn hode is euer bond to him  
Bothe in strete, and stalle,  
Speke no mere of this matter, seid oure kyng,  
But John has begyled vs alle,

Thus endys the talkyng of the munke,  
And Robyn hode I wysse,  
God that is euer a crowned kyng  
Bryng vs all to his blisse.

## THE TALE OF THE BASYN.

EX MSS.<sup>to</sup> FF. v. 5. 48. APUD. BIBL: VNIV: CANT:

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Off talys, and tryfulles, many man tellys,  
Sume byn trew, and sum byn ellis,  
A man may dryfe forthe the day that long tyme  
dwellis

Wyth harpyng and pipyng, and other mery spellis,  
Wyth gle, and wyth game.

Off a parson ze mowe here,  
In case that hit soth were,  
And of his brother that was hym dere,  
And louyd well same.

The ton, was his fadirs eyre of hows & of lande,  
The tother, was a parson as I understande,  
A riche man was he, and a gode husbande,  
And knowen for a gode clerke thoro goddis sande,

And oyse was holde.  
The tother hade litull thozt,  
Off husbandry cowth he nouzt,  
But alle his wyves will he crozt.

A febull husbande was he on, as many ar on lyve,  
Alle his wyves biddyng he did it full ryve,  
Hit is an olde seid saw, I swere be seynt Iyve,  
“Hit shalbe at the wyves will if the husbonde thryve.”

Bothe wythin, and wythoute,  
A wyfe that has an yvell tach,  
Thee of the husbond shalle have a smache,  
But zif he loke well abowte.

Off that zong gentil man was a gret disese,  
Aftur a zere or two his wyfe he myzt not please,  
Mycull of his lande lay to this preests ese,  
Eche tauzt hym euer among how the katte did  
snese

Rizt at hir owne wille.  
He that hade bene a lorde  
Was nouthur at bedde ne at borde,  
Ne durst onye speke a worde,  
When she bade be stille.

Litull of husbondry the gode man con thynke,  
And his wyfe louyd well gode mete, and gode  
drynke,

She wolde nouthur therfore swete ne swynke,  
But when the baly was full lye downe & wynke,  
And zest hir nedir ende.

Soo long thys life thei ladde,  
That spende was that thei hadde,  
The wife hir husbonde badde  
Be lyfe forth to wende.

To the parson the brodur that is so rich a wrech,  
And pray hym of the sorow su mdelhe wold slech,  
Ffourty pounds of er fyfty loke of hym thou fech,  
So that thou hit bryng litull will I rech,  
Neuer for to white.

To his brothur forth he went,  
And mycull money to hym his lent,  
And also sone hit was spent  
Ther of they hade but lyte.

Micull money of his brothur he fette,  
Ffor alle that he brozt he ferd neuer the bette,  
The parson wex wery, & thouzt he wolde hym lette  
And he fare long thus he fallis in my dette,

And zet he may not the.  
Be twene hym & his wife I wysse,  
A drawzt ther is drawen amysse,  
I will wete, soo haue I blisse  
How that hit myzt be.

Zet on a day afterwarde to the parson he zede,  
To borow mone and he ne myzt spede,  
Brother, quoth the parson, thou takis litull hede  
How thou fallis in my dett, ther of is all my drede,  
And zet thou may not the.  
Perdy, thou was my faders eyre,  
Off howse, and londe that was so feyre,  
And ever thou lyves in dispayre  
What devoll how may thys be?

I ne wot how it faris but euer I am be hynde,  
Ffor to liffe manly hit comes out be kynde,  
I shall truly sey what I thynke in my mynde.  
The parson seyde thou me telle.  
Brother, he seid, be seynt Albon,  
Hit is a preest men callis Sir John,  
Sich a felow know I non,  
Off felawes he berys the bell.

Hym gode, and curtesse I fynde did moo,  
He harpys, and gytryns, and syngs wel ther too,  
He wrestels, and lepis, and casts the ston also ;  
Brother, quoth the parson, be life hame thou goo  
    So as I the say.

Zif thou myzt with any gynne,  
The vessell owt of the chaumber wyne,  
The same that thei make water in,  
    And bryng it me I the pray.

Brother, he seid blithly ; thei wil shal be wrozt ;  
It is a rownde basyn, I haue hit in my thozt,  
As bryvely as thou may that hit behider brouzt.  
Hye the fast on thi way loke thou lary nozt  
    And come agayne anone.

Hamewards con he ride,  
Ther no longer wolde he byde  
And then his wife began to chyde,  
    Be cause he come so sone.

He hent up the basyn and forth can he fare,  
Till he came to his brother wolde he not spare :  
The parson toke the basyn, and to his chaumber it  
    bare,  
And a prive experyment sone he wroght thare.

And to his brother he seyde ful blithe,  
Loke thou where the basyn fette,  
And in that place thou hit sett,  
And than he seid with owtyn lette,  
Come agayne right swythe.

He toke the basyn, and forth wente,  
When his wife hym saw, hir browes she up hent ;  
Why hase thy brother so sone the home seint ?  
Hit myzt neuer be forgode I know it verament,  
That thou comes home so swythe.

Nay he seid, my swetyng,  
I moste take a litull thyng,  
And to my brother I mot hit bryng,  
Ffor sum it shall make blithe.

In to his chaumber prively went he that tyde,  
And sett downe the basyn be the bedde side,  
He toke his leve at his wyfe, and forth can he ride ;  
She was glad that he wente, and bade hym not abyde,  
Hir hert began to glade.

She anon rizt thoo  
Slew a capon or twoo,  
And other gode mete thertoo  
Hastely she made.

When alle thyng was redy, she sent after Sir John,  
Prively at a posterne gate as stille as ony ston :  
They eton, and dronkon as thei were wonte to done,  
Till that thaym list to bedde for to gon

Softly and stille.

With in a litull while Sir John con wake,  
And nedis water he most make,  
He wist wher he shulde the basyn take,

Ryzt at his owne wille.

He toke the basyn to make water in,  
He myzt not get his hondis away all this worde to  
wyn,

His hondis fro the basyn myzt he not twyn !

Alas ! seid Sir John, how shall I now begynne ?

Here is sure wych crafte :

Ffaste the basyn con he holde,  
And alle his body tremell for colde,  
Lever then a C pounde he wolde  
That hit were fro hym rafte.

Ryzt as a chapmon shulde sell his ware,  
This basyn in the chaumber betwix his hondis  
he bare ;

This wife was agrevyd he stode so long thare,  
And askid why so hit was a nyce fare



So stille ther to stonde?  
What woman, he seid in gode fay,  
Thou must helpe gif thou may  
That this basyn were a way  
Hit wille not fro my honde.

Upstert this godewyfe for nothyng wo ldeshe lette,  
And bothe hir hondis on the basyn she sette,  
Thus sone were thai bothe fast, and he neuer the bette,  
Hit was amysse felisshippe a man to haue I mette  
Be day or be nyzt.

They began clepe, and crye,  
To a wenche that lay thame bye,  
That she shulde come on hye  
To helpe zif she myzt.

Upstert the wench er she was halfe waked,  
And ran to her maistris all baly naked,  
Alas! seid hir maistris, who has this sorow maked?  
Helpe this basyn were away that oure sorow were  
slayked,

Here is a sory chaunce.  
To the basyn the wenche she paste,  
Ffor to helpe hade she cast,  
Thus were they sone alle thre faste  
Hit was a nyce daunce.

Ther they daunsyd all the nyzt till the sön can ryse,  
The clerk rang the daybell as it was his gise,  
He knew his maistres councell and his ise,  
He thozt he was to long to sey his servyse

His matyns be the morow.

Softly, and stille thider he zede,  
When he come thider, he toke gode hede  
How that his mastyre was in grett drede  
And brought in gret sorow.

Anon as Sir John can se he began to call ;  
Be that worde thei come down in to the hall ;  
Why goo ze soo, seyde the clerke, hit is shame for  
you alle

Why goo ze so nakyd foule not you falle ?

The basyn shalle you froo.

To the basyn he made abrayde,  
And bothe his handis theron he layde,  
The furst worde that the clerke seyde,  
Alas what shall I doo ?

The carter fro the halle dure erth can he throw  
With a sheuell in his hande tom ake it clane I trowe,  
Whan he saw thaymgo rounde upon arow,  
He wende hit hade bene folys of the fayr he told  
hit in his saw

He seid he wolde assay I wysse.  
Unneth he durst go in for fere,  
Alle save the clerke nakyd were,  
When he saw the wench go there,  
Hym thozt hit went amysse.

The wench was his speciall that hoppid on the rowte,  
Lette go the basyn or thou shalle haue a clowte!  
He hit the wench with a shevell aboue on the towte,  
The shevyll sticked there fast withowte any dowte,  
And he hengett on the ende.  
The carter with a sory chaunce,  
Among thaim alle he led the dawnce,  
In Englonde Scotland ne in Fraunce  
A man shulde non sich fynde.

The gode man, and the parson come in that stounde  
Alle that fayre feliship dawnsyng thei founde,  
The gode man seid to Sir John, be cocks swete  
wounde,  
Thou shalle lese thine harnesse or a C ponde:  
Truly thou shalle not chese.  
Sir John seid in gode fay,  
Helpe this basyn were away,  
And that mone will I pay  
Er I this harnes lese.

The parson charmyd the basyn that it fell thaim fro  
Euery man there hastely on tharre wey can goo,  
The preest went out of contre for shame he hade  
thoo,

And then thai leuyd thawe lewtnesse & did no  
more soo,

But wex wyse and ware.

Thus the gode man, and his wyfe,

Leuyd to geder with owt stryfe,

Mary for y hir ioyes fyfe

Shelde vs alle fro care.

FFINITUR.

## THE COKWOLDS DAUNCE.

EX M.S., to APUD MUS: ASHM: 61.

---

ALL that wyll of solas here  
Herkyngs now, and ze schall here,  
And ze kane vnderstond;  
Off a bowrd, I wyll you schew,  
That ys full gode and trew,  
That fell some tyme in Ynglond.

Kynge Arthour was off grete honour,  
Off castellis and of many a toure,  
And full wyde I know;  
A gode ensample I wyll you sey  
What chause befell hym one a dey,  
Herkyng to my saw!

Cokwoldes he louyd as I zou plyzt,  
He honouryd them both dey and nyght,

In all maner of thyng ;  
And, as I rede in story,  
He was kokwold sykerly,  
Ffor sothê it is an losyng,

Herkyn Lordinges what I sey,  
How may ze here solas and pley  
Iff ze wyll takê gode hede.  
Kyng Arthour had a bugyll horn  
That ever mo stod hym be forn.  
Were so that ever he zede.

Ffor wha he was at the bord sete  
Anon the horne schuld be sette  
Ther off that he myght drynk,  
Ffor myche crafte he couth thereby  
And ofter tymes the treuth he sey  
Non over couth he thynk.

Iff any Cokwold drynke of it,  
Spyll he schuld withouten lette,  
Therfor theye were not glade.

Gret dispyte they had thereby,  
Because it dyde their vilony,  
And made them oftentymes sade.

When the kyng wold hafe solas,  
The bugyll was sett into the plas  
To make solas and game.  
And a chargyd the Cokwold chere  
The kyng them callyd ferre and nere  
Lordyng by ther name.

Than men myght se game jnowze  
When every cokwold on other leuze,  
And zit yet schamyd sore.  
Where euer the cokwold was sought,  
Befor the kyng they were brought,  
Both lesse and more.

Kyng Arthour than verament  
Ordeynd throw hys awne assent,  
Ssoth as I zow sey,  
The tabull dermonte with ontexlette,  
Ther at the cokwold was sette  
To have solas and play.

Ffor at the bord schuld be non others  
Bot euery cokwold to his brothers,  
    To tell treuth I must nede.  
And when the cokwold was sette,  
Garland of wylos sculd be fette,  
    And sett vpon his hed.

Off the best mete with oute lesyng.  
That stode on bord befor the kyng,  
    Both ferr and nere.  
To the cokwold he sente anon,  
And bad them be glad euerychon  
    Ffor his sake make gode chere.

And seyde lordyngs for zour lyues  
Be neuer the wrother with your wyues,  
    Ffor no manner of nede.  
Off women com duke and kyng,  
I zow tell with out lesyng,  
    Of tham com owre manhed.

So it be fell sertenly,  
The duke off Glosseter comin byze  
    To the courte with full gret myzht



He was reseyued at the Kyngs palys,  
With myrth, honour and grete solas,  
With lords that were well dygzht.

With the Kyng ther dyde he dwell,  
Bot how long I can not tell,  
Therof knaw I non name.  
Off kyng Arthour a wond case  
Frend herkyns how it was,  
Ffor now be gynes game.

Vppon a dey withouten lette,  
The duke with the kyng was sette  
At mete with mykill pride  
He lukyd abowte wonderous faste,  
Hys syght on euery syde he caste  
To them that sate be syde.

The kyng aspyed the erle anon,  
And fast he lowzhe the erle vpon,  
And bad he schuld be glad.  
And yet for all hys grete honour,  
Cokwold was Kyng Arthour  
Ne galle non he had.

So at the last the duke he brayd  
And to the kyng the word sayd,

He myght no lenger for bere.

Syr what these men don

That syche garlond the were vpon ?

That skyll wold I lere.

The kyng seyð the erle to,

Syr non hurte the haue do,

Ffor that was thruzht a chans

Serten they be fre men all

Ffor non of them hath no gall,

Ther for this is your penans.

Ther wyves hath ben merchandabull,

And of this ware compenabull,

Me thinke it is non harme.

A man of lufe that wold them craue

Hastely he schuld it haue

Ffor the couth not hym wern.

All theyr wyves sykerlyke,

Hath vsyd the baskefysyke

Whyll theyr men were oute.

And ofte they haue draw that draught  
To vse well the lēchers craft,  
With jnbyng of this toute.

Syr, he seyde, now haue I redd;  
Ete we now, and make vs glad,  
And euery man fle care.  
The duke seyde to hym anon,  
Thanke the cokwolds eurychon.  
The kyng seyde hold the there.

The kyng than after the erlys word,  
Said to the cokwolds bord,  
To make them mery among,  
All manner of mynstralsy  
'To glad the cokwolds by and by,  
With herpe, fydell, and song.

And bad them take no greffe,  
Bot all with loue, and with leffe,  
Euery man with other.  
Ffor after mete without distans,  
The cockwolds schuld together danse  
Euery man with hys brother.

Than began a nobull game,  
The cokwolds together came  
    Befor the erle and the kyng,  
In skerlet kyrtells on one,  
The cokwolds stody euerychon,  
    Redy vnto the dansyng.

Than seyde the kyng in hye,  
Go fyll my bugyll hastely,  
    And bryng it to my hond;  
I wyll asey with a gyne  
All the cokwolds that her is in  
    To know the will and fond.

Than seyde the erle, for charyte,  
In what skyll tell me  
    A cokwold may I know?  
To the erle the kyng ansuerd,  
Syr be myn here berd,  
    Thou schall se within a throw.

The bugull was brought the kyng to hond;  
Then seyde the kyng, I vnderstond  
    Thys horne that ze here se,

Ther is no cokwold fer, or nere,  
Here of to drynke hath no power,  
As wyde as crystiante.

Bot he schall spyll on euery syde,  
Ffor any cas that may be tyde,  
Schall not ther of avanse.  
And zit for all hys grete honour,  
Hymselfe noble kyng Aurthour  
Hath forteynd syche a chans.

Syr erle, he seyde take, and begyn ;  
He seyde, nay, be seynt Austyn  
That was to me vylony.  
Not for all a reme to wyn,  
Be for you I schuld begyn,  
Ffor honour off my curtassy.

Kyng Arthour then he take the horn,  
And dyde as he was wont beforne,  
Bot this was zit gon a gyle,  
Bot he wend to haue dronke of the best,  
Bot sone he spyld on hys brest,  
With in a lytell whyle.

The cokwolds lokyd eche on other,  
And thought the kyng was their awn brother,  
And glad thi was of that.  
He hath vs scornyd many a tyme,  
And now he is a cokwold fyne,  
To were a cokwold hat.

The quene was this of schamyd sore,  
Sche changyd hyr colour lesse and more  
And wold haue ben a wey;  
Ther with the kyng gan hyr behold,  
And seyde he schuld neuer be so bold,  
The soth agene to sey.

Cokwold no man I wyll repreue,  
Ffor I ame ane, and aske no leue,  
Ffor all my rent and londys.  
Lordyngs, all now may ze know,  
That I may dance the cokwold row,  
And take zow by the hands.

Than seyde the all at a word,  
That cokwolds schuld begyne to bord,  
And sytt hyest in the halle.

Go we lordyngs all same  
And dance to make vs gle and game,  
Ffor cokwolds haue no galle.

And after that sone anon,  
The kyng causyd the cokwolds ychon,  
To wesch with outen les,  
Ffor ought that euer may be tyde,  
He sett them by hys awne syde,  
Vp at the hyze dese.

The kyng hymselff a garlond fette,  
Vppon hys hede he it sette,  
Ffor it myght be no other ;  
And seyde, lordyngs sykerly,  
We be all off a freyry,  
I ame your owne brother.

Be Jhu cryst that is aboffe,  
That man aught me gode loffe,  
That ley by my quene ;  
I was worthy him to honour,  
Both in castell, and in towre,  
With rede skerlet and grene.

Ffor him me helpyd when I was forth,  
To cher my wyfe, and make her myrth,  
Ffor women louys wele pley.  
And therfor this haue ze no dowte,  
Bot many schall dance in the cokwold rowte,  
Both by nyght and day,

And therefor lordyngs take no care,  
Make we mery, for nothing spare,  
All brothers in one rowte.  
Than the cokwolds was full blythe  
And thankyd god a C syth,  
Ffor soth withouten dowte.

Euery cokwold seyde to other,  
Kyng Arthour is our awne brother,  
Therfor we may bi blyth.  
Thi erle off Glowsyter verament,  
Take hys leue, and home went,  
And thankyd the kyng fele sythe.

Kyng Arthour left at Skarlyon  
With hys cokwolds euery chon,  
And made both gam and gle.



A knyght this was withouten les,  
That sued at the kyngs des,  
Syr Corneus hyght he.

He made the gest in hys gam,  
And named it after hys own name,  
In herpyng or other gle.  
And after nobull kyng Arthour,  
Lyued, and dyed with honour,  
As may hath don sure.  
Both cokwold, and others mo.  
God gyff vs grace that we may go  
To heuyn. Amen. Amen.

TO ALL FALSE FLATTERING FREEMEN  
OF CAMBRIDGE, OPEN AND SE-  
CRETE ENEMIES OF THE POORE,  
JACK OF THE STYLE SENDITH  
GRETYNG.

(EX M.S.S.<sup>to</sup> CVI. 81. APUD BIBL: CORP: XTI: CANT:)

---

Though thou take much payne  
To ditche up ageyne,  
All that I make playne  
    I wolde yow scholde knooe,  
Yf I kepe this lande  
Yt shall not longe stande,  
But with foote and hande  
    I will yt outhrowe.

I coulde haue bene content  
Ye shold have put to rent,  
So they had bene well spent.  
    In susteyninge the pore,

Your osiers, and your holts,  
Your pastures for your colts,  
But now lyke folishe dolts  
    You shall have them no more.

For I will be bayly  
And them maynteyne dayly,  
Or ells dowtelesse nightly  
    To the use of the pore,  
Saye you all what ye will,  
Ye shall lytill skill,  
So I have my will  
    I passe of no more.

And that will I have,  
So God me save,  
Or ells sir knave,  
    Beware your pate.  
I speke to Mr. Capitayne,  
It may perchaunce come to his payne,  
Yff he stowtly maynteyne  
    Highe bullayne tate.

The last time he went,  
He was almost spent,

Thoughe he had bowes,  
And raye with his gunne.  
Yt may so chaunce agayne  
That within nightes twayne  
Yf the moone shyne playne,  
But humbary hum.

Yow bragge, and yow bost,  
Yow will spare for no coste,  
To prepare an host  
To put me to flight.  
A better wage wolde be hadde  
My councell is not badde,  
Trust neither boy nor ladde  
Lest ye lacke might.

Mr. Braysyewall  
Without erge or call,  
Shall have a great fall,  
Within short space.  
Nothing will I spare  
Neither for horse, or mare,  
But all shal be bare  
As the markett place.  
For except I do so  
You will dyke and plowe.

## BILLA POSITA SUPER HOSTIUM MAJORIS.<sup>1</sup>

---

LOOKE out here, Maire, with thie pilled pate<sup>2</sup>

And see wich a scrowe is set on thie gate  
Warning the of harde Happes

For and it lukke thou shalt have swappes :  
Therefore I rede keepe the at Home ;

For thou shalt abey for that is done :  
Or els kest on a coate of Mayle ;

Truste well thereto withouten fayle.  
And great Golias Joh Essex<sup>3</sup>

Shalt have a clowte with my Harille axe  
Wherever I may him hare

1 Thome Bilney.

2 The word pilled occurs in the Statute relating to the Fishmongers at Cambridge temp: Hen: 7th. in these words, "nor that any such merchaunte or palyng man meddle any Galbitan, Sterver, or pilled eles with good eles."

v. Shakespeare in Henry the 6th "a pilled priest."

3 John Essex was one of the Bailiffs of the town of Cambridge, anno 1407. 1411. 1414. 1416.

And the Hosteler Bambo,<sup>4</sup> with his goats beard  
 Once and it happe shall he made afeard,  
 So god mote me save.

And zif with thie catche—Poles hope I to mete,  
 With a fellow or twayne in the playne streete,  
 And her crownes brake :

And that Harlot Hierman, with his calves snowte,  
 Of buffets full sekerly shall bern a rowte  
 For his werkes sake,

And yet shall hankyn Attibbrigge,  
 Full zerne for Swappes his Tayle wrigge,  
 And it hap aritt.

And other knaves all on heape  
 Shall take knockes ful good cheape,  
 Come once winter nith.

But nowe I praye to God Almyth,  
 That whatsoever thou spare,  
 That metche sorowe to him bedith,  
 And evill mote he fare.

Amen, quoth he, that beshrewd the Mairs very  
 visage.

*Ex registro Magistri Thoma Marc Caunte.*

4 Q? if this is not meant for Simon Beauty bowe, who  
 was Bailiffe in 1404 and Mayor in 1414. 1415.

## DOCTOUR DOUBBLE ALE.

EX LIBRO UNICO APUD BIEL: BODL: OXON.

---

ALTHOUGH I lacke intelligence,  
And can not skylle of eloquence,  
Yet wyll I do my diligence,  
To say sumthing or I go hence ;  
Wherein I may demonstrate,  
The figure, gesture, and estate,  
Of one that is a curate.  
That harde is, and endure,  
And earnest in the cause,  
Of pious popish lawes ;  
That are not worth two straws,  
Except it be with dawes.  
That knoweth not good from euels,  
Nor Gods worde from the Deuels ;  
Nor wyll in no wise heare  
The worde of God so deare,

Nor popishnes upreare,  
And make the pope Gods peare.  
And so themselves they lade  
Wyth bables that he made.  
And styll wyll holde his trade.  
No man can them perswade.  
And yet I dare say,  
Ther is no day,  
But that they may  
Heare sincerely,  
And right truly,  
Gods worde to be taught,  
If they wolde haue sought ;  
But they set at nought  
Christes true doctrine,  
And themselves decline  
To mens ordinaunce,  
Whych they enhaunce,  
And take in estimation  
Aboue Christes passion.  
And so this folish nation,  
Esteeme their owne facion,  
And all dum ceremonies  
Before the sanctumonies



Or Christes holy writ ;  
And thinke their owne wit  
To be far aboue it,  
That the scripture to them teachis,  
Or honest meu preachis.  
They folowe perlowes lechis,  
And doctours dulpatis,  
That falsely to them pratis,  
And bring them to the gates  
Of hell and vtter darkenes ;  
And all by stubborne starkeres ;  
Putting their full trust  
In thinges that rot, and rust,  
And papisticall prouisions.  
Which are the deuels dirisions,  
Now let us go about  
To tell the tale out,  
Of this good fellow stout,  
That for no man wyll dout,  
But kepe his olde condicions,  
For all the newe comyssions,  
And use his supersticions,  
And also mens tradicyons,  
And syng for dead folkes soules,  
And reade hys beade rolles,

And all such thinges wyll vse  
As honest men refuse.  
But take him for a cruse,  
And ye wyll tell me newes.  
For if he one begyn,  
He leaueth nought therin,  
He careth not a pyn  
How much ther be wythin,  
So he the pot may wyn ;  
He wyll it make full thyn.  
And wher the drinke doth please,  
There wyll he take his ease,  
And drinke ther of his fyll,  
Tyll ruddy be his byll.  
And fyll both cup, and can,  
Who is glad a man  
As is our curate than ?  
I wolde ye knewe it, a curate  
Not far without newgate,  
Of a parish large,  
The man hath mikle charge,  
And none within this border,  
That kepeth such order.  
Nor one a this syde Nauerne,  
Louyth better the ale tauerne,

But if the drinke be small,  
He may not well withall,  
Tush, cast it on the wall,  
It fretteth out his gall.  
Then seke an other house,  
This is not worth a louse.  
As drunken as a mouse,  
Mon syre gybet a vous  
And ther wyll byb and bouse,  
Tyll heuy be his brouse.  
Good ale he doth so haunt,  
And drynke a due taunt  
That ale wives make ther vaunt,  
Of many a peny rounde  
That sum of them hath founde.  
And sometyme mikle strife is,  
Amonge the ale wyfes,  
And sure I blame them not,  
For wrong it is god wot,  
When this good drunken sot  
Helpeth not to empty the pot.  
For sumtime he wyll go  
To one, and to no mo,  
Then wyll the hole route  
Upon that one cry out,

And say she doth them wronge,  
To kepe him all daye longe,  
Ffrom commyng them amonge.  
Wherefore I giue counsell  
To them that good drink sell,  
To take in of the best,  
Or else they lese their gest,  
For he is redy, and prest,  
Where good ale is to rest,  
And drinke tyll he be drest.  
When he his boke shulde study,  
He sitteth there full ruddy,  
Tyll halfe the day be gone,  
Crying "fyll the pot Jone,"  
And wyll not be alone,  
But call sum other one,  
At wyndowe, or at fenestre,  
That is an idell minestre,  
As he him selfe is.  
Ye know full well this.  
The kinde of carion crowes,  
Ye may be sure growes,  
The more for carion stinking;  
And so do these in drinking.  
This man to sum mens thinking,

Doth stay hym muche vpon the kyng,  
As in the due demanding,  
Of that he calleth an head peny,  
And of the paskall halpeny,  
For the cloth of Corpus Christy,  
Four pens he claymith swiftly ;  
In which the sexton, and he truly,  
Did tog by the eares earnestly,  
Saying he cannot the king well paye,  
If all such driblars be take away.  
Is not this a gentill tale,  
Of our Doctour Double Ale?  
Whose couutenance is neuer pale,  
So wel good drinke he can vphale ;  
A man of learning great,  
For if his brayne he wolde beat,  
He coulde within dayes fourtene,  
Make such a sermō as neuer was sene.  
I wot not whether he spake in drinke,  
Or drinke in him ; how do ye thinke ?  
I neuer herde him preach, God wot !  
But it were in the good ale pot.  
Also, he sayth, that fayne he wolde,  
Come before the councell if he coulde,

For to declare his learning,  
And other things concerning  
Goodly counsels that he could geue.  
Beyond all mesure, ye may me beleue,  
His learning is exceeding ;  
Ye may know by his reading.  
Yet coulde a cobblers boy him tell  
That he red a wrong gospell ;  
Wherefore in dede he serued him well,  
He turned himselfe as round as a ball,  
And with loud voyce began to call,  
“ Is there no constable among you all  
“ To take this knaue that doth me trouble ?”  
With that all was on a hubble shubble.  
There was drawing, and dragging  
There was lugging, and lagging,  
And snitching, and snatching,  
And ketching, and catching  
And so the pore ladde,  
To the counter they had.  
Some wolde he should be hanged,  
Or els he shulde he wranged ;  
Some sayd it were a good turne,  
Such an heretyke, to burne.

Some sayde this, and some sayd that,  
And some did prate they wist not what;  
Some did curse, and some did ban,  
For chafing of our curate than.  
He was a worthy no lesse,  
For vexing with his pertnesse  
A gemman going to Messe.  
Did it become a cobblers boy,  
To shew a gemman such a toy?  
But it were well wayde,  
Ye shuld fynde I am afrayde,  
That the boy were worthy,  
For his reading, and sobriatie,  
And judgement in the veritie,  
Among honest folke to be  
A curate, rather than he.  
For this is knowen for certentie,  
The boy doth loue no papistry.  
And our curate is called no doubt  
A papiste, London thoroughout.  
And truth is it they do not lye,  
It may be sene wyth halfe an eye :  
For if there come a preacher,  
Or any godly teacher,

To speake agaynst his trūpery,  
To the ale house goth he by and by,  
And ther he wyll so much drinke,  
Tyll of ale he doth so stinke,  
That whether he go before, or behynde,  
Ye shall hym smell without the winde :  
For when he goeth to it he is no hafter  
He drinketh dronke for two dayes after.  
“ Wyth “ fyll the cuppe Jone,  
“ For all this is gone :  
“ Here is ale alone  
“ I say for my drinking ;  
“ Tush, let the pot be clinking,  
“ And let vs mery make,  
“ No thought will I take,  
“ For thought these fellowes crake,  
“ I trust to see them slake,  
“ And some of them to bake,  
“ In Smithfelde at a stake.  
“ And in my parysh be some,  
“ That if the tyme come,  
“ I feare not wyll remember  
“ (Beit August or September  
“ October or November  
“ Or Moneth of December)



- “ To fynde both wood, and timber  
“ To burne them euery member.  
“ And goth to borde, and bed,  
“ At the signe of the kinges head.  
“ And let these heretikes preach,  
“ And teach what they can teach,  
“ My parish I know well  
“ Agaynst them will rebell,  
“ If I but once them tell,  
“ Or giue them any warning,  
“ That they were of the new learning.  
“ For wyth a worde, or twayne,  
“ I can them call agayne,  
“ And yet, by the Masse,  
“ Forgetfull I was,  
“ Or els in a slumber.  
“ There is a shrewde nomber,  
“ That curstly do comber,  
“ And my pacience proue,  
“ And dayly me moue,  
“ For some of them styll,  
“ Continew wyll  
“ In this new way,  
“ Whatsoever I saye,

- “ It is not long ago,  
“ Syns it chaunsed so,  
“ That a buriall here was,  
“ Without dirige or Masse;  
“ But at the buriall,  
“ They song a christmas caroll.  
“ By the masse, they wyll mar all,  
“ If they continew shall.  
“ Some sayd it was a godly hearing,  
“ And of their hartes a gay cheering  
“ Some of them fell on weping  
“ In my church; I make no leasing;  
“ They hard neuer the lyke thinge,  
“ Do ye thinke that I wyll consent  
“ To these heretikes entent,  
“ To haue any sacrament  
“ Minstred in English?  
“ By them I set not a rysh,  
“ So long as my name is Hary George.  
“ I wyll not do it spight of their gorge.  
“ Oh! Dankester, Dancastre,  
“ None betwene this, and Lancaster,  
“ Knoweth so much my minde,  
“ As thou my speciall frynde.

- “ It wolde do the much good
- “ To wash thy handes in the bloude,
- “ Of them that hate the Masse.
- “ Thou couetest no lesse,
- “ So much they vs oppresse,
- “ Pore priestes doubtlesse.
- “ And yet, what than,
- “ There is no man,
- “ That sooner can
- “ Perswade his parishons
- “ From such condicions,
- “ Then I perse I.
- “ For by and by
- “ I can them convert,
- “ To take my parte,
- “ Excepte a fewe,
- “ That hacke, and hew,
- “ And agaynst me shew
- “ What they may do,
- “ To put me to
- “ Some hynderaunce.
- “ And yet may chaunce
- “ The byshops visitour,
- “ Wyll shew me favour.

“ And therefore, I  
“ Care not a fly ;  
“ For ofte haue they  
“ Sought by some way,  
“ To bring me to blame,  
“ And open shame :  
“ But I wyll beare them out,  
“ In spight of their snout,  
“ And will not cease  
“ To drinke a pot the lesse  
“ Of ale that is bygge ;  
“ Nor passe not a fygge  
“ For all their malice  
“ Away the mane, said Walis,  
“ I set not a whitinge  
“ By all their writing,  
“ For yet I deny not  
“ The Masses priwat,  
“ Nor yet forsake  
“ That I of a cake  
“ My maker may make.”  
But harke a lytle, harke,  
And a few wordes marke,  
Howe this caluish clarke,  
For his purpose coulede wark.

There is an honest man  
That kept an olde woman,  
Of almes in hyr hed  
Liyng dayly beddered.  
Whiche man coulde not, I say,  
Wyth popishnes away.  
But fayne this woman olde  
Wolde haue masse if she coulde ;  
The whiche this priest was tolde :  
He hearing this, anone  
As the goodman was gone  
Abrode about his business,  
Before the woman he sayde masse,  
And shewe his prety popishnes  
Agaynst the goodmans wyll.  
Therefore, it is my skyll,  
That he shulde hym endight,  
For doing such dispight,  
As by his popish wyle,  
His house with Masse defyle.  
Thus may ye beholde,  
This man is very bolde,  
And in his learning olde  
Intendeth for to syt.  
I blame hym not a whyt,

For it wolde vexe his wit,  
And cleane agaynst his earning,  
To folow such learning  
As now a dayes is taught.  
It wolde sone bryng  
His olde popish brayne  
For then he must agayne  
Apply hym to the schole  
And come away a fole :  
For nothyng shulde he get,  
His brayne hath bene so het,  
And wyth good ale so wet,  
Wherefore he may now set  
In feldes, and in medes,  
And pray vpon his beades.  
For yet, he hath a payre  
Of beades that be right fayre,  
Of corall, gete, or ambre,  
At home within his chambre ;  
For in matins, and masse,  
Primar & Portas,  
And pottes, and beades,  
His lyfe he leades.  
But this I wota,  
Thet if ye nota,

How this idiota,  
Doth folow the pota,  
I holde you a grota,  
Ye wyle rede by rota,  
That he may wete a cota  
In cocke losels bota.  
Thus the durty doctour,  
The popes oune proctour,  
Wyll bragge, and boost,  
Wyth ale, and a toost,  
And lyke a rutter  
His latyn wyll vtter ;  
And turne, and tosse hym,  
Wyth “ tu non possum  
“ Loquere latinum,  
“ This alum finum,  
“ Is bonus than vinum.  
“ Ego volo quare,  
“ Cum tu drinkare  
“ Pro tuum caput.  
“ Quia apud  
“ Te propiciacio  
“ Tu non potes facio.  
“ Tot quam ego,  
“ Quam librum tu lego,

“ Caue de me,

“ Apponere te.

“ Juro, per deum,

“ Hoc est lifum meum.

“ Quia drinkum stalum

“ Non facere malum”

Thus, our dominus dodkin,

Wyth it a vera bodkin,

Doth leade his lyfe;

Whiche to the ale wife

Is very profitable.

It is pitie he is not able

To maynteyn a table

For beggars, and tinkers,

And all lusty drinkers,

Or captayne, or beddle,

Wyth dronkards to meddle.

Ye cannot, I am sure,

For keping of a cure

Fynde such a one well,

If we shulde rake hell.

And, therefore, nowe

No more to you

Sed perlegas ista,

Si velis Papista.



Fare well and a dewe ;  
With a whirlary whewe,  
And a tirlary typpe,  
Beware of the whyppe.

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FINIS.

Take this tyll more come

HERE BEGYNNETH THE JUSTES OF THE MONETH OF MAYE, PARFURNYSSHED, AND DONE BY CHARLES BRANDON, THOMAS KNYUET, GYLES CAPEL, AND WYLLYAM HUSSY. THE XXLI. YERE OF THE REYNE OF OUR SOUE-RAYNE LORD KYNGE HENRY THE SEUENTH.

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THE moneth of May, with ameraus beloued,  
Plasauntly past, wherein there hath ben pued  
Feates of armes, and no persones reproued  
That had courage,

In armoure bryghte to shewe theyr personage,  
On stedes stronge, sturdy and corsage ;  
But rather praysed for theyr vassellage,  
As reason was.

In whiche season thus fortun'd the case,  
A lady fayre, moost beautyous of face,  
With servauntes foure, brought was into a place  
Stayed about.

Hereon stode lordes, and ladyes a gret route,  
And many a knyght, and squyer also stoute.  
That the place was as full as it be mought  
On euery syde.

That to beholde the justes dyde abyde  
Tyll that the pryse by the Judges was tryed,  
And by the heraldes that trouthe wel espyed,  
Therefore puruayde

Thus, these foure seruantes of this lady foresayd,  
Entred the felde, therefore to be assayde,  
Gorgeously apparayled, and arayde,  
And for pleasaunce,

And in a maner for a cognysaunce  
Of Mayes month, they bare a sonenaunce  
Of a verte code was the resemblaunce,  
Tatched ryght fast

About theyr neckes, as long as May dyde laste  
But about theyr neckes it was not caste  
For challenge, but they weere it tyll May was past  
Redy to just.

Theyr armure clere relucen without ruste,  
Theyr horses barbed trottyng on the duste,  
Promsed gentyll hertes vnto luste  
And to solace.

Specyally suche as Venus dyde embrace,  
Or, as of Cupyde folowed the trase  
Or suche as of Mars desyred the grace  
For to attayne.

And as touchyng this lady souerayne,  
Had suche beaute, it wolde an herte constrayne  
To serue her, though he knewe to lese his payne  
She was so shene,

She, and her seruantes clad were all in grene;  
Her fetures freshe none can dyscrybe I wene,  
For beaute, she myght well haue ben a quene.  
She yonge of aege

Was set moste goodly hye vpon a stage,  
Under a hauthorne made by the ourage  
Of Flora, that is of heuenly parage  
In her hande was

Of halfe an houre with sande rennyng a glas,  
So contrived it kepte truely the spase  
Of the halfe houre, and dyde it neuer passe.  
But for to tell.

How this lady that so ferre dyde excell,  
Was named, yf I aduyse me well,  
Lady of May, she hyght ; after Aprell  
Began her reygne.

Whose tyme duryng her servauntes toke grete  
payne,  
Before her to shewe pleasure souerayne,  
So that in felde who that came them agayne  
In armoure bright,

On horsbacke mounted for to proue theyr myght.  
Two seruantes of this lady of delyte,  
Sholde be mounted, (armed,) and redy dyght,  
At a tyltes ende.

That to parfurnysshe theyr chalenge dyde entende,  
Fyrst one of them halfe home sholde dyspende,  
With hym that came fyrste in felde to defende  
With coronall.

With grete speres that were not shapen small,  
And whan a spere was broken forth with all,  
The trompettes blewe with sounes musycall.  
Half nome done.

Another chalenger was redy sone,  
With another defendant to rone,  
And so the defendauntes one after one,  
Eche day by twayne.

Chalengers answered were to theyr grete payne,  
And artylled it was in wordes playne,  
That yf a chalenger ony hurte dyde sustayne,  
Another might

Of his felowes come to felde redy dyght,  
To maynteyne his felowes chalenge and ryght,  
Theyr artycles also dyde it recyte  
Those who came there

Horsed, and in armoure burnysshed clere,  
As a defendaunt, he sholde chose his spere,  
And rynne halfe home with a chalengere.

Whiche season doone.

A trumpet blewe to gyve warnynge ryght soone,  
Thus the Justes helde frome twayne after none  
Tyll syxe was strycke of clockes mo than one

Whiche houres past,

The defendauntes the tylte about compast,  
And with trumpettes out of the felde they past ;  
The chalengers in the felde abode laste ;

Euery eche day.

And one of them the lady dyde convaye,  
That named was the yonge lady of May,  
From her hye stage with floures made so gaye,

And there redy

Was his felawe hym to accompany ;  
Thus the chalengers melodyously,  
About the tylte rode also ryght warrily,

In theyr armore.





With speres gete them to auenture,  
And who in presence of this lady pure,  
Brake morst speres, a golde rynge sholde beure  
Of this lady ;

Aud agayne, on the party contrary,  
Yf the defendaunt on his party,  
Of speres alowed brake not so many  
As chalengere ;

Or he went there humbly, he sholde apere  
Before this lady moost comely of chere,  
And to present vnto her a rynge there.  
This ordre set,

Was with artycles more whereof to treate,  
Sholde he to longe but who best had the feate,  
Was gladdest man but he the pryce dyde gete,  
That speres brake

Most in the felde, yet other had no lake  
Of speres brokyng, for to here the crake,  
Wolde cause ony lusty herte pleasure to take.  
What with the brute.

Of trumpettes, and many an other flute,  
Of taboryns, and of many a douce lute,  
The Mynstrelles were properly clade in sute.

All this deuyse,

Was worthy prayre after my poore aduyse,  
Syth it was to no manner preiudyse  
To passe the tyme, this merciall exercyse

Was commendable,

Specyally for folkes honourable,  
And for other gentylmen therto able,  
And for defence of realmes, profytable

Is the vsage.

Therefore good is to haue parfyght knowledge,  
For all men that haue youth, or motely age,  
How with the spere theyr enemyes to outrage

At euery nere.

And how he sholde also gouerne his stede,  
And for to vse in stede of other dede  
To were armure complete from fote to hede,

Is ryght metely.

It encourageth also a body,  
Enforcynge hym to be the more hardy ;  
And syth it is so necessary,  
(I them commende,  
That to defende  
Them selfe pretende

Valyauntly.

(And dyscommende  
Them that dyspende  
Theyr life to ende

In vayne folý.

(Some reprehende  
Suche as entende  
To condescende

To chyvalry.

(God then amende  
And grace them sende  
Not to offende

More tyll they deye.

(Thende of the Justes of Maye.)

## WILLYAM AND THE WERWOLF.

FRAGMENTUM APUD BIBL: COLL: REG: CANT:

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HIT bi fel in that forest there ist by side,  
Ther woned a wel old cherl that was a couherde,  
That fele wintres in that forest fayre had kepud,  
Mennes ken of the cuntre as a comen herde.  
And thus it bitide that time, as tellen oure bokes,  
This couzherd comes on a time to kepen is bestes,  
Ffast by side the borwz there the barn was inne.  
The herd had with him an hounde, his hert to lizt,  
And for to wayte on his bestes wanne thai to brode  
went.

The herd sat than with hound azene the hote  
sunne,  
Nouzt fully a furlong fro that fayre child,  
And louztand kyndely his schon also here craft  
failes.

That while was the werwolf went a bouté his praye,  
Wher behoued to the barn to bring as he mizt.  
The child than darked in his den dernly him one,  
And was a big bold barn, and breme of his age,  
Ffor spakly speke it conthe tho, and spedeliche to  
wawe.

Louely lay it a long in his lonely denne,  
And buskede him out of the buschys that were  
blouzed grene,  
And leued ful louely that lent grete schade,  
And briddes ful bremely on the bowes singe.  
What for melodye that thei made in mery sesoun,  
That litel child listely lorked out of his caue,  
Ffaire flowres for to feeche that he bi fore him seye,  
And to gadere of grases that grene were and fayre.  
And whan it was out went, so wel hit him liked  
The saour of the swete sesoun, and song of the  
briddes

That ferde fast a bouté, floures to gadere ;  
And layked him long while to lesten that merye.  
The couherds hound that time, as happe by tidde,  
Feld foule of the child, and fast thider fulwes,  
And sone as he it seiz, sothe for to telle,  
He gan to berke on that barn and to \* \* \* it hold  
That it wax neiz of wi \* \* \* wod for fere,  
And comsed than to crye so kenely, and schille,

And wepte so wonder fast, wite thou for sothe,  
That the son of the cry com to the cowherde evene,  
That he wist witerly it was the wys of a childe.  
Than ros he vp radely, and ran thider swithe,  
And drouz him toward the den bi his dogges noyce.  
Bi that time was the barn for bere of that hounde  
Drawe him in to his den, and darked ther stille,  
And wept euen as it wolde a wede for fere.  
And euen the dogge at the hole held it at a baye,  
And whan the kouherd com thide he koured lowe,  
To bihold in at the hole whi his hound berkyd,  
Thanne of sauz he ful sone that semliche child,  
That so louelithe lay, and wep in that loyli caue,  
Clothed ful komly for an kud kinges sone,  
In gode clothes of gold a greyed ful riche,  
With perrey, and pellure pertelyche to the rizttes.  
The cherl wondred of that chaunce, and chastised  
his dogge,  
Bad him blinne of his berking: and to the barn talked.  
Acoyed it to come to him, and clepud hit oft,  
And foded it with floures, and with faire byhest,  
And hizzt it hastely to haue what it wold zerne,  
Appeles and alle thinges that childern after wilnen.  
So for to seiz al the sothe so faire the cherl glosed,  
That the child com of the caue and his crynge stint.  
The cherl ful cherli that child tok in his armes,

And kest hit, and clipped, and oft crist thonkes,  
That hade him sent tho sonde swithe prey to finde.  
Wiztlich with the child he went to his house,  
And bitok it to his wif tiztly to kepe.

A gladere wommon vnder god no mizt go on erthe,  
Than was the wif with the child witow for sothe.  
Sche kolled it ful kindly, and askes is name,  
And it answered ful sone, and seide, "William,"  
y hize.

Than was the godwif glad, and gan it faire kepe,  
That it wanted nouzt that it wold haue.  
That thei ne fond him as faire as for here state  
longed,

And the beter be the sure, for barn ne had thei none  
Brouzt forth of here bodies, here bale was the more  
But sothly thai seide the child schuld weld al here  
godis,

Londes, and ludes, as ether after here lif dawes  
But from the cherl and the child now chaunge we  
oure tale.

Ffor i wol of the werwolf a wile now speke.  
Whanne this werwolf awile was come to his wolnk  
denne,

And hade brouzt bil foder for the barnes mete,  
That he hade wonne with wo wide wher a boutte,



Than fond he nest, and no neiz for nouzt nas ther  
leued.

And whan the best the barn missed so balfully he  
ginneth,

That alle men vpcn molde no mizt telle his sorwe.  
Ffor reuliche gan he rore, and rente al his hide,  
And fret oft of the erthe, and fel down on swowe,  
And made the most dool that man mizt diuise.

And as the best in his bale ther a boutte wente,  
He fond the feute al fresh where forth the herde  
Hade bore than barn betet it to zeme,

Wiztly the werwolf than went bi noze,

Euene to the herdes house, and hastely was thare,  
There walked he a boutte the walles to winne in sizt,  
And at the last leuth a litel hole he findes;

There pued he in priuely, and pertilich ebi holdes;  
Now hertily the herdes wif hules that child,

And how fayre it fedde, and fetisliche it bathede,  
And wrouzt with it as wel as zif it were hire owne.  
Thanne was the best blithe, and now for the  
barnes sake,

Ffor he wist it schold be warded wel thanne  
at the best,

And hertily for that hap to heuene ward he loked,



And throlliche thonked god mani thousand sithes,  
And seythen went on is way whider as him liked,  
But whider ward wot i neuer witow forsothe.  
At nowthe ze that arn hende haldes ow stille,  
And how that best therwe bale was brought out of  
    kinde,

I wol zou telle as swithe trewly the sothe.

Werwolf was he non wox of kinde

Ac komen was he of kun that kud was ful nobul,  
Ffor the kud king of spayne was kindely his fader,  
He gat him, as god gaf grace on his ferst wyue,  
And at the burth of that barn the bold lady deyde.  
Siththen that kud king so bi his conseyl wrount  
A nother wif that he wedded a worchipful ladi,  
The princes douzter of portingale, to prue the sothe,  
But lelliche that ladi in zouthe hadde lerned  
    miche schame,

Ffor al the werk of withecrait wel y nouz che  
    couzthe ;

Nede nadde she namore of nigramauncy to lere,  
Of coninge of witche craft wel nouz she couzde,  
And braund was that bold quene of burnes y clepud.  
The kinges furst child was fostered fayre as it ouzt,  
And had lordes, and ladies it louely to kepe,  
And fast gan that frely barn fayre for to wexe,

The quene his moder on a time as a mix thouzt  
How fayre, and how fetis it was, and freliche schapen,

And this thanne thouzt sche throly that it no-  
schuld neuer

Knuere to be king ther as the kinde eyre,  
Whille the kinges ferst sone were ther alme.

Than studies sche stifly, as stepmoders wol alle,  
To do dernly a despit to here stepchilderen,  
Ffeyli a mong foure schore vnnethe findestow on  
gode,

But truly tizt hadde that quene take hire to rede  
To bring that barn in bale botles for euer,  
That he ne schuld wiztli in this world neuer weld  
reaume.

Anoynement anon she made of so gret strengthe  
Brenchaunsens of charmes that euel chaunche  
hire tide,

That whan that womman that wizt hadde that  
worli child,

Ones wel an oynted the child wel al a bowte,  
He wex to a werwolf wiztly ther after,  
At the making of man so mysse hadde she schaped,  
Ac his witt welt he after as wel as to fore.  
But leuth other likenes that longeth to man kynne,  
But awilde werwolf ne wele he neuer after.

And whanne this wityl werwolf wiste him so  
schaped,

He knew it was bi the craft of his kursed stepmoder,  
And thouzt or he went a way he wold, zif he mizt,  
Wayte hire sum wicked torn what bi tidde after,  
And as blin bouthe bod he braydes to the quene,  
And hent hire so hetterly to haue hire a strangeled,  
That hire deth was neiz dizt, to deme the sothe ;  
But carfuli gan sche crie so kenely, and lowde,  
That maydenes and mizthi men manliche to hire  
come,

And wolden brusten the best nad he be the lizttre,  
And fled a way the faster in to ferre londes.

So that pertely in to poyle he yassed that time:

As this fortune bi fel that I told of bi fore.

Thus was this witty best werwolf ferst maked.

But now wol I stint a stounde of this sterne best,  
And tale of the tidy child that y of told ere.

Thus passed is the first pas of this pris tale.

And ze that louen, and lyken to listen a ni more  
Aue wizth on hol hert to the hen king of heuene  
Preieth a pater noster priuely this time,

For the hend erl of herford sir humfray de bowne,  
The king Edwards newe, at glouseter that ligges,

Ffor he of frensche this fayre tale first dede  
translate

In ese of Englysch men in englysch speche :  
And god graunt hem his blis that godly so prayen.  
Dene lordes now listenes of this litel barn  
That the kinde kowherde wif keped so fayre,  
And he wist it as wel, or bet as zif it were hire owne,  
Til hit big was, and bold to bunschen on felde,  
And couthe ful craftily kepe alle here bestes,  
And bring hem in the best lese whan hem bi stode  
nede,

And wited hem so wisly that wanted him neuer one.  
A bowe al so that bold barn bi gat him that time,  
And so to schote vnder the schawes scharplyche  
he lerned,

That briddes, and smale bestes with his bow he  
quelles,

So plenteousliche in his play, that pertly to telle,  
Whanne he went hom eche nitz with is droue of  
bestis,

He com him self y charged with conyng, and hares,  
With fesauns, and feld fares, and other foules grete,  
That the herd and his hende wif and al his hole  
meyne

That bold barn with his bowe by that time fedde,  
And zit hadde fell felawes in the forest eche day,  
Zong bold barnes that bestes also keped,

And blithe was eche a barn no best mizt him plese  
And folwe him for his fredom and for his faire  
thewes,

For what thing William wan a day with his bowe,  
Were it fethered foul, or foure foted best,  
Ne wold this William neuer on with hold to him  
selve

Til ane his felawes were ferst fessed to here paie,  
So kynde, and so corteys comsed he there  
That ane ledes him louede that loked on him ones,  
And blessedden that him bare and brouzt in to this  
worlde :

So moche manhed and murthe schewed that child  
euer.

Hit tidde after on a time, as tellus oure bokes,  
As this bold barn his bestes blytheliche keped,  
The riche emperour of rome rod out for to hunte  
In that faire forest, feithely for to telle,  
With alle his menskful meyne that moche was, and  
nobul ;

Then fel it hap that thei founde ful sone a grete bor

And huntynge with hound and horn harde alle  
sewede,

The emperowr entred in away euene to attele  
To haue brutenet that bor and the abaie seythen,  
But missely marked he is way, and so manly he rides,  
That ane his wies were went ne wist he neuer whider  
So ferforth \* \* \* his men, fethly for to telle,  
That of horn, ne of hound, ne mizt he here sowne,  
And boute eny living lud left was he one  
Themperour on his stif stede asty forth thanne takes,  
To herken after his hondes other horn schille,  
So komes a werwolf rizt bi that way thenne  
Grimly after a gret hert, as that god wold,  
And chased him thurth chaunce there the child  
pleide

That kept the kowherdes bestes i carped of bi fore.  
Themperour thanne hastely that huge best folwed,  
As stiffuly as is stede mizt strecche on to renne,  
But by than he com by that barn, and aboute loked,  
The werwolf, and the wilde hert were a weye bothe.  
That he ne wist in this world were thei were bi come,  
Ne whiderward he schuld seche to se of hem more,  
But thanne bi held he a boute and that barn of sethe  
How fair, how fetys it was, and freliche schapen;  
So fair a sizt of seg ne sawe he neuer one

Of lere, ne of lykaine lik him nas none  
Ne of so sad a semblant that euer he say with.  
Themperour wend witerly for wonder of that child  
That \* \* \* it were of feyrye, for faireness that it  
welt,

And for the curteys countenaunce that it kudde  
there.

Riztly thenne themperour wendes him euene tille  
The child comes him agayn, and curtesleche him  
gretes,

In hast themperour hendely his gretying him zeldes,  
And a non riztes after askes his name:  
And of what kin he were kome komanded him telle,  
The child thanne soberliche, seide "sir at zoure  
wille

"I wol zow telle as tyl trewely all the sothe.

"William sire wel y wot wizes me calles,

"I was bore here fast bi by this wodes side,

"A knowherde sire of this kontrey is my kynde  
fader,

"And my menskful moder is his meke wiue;

"Thei han me fostered, and fed faire to this time,

"And here i kepe is kyn as y kan on dayes :

"But sire, by crist of my kin know i no more."

Whan thempour hade herd holly his wordes,  
He wondered of his wis speche, as he wel mizt,



And seid, "thow bold barn bilme i the praye,  
"Socalleto me the cowerde thow clepus thi fadere,  
"Ffor y wold talk him tithinges to frayne."  
"Nay sire bi god," quath the barn, "be ze rizt sure  
"Bi crist that is krowned heye king of heuen,  
"Ffor me non harm schal he haue neuer in his line,  
"Ac perauenture thurth goddis to gode may turne  
it."

"Ffor thi bring him hider faire barn y preye."  
"I schal sire," seide the child, "for y saufl the y hope  
"I may worche on zour word to wite him fro harm."  
"Za saffliche," seide themperour, "so god zif me  
ioie."

The child witle thanne wende with oute ani more,  
Comes to the couherdes hows, and clepud him sone,  
Ffor he feizliche wen that he his fader where  
And seide than, "swete sir szou criste help,  
"Goth yond to a gret lord that gayly is tyred,  
"And on the feirest frek for sothe that I haue seie,  
"And he wilnes witzli with zou to speke,  
"Ffor godis loue goth til him swithe lest he a  
greued wex."

"What sone," seide the couherde, "seidestow i  
was here?"

"Za sire sertes," seide the child, "but he swore  
formest



“ That ze schuld haue no harm, but hendely for  
gode

“ He praide zou com speke with him, and passe  
azem sone.”

The cherl gotthing forth goth with the gode child,  
And euen to themperour thei etteleden sone.

Themperour anon rizt as he him of seie,

Clepuð to him the couherde, and curteysly seide,

“ Now telle me felawe, be thi feizth, for no thing  
ne wonde,

“ Sei thou euer themperour so the crist help;”

“ Nay sire, bi crist,” quath the couherde, “ that  
king is of heuen,

“ I nas neuer zet so hardi to nezh him so hende,

“ There i shuld haue him seie so me wel tyme.”

“ Sertes,” than seide themperour, “ the sothe for to  
knowe,

“ That tham that ilk weizh i wol wel thou wite

“ Al the regal of rome to riztle the y weld

“ Therfore couherde i the coniuier, and com-  
mande att alle,

“ Bi vertu of thing that thou most in this world  
louest,

“ The atow telle me tiztly truely the sothe,

“ Whether this bold barn be lelly thin owne,

“ Other comen of other kin, so the crist helpe.”

The couherd comsed to quake for kare, and for drede,

Whanne he wist witerly that he was his lorde,  
And biliue in his hert be thou zif he him gun lye,  
He wold prestely perceyue pertiliche him thout ;  
Ther fore trewely as tyt he told him the sothe,  
How he him fond in that forest there fast bi side,  
Clothed in comly clothing for any kinges sone,  
Vnder an holw ok thurth help of his dogge,  
And how faire he hade him fed, and fostered vij  
winter.

“ Bi crist,” seide themperour, “ y cou the gret  
thonke,

“ That thou hast me the soth of this semly childe

“ And tine schalt thou nouzt thi trawayle y trow at  
the last,

“ Ac wend schal it with me witow for sothe,

“ Min hert so harde wilnes to have this barne

“ That i wol in no wise thou wite it no lenger.”

Whan themperour so sayde, sothe for to telle,  
The couherde was in care, and can him no thing  
white,

Ac witly dorst he nouzt werne the wille of his lord,

But graunted him goddeli on godis holy name

Ffor to worchen his wille, as lord with his owne.

Whan William this worthi child wist the sothe,

And knewe that the cowherde nas nouzt his kinde  
fader,

He was wiztliche a wondered, and gan to wepe sore,  
And seide saddely to him self sone ther after

“ A gracious gode god thouz grettest of alle !

“ Moch is thi mercy, and thi mizt, thi menske, and  
thi grace !

“ Now wot i neuer in this world of wham y am come,

“ Ne what destene me is dizt, but god do his wille.

“ Ac wel y wot witerly with oute ani faile

“ To this man, and his meke wif most y am holde

“ Ffor thei ful faire han me fostered, and fed a long  
time,

“ That god for his grete mizt al here god hem zeld,

“ But not y neuer what to done to wende thus hem,  
fro

“ That han al kindenes me kyd, and y ne kan hem  
zelde.”

“ Bi stille barne,” quath themperour, “ blinne of  
thi sorwe,

“ Ffor y hope that hai thi kin hastely here after

“ Zif thou wolt zene the to gode swiche grace  
may the faue,

“ That alle thi frendes for dedes faire schal scow  
quite.”

- “ Za sire,” quath the couherde, “ zif crist wol that  
cas may tyde,  
“ And god lene him grace to god man to worthe.”  
And than as tit to the child, he tauzt this lore,  
And seide “ thou swete sone seythe thou schalt  
hennes wende,  
“ Whanne thou komest to kourt among the kete  
lordes,  
“ And knowest alle the knythes that to kourt  
langes ;  
“ Bere the boxumly, and bounre that ich burn  
the loue,  
“ Be meke, and mesurabul, nouzt of many wordes ;  
“ Be no tellere of talis, but trewe to thi lord,  
“ And prestely for pore men profer the euer,  
“ Ffor hem to rekene withthe riche in rizt, and in  
skille.  
“ Be feiztful, and fre, and euer of faire speche,  
“ And seruisabul to the simple so as the riche ;  
“ And felawe in faire manere as falles for thi state  
“ So schallow gete goddes, and alle gode mennes,  
loue.  
“ Leue, sone, this lessoun me lorde my fader,  
“ That knew of kourt the thewes for kourteour was  
he long,  
“ And hald it in thi hert now i the haue it kenned,

The bet may the bi falle the worse boest  
neure."

The child weped alway wonderliche fast,  
But themperour had god game of that gomes lore,  
And comande the couherde curtesli, and fayre,  
To heue vp that hende child bi hinde him on his  
stede;

And he so dede deliuerly thouz him del thouzt,  
And bi kenned him to crist that on croice was  
peyned,

Thanne that barn as biliue by gan for to glade,  
'That he so realy schuld ride, and redeli as swithe  
Fful curteisle of the couherde he ca \* \* es his leue,  
And seythen seyde "swete sire i besche zou nowthe,  
" Ffor goddes loue gretes ofte my godelyche moder  
" That so faire hath me fed, and fostered til nowthe,  
" And lellyche, zif our lord wol that I luf haue,  
" Sche ne schal nouzt tyne hire trauayle, treuly  
for sothe :

" And gode sire, for godes loue, also greteth wel oft  
" Ane my freylichel elawes that to this forest longes ;  
" Han pertilyche in many places pleide with ofte  
" Hugonet, and huet that Hende litel owery,  
" And Abelot and Martynet Hugones gaie sone,  
" And the cristen Akarm, that was my kyn fere,

“ And the trewe kinnesman the payenes sone :

“ And alle other frely felawes that thou faire knowes

“ That god mak hem gode men for his mochel  
grace.”

Of the names that he neumed, themperour nam hede

And had gaynliche god game for he so grette alle

Of his \* \* pers that he knewe so curteysliche and  
faire,

And than he kenned he the kouherde to crist, and  
to al alwes,

And busked forth with barn bliue on his gate.

The kouherde kayred to his house karful in hert,

And neiz to barst he for bale for the barnes sake,

And whan his wuf wist wittow for sothe,

How that child from here warde was wente for euer  
more,

Ther nis man on this mold that mizt half telle

The wo, and the weping that womman made :

Sche wold haue sleie hire self there sothly as bliue,

Ne hade the kind kouherde confortd here the  
betere,

And pult hire in hope to haue gret help ther of  
after.

But trewely of them at his time the tale y lete

Of themperour, and the bold barn to bigynne to  
speke.

Lordes lusteneth her to zif zou lef thinkes  
Themperour blithe of the barn on his blonk rides  
Ffast til the forest, til he fond al his fre ferd,  
That hadde take that time moche trye game,  
Both bores, and beres fele hors charge,  
Hertes, and hindes, and other bestes manye :  
And when the loneli hides seie here lord come,  
Thei were geinliche glad, and gretten him faire ;  
But alle awondered thei were of the barn him bi  
    hinde,

So faire, and so fetyse it was, and freliche schapen,  
And freyned faire of themperour whar he it founde  
    hadde.

He gaf hem answeze agayn, that god it him sent,  
Other wise wist not where he it founde.

Than rod he forth with that route in to Rome euene,  
And euer that bold barn by hinde him sat stille,  
So passed he to the paleys, and presteliche a litz,  
And William that choys child in to his chaumber  
    ledde,

A dere damisele to douzter this emperour hadde  
    thanne,

Of ane fasoun the fairest that euer freke seize,  
And witerly William and she were of on held,  
As euene as ani witz schuld attely bi sizt,



And that menskul mayde Melior was hoten :  
A more curteyse creature, ne cunnyngere of hire  
age,  
Was nouzt thanne in this worlde that ani wizt  
knewe.

Themperour to that mayde mekliche wendeth,  
And William that worthi child with him he ladde,  
And seide, "dere douzter y do the to wite,  
" I haue a pris present to plesse with thi hert,  
" Haue here this bold barn, and be til him meke,  
" And do him kepe clenly for kome he his of gode.  
" I hent this at hunting, swiche hap god me sent."  
And told here thanne, as til trewli al the sothe,  
How he hade missed is mayne, and maskrid aboute,  
And how the Werwolf wan him bi with a wilde hert,  
And how sadly he him sewed to have slayn that  
dere,

T'l thei hade brouzt him there that barn bestes kept,  
And how sone of his seitz the bestes seythen mare,  
And how the couherde com him to, and was a  
knowe the sothe,  
How he him fond in that forest ferst that faire  
child,  
And how komeliche y clothed for ani kinges sone,  
And how the kouherde for kare cumsed to sorwe,  
Whanne he wold with the child wende him fromme,



And how boldely that barn bad the couherde  
thane

To grete wel his gode wiif, and gamely ther after  
Ane his freliche felawes bi forn as i told,  
And "ther fore my dere dowter,"themperour seide,  
"Ffor mi lof loke him wel, for leily me thinkes,  
"Bi his menskul maneres, and his man hede,  
"That he is kome of god kin, to crist y hope,  
"And seythe sike i, and sing samen to ge dere,  
"And melt neizh for mournyng, and moche ioie  
make;

"Min hert hol i haue now, for al that hard y fele,  
"Saue a fers feiutise folwes me oft,  
"And takes me so tenefully, to telle al the sothe,  
"That I mase al marred for mournyng neizh hondes  
"But redeliche in that res the retunerere that me  
falles,

"As whan I haue ani hap to here of that barne  
"Ffor whan myn hertis so hampered, and aldes so  
nobul,

"That flour is of alle frehes of fairnes, and mizt,  
"Prince is non his pere, ne in paradizs non aungel,  
"As he semes in my sizt; so faire is that burne  
"I haue him portreide, and paynted in mi hert  
with inne,

"That he sittus in mi sizt, me thinkes euer more

“ And faire so his figure is festened in mi zout,

“ That with no coyntise, ne craft ne can y it out  
scrape.

“ And, be marie, thouzh i mizt to mengge al the  
sothe,

“ I ne wold nouzt for al this world so wel it me  
likes,

“ Theiz i winne with mi werk the worse euer more,

“ So gret liking and loue i haue that lud to bi hold,

“ That i hade leuer that loue than lat al mi har-  
mes,

“ Nou certes, seythe it is so, to seie the trewthe,

“ I hann haue y had gret wrong myn so to blame,

“ Ffor eni werk that he wrouzt seythe, i wol it hold,

“ Ne wold i it were non other al the world to haue.

“ Whom schal i it wite but mi wicked eyzen,

“ That lad myn hert throuz loking this langour  
drye.

“ Nad thei i aboute bale haue schaped,

“ Redeli bi resoun, therfore, hem rette i mai mi  
sorwe,

“ But thanne thouzt che that throwe in this selue  
wise,

“ Min ezen sorly aren sogettes to serue min hert,

“ And buxum ben to his bidding, as boie to his  
master,

- “ Eke, wite i al the wrong, the werk of mi eizen,  
 “ And thouzh sertes so may i nouzt by no sothe rizt  
 “ Ffor seythe i knowe that mi sizt is seruanr to  
     mi hert  
 “ And alle my nother wolnk wittes to wirthen his  
     hest,  
 “ For thouzh i sette my sizt sadly on a thing,  
 “ Be hit briztter, other bronn, beter other worse,  
 “ Mi sizt may in no maner more barme wirche,  
 “ But zif min hauteyn hert the harde asente,  
 “ Eke, sothly my sizt is sojet to my hert,  
 “ And doth nouzt but his dener, as destine wol falle.  
 “ Than has my hasty hert holly the wrong.  
 “ Him wol i blame, and banne, but he my bales  
     amende  
 “ That hath him so strangely set in swithe straunge  
     burne,  
 “ That wot neuer in this world whennes that he  
     come  
 “ But as my fader him fond in forest an herd,  
 “ Keping mennis kin of the kuntre aboute,  
 “ What fy schold i a fundeling for his fairenesse  
     tak?  
 “ Nay my wille wol not asent to my wicked hert,  
 “ Wel kud kinges, and kaysers krauen me i now,

- “ I nel leie mi loue so lowe now at this time.  
“ Desparaged were i disgisil e zif i dede in this  
wise,  
“ I wol breke out finer that baret, and blame my  
hert.”  
Sche turned here than tiztly to haue slept a wile,  
And seide sadly, of hire hert sche wold seche,  
amendis,  
Ffor sche so wrongly had wrouzt; but wiztly ther  
after  
Sche seide, sikeinde, to here self in this selue wise,  
“ Nouz witterly ich am vn wis and wonderliche  
nyce,  
“ Thus vn hendly, and hard in hert, to blame,  
“ To whom mizt i me mene amendis of him to  
haue,  
“ Seythe i am his souerayn mi selue in alle thing,  
“ Nis he holly at my hest in hard and in nesche,  
“ And now, bi crist i knowe wel for al my care newe,  
“ He wrouzt neuer bot my worchepe ne wol nouzt  
i leue,  
“ I se wel he hath set him self in so nobul a place,  
“ That perles of alle puple is preised ouer alle,  
“ Of fairnesse, of facioun, and frely theuwes,  
“ Ffor kurteysie vnder krist is king, ne kud duk

- “ And thouzh he as fundeling where founde in the  
forest wilde,
- “ And kept with the kowzherde kin, to karp the  
sothe,
- “ Eche creature may know he was kome of gode,
- “ Ffor first whan the fre was in the forest founde  
in his denne,
- “ In comely clothes was he clad for any kinges  
sone,
- “ Whan he kom first to this kourt bi kynde than  
he schewde,
- “ His maneres were so menskful amende hem mzt  
none,
- “ And seythe forsothe til this time non vn tetch  
he, ne wrouzt,
- “ But hath him bore so buxumly, that ich burn  
him preyseth,
- “ And vth a burn of this world, worchipeth him  
one,
- “ Kinges, and kud dukes, kene kniztes, and other,
- “ Thouzh he were komen of no ken but of kende  
cherls,
- “ As i wot witterly so was he neuere.
- “ But with worchepe, i wene, i mizt him wel loue;
- “ And seythe he so perles is preised ouer princes,  
and other,

- “ And eche lord of this lond is lef him to plece,  
“ Ffor most souereyn seg, and semlyest of thewes,  
“ Thanne haue i wited alle wrong the work of myn  
    herte,  
“ Ffor he has don his denere dignely, as he out ;  
“ He het me most worthi of wommen holde in erthe,  
“ Kindely, thurth kinrade of cristen lawe,  
“ Ffor thi myn herte hendely has wrouzt in his  
    dedes,  
“ To sette him self so sadly in the soueraynest  
    burne,  
“ That lenis in ani lond, of alle ludes preised,  
“ I ne wot neuere in this world what wise he mizt  
    betere ;  
“ Wirche forme in this world, my worschipe to saue,  
“ Ffor zif eny man on mold more worthi were  
“ Min hert is so hauteyn, that herre he wold  
“ And for i so wrongely haue wrougt to wite him  
    me greues,  
“ I give me holly in his grace, as guilty for that ilk,  
“ And to mende my misse, i make myn a vowe,  
“ I wol here after, witerly with oute more strine,  
“ Wirche holly mi hertes wille to harde, and to  
    nesche,  
“ And leye my loue on that lud lelly for euere.

“ To god, here i gif a gift, it gete schal neuer  
other,

“ Wile him lasteth the liif, my loue i him grante.”  
And whan sche sow as asented, sche seide sone  
after,

Sadli sikand, and sore for sorwe atte here hert,

“ Nas i trowe this bitter bale botlesse wol hende,

“ Ffor i not in world this how that worthi child

“ Schal euer wite of my wo with oute me selue,

“ Nay sertes my selue schal him neuer telle,

“ Ffor that were swiche a wozh tha neuer wolde  
be mended :

“ Ffor he mizt ful wel for a fol me hold,

“ And to him lothe in loue; zit haue y leuer deie,

“ Nay best beth it nouzt, so zif better mizt bi falle,

“ Ich mot worche other wise, zif i wol out spede;

“ What i suppose the selue zif it so bi tidde,

“ That i wrouzt so wodly, and wold to him speke,

“ That were, semlyest to seye, to saue my  
worchep,

“ Zif i told him treuli my tene, and myn anger,

“ What liif, for longyng of loue, i lede for his sake,

“ He wold wene i were wod, or witerly schorned,

“ Or that i dede, for despit, to do him a schoude,

“ And that were a schamly schenchip to schende  
me euer.



“ What, zif i saide him sadly, that i sek were,  
“ And told him al treuly the entetches of myn  
euele,

“ Heknoweth nouzt of that \* \* , bi crist, as it rowe  
“ Wherefore he ne schold in no wise wite what i  
mente,

“ But whanne i hade al me mened, no more nold  
he seie”

But “ serteinly swete damisele that me sore vexes  
Thanne wold mi wo wex al newe,

“ And doubel is nouz mi duel, for i ne darhit  
schewe,

“ Allas! whi ne wist that wizt what wo that me  
eyles!

“ What sorwes, and sikingges i suffer for his sake!

“ I sayle now in the see, as schip boutte mast,

“ Boutte anker, or ore, or ani semlyche sayle,

“ But heizh heuene king, to gode hauene me  
sende,

“ Other laske mi liif daywes with inne a litle  
terme.”

Thus that maiden Meliors in mornyng tha liuede,  
And hit held hire so harde, i hete the for sothe,  
And schortily with in seuenizt al hire slep sche  
leues,

Here mete, and al merthe sche missed in a while,



And seccelede in a seknesse, the sothe for to telle,  
That ther nas leche in no lond that liif hire bihizt.  
Zit couthe non by no craft knowen hire sore,  
But duelfulli sche dwined a waie, bothe dayes,  
and niztes,

And al hire clere colour comsed for to fade.  
Thanne hadde this menskful Melior, maydenes fele,  
A begned hire to serue, and to seuwe hire aboute.  
But, among alle the maidenens, most sche loued one,  
That was a digne damisele, to deme al the sothe,  
And komen of hire oun kin her kosm ful nere,  
Of lumbardie a dukes douzter, ful derworth in wede,  
And that amiabul maide Alisaundrine a hizt,  
And from the time that Melior gan morne so strong,  
That burd was euer hire bi, busy hire to plesse,  
More than an other damisele, so moche sche hire  
louede.

And whan sche seiz here so sek, sche seide on a  
time,

“ Now, for marie madame the milde quene of  
henene,

“ Zut bi cas of cunsail, ful wel can ich hele,

“ And be tristy, and trew to zow for euer more,

“ And help zow hasteli at al zoure hele to gete,

“ Zif ze saie me zoure sores, and ith se what may  
gayne.”

Whan Melior that meke mayde herd Alisaun-  
drines wordes,

And with a sad sikyng, seide to hire thanne,

Sche was gretly gladed of hire gode bi hest,

“ A curteyse cosyne crist mot the it zelde,

“ Of thi kynde cumfort that thow me knyest nowthe

“ Thow hast warsched me wel with thi mede wordes,

“ I zine me al in thi grace to gete me sum hele,

“ As thow me here has be hize of mi harde peynes,

“ Now wol i telle the my tene, wat so tide after,

“ Serteynly, this seknesse that so sore me greues,

“ Is feller than any frek that euer zit hadde,

“ And ofter than ix times hit taketh me a daye,

“ And ten times on the nizt, nouzt ones lesse,

“ And al comes of a throly thouzt that thirles min  
hert.

“ I wold meng al mi mater, zif i mizt for schame,

“ Ac wond wol ich nouzt to the witow for sothe

“ Ay whan ich hent the haches, that so hard aren

“ It komses of a kene thouzt that ich haue in hert,

“ Of William that bold barn that alle burnes praisen,

“ Nis no man upon mold that more worchip winnes,

“ Him so propirli haue i peinted, and portreide in  
herte,

“ That me semes in mi seitz he sittes euer meke;

“ What man so ich mete with, or mele with speche,

“ Me thinkes euerich throwe that barn is that other

“ And fele times haue ich fouded to flitte it fro  
thouzt,

“ But witerly al in wast ; than worche ich euer.

“ Ther for, curteise cosynes, for loue of crist in  
heuene,

“ Rithe now thi kindenes, and konseyl me the best,

“ Ffor but ich haue bote of mi bale bi a schort time,

“ I am ded as dore nail : Now do al thi wille.”

Thanne Alisaundrine, a non after that ilk,

Wax gretly awondered, and wel hire bi thouzt

What were hire kuddest comfort hire care to lisse,

And seide thanne til hire softily, sone ther after,

“ A madame for marie loue mornes no lenger.”

JACKE OF THE NORTHE BEYONDE  
THE STYLE SPEAKETH.

(EX M.S.<sup>to</sup> APUD BIEL: CORP: XTI: CANT:)

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It is yet but a whyle,  
Sens, that I Jacke of the Style,  
Came forthe of ye Northe;  
I tell ye evyn the trothe,  
Beynge shamfully blamed,  
Yea, and gyltles dyffamyd;  
For it was reportyd than,  
That here I had slayne a man,  
That same shamefull report,  
Causyd me for to retort  
Evyn now hyther agayne.  
This truthe I tell playne.  
It was neuer my dede,  
No—so God me spede:  
For it was other man,  
That share nygh the brayn pan ]

It war allmost he war slayn  
For usyng suche a trayn,  
For kyllȳg of that pykerall,  
Makyng hym a funerall ;  
But than the bayles so wrought  
Agayn was out bought,  
Redemīg agayn for nought,  
The myschieve that he had soughte,  
In sleying that honest man  
With the stroke of a fyre pan.  
Now for that slawnder's sake,  
Companye be nyght I take  
And with all that I may make  
Cast bodye and \*\*\*\* in the lake,  
Fyxed with many a stake,  
Tho' it war never so faste,  
Yet asondre it is wraste.  
Thus I take do recompense  
Ther naughty slawnderous offense,  
Wher as they make me a murderer,  
And of dethe a furderer.  
I take God to wytness  
I am of it gyltless.  
For as I am true speaker,  
I am but a hedge breaker,

I reporte me now oute  
 To thes that be of my rowte,  
 To bragge, so bolde, and stowte.  
 How sayst thou Robyn Lowte  
 Is thys ryghte well wroughte,

ROBYN CLOUTE.

Ye syr wythout doughte  
 Be God that me boughte,  
 It is as ye do saye:  
 But, syr, without delaye  
 We thought it but a playe,  
 To see ye stake fast straye,  
 Down into the raye,  
 Swymyng wer more awaye,  
 Saylyng towarde the castylle,  
 Lyke as the wolde wrastyll  
 For superyoryte,  
 Or ells for ye meyraltie.  
 Truth now thou dost saye,  
 It was evyn worthe a playe  
 To see the stake jomblyng,  
 And in the water tomblyng,  
 And fast awaie they hyed,  
 Lest they should been spyed,  
 And withe a bote been followyd,

And with a sargeant arested,  
For to come to the mayer  
In all gudly affair :  
To be taken suspecyous,  
Or ells provyd felonious,  
Accordinge unto ther rate  
Mayteinȳg ther potestate.  
How sayst Tom of Trompyngton?

## TOM OF TROMPYNGTON.

For sothe, syr, down to Chesterton  
Grat store of stake begone,  
Juryng thither one by one,  
Glad they have escapyd,  
And not of the bayles attacked,  
Wherfore they hyed thē hense,  
Payeng yet no toll pence,  
Wytness Robyn with the red rose,  
And Benett with the blue hose,  
And frawnies few close ;  
Ye affirme the same, I suppose,  
How sayest Buttynge on the hyll ?  
Hast not yet wrought thy fyll ?  
Syr, I saye, so mott I leve,  
I wold be thus wrought tyll eve,

Than I see at such a bargony,  
You woldyst erne money largely,  
For I thynke that thys worke,  
Was gud as to byld a kyrcke ;  
For Cambridge baylers truly  
Gyve yll examples to the countrye,  
Ther commyn lykewyse to engrose  
And from pore men yt to enclose.



## THE KYNG AND THE HERMYT.

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I<sup>H</sup>ESU that is hevyn kyng  
Giff them all god endyng.

(If it be thy wyll.)

And gif them parte of heavenly game,  
That well can call gestic same

With mete and drinke to fylle.

When that men be glad and blyth,  
Tham were solas god to lyth,

He that wold be styll.

Off a kyng I wyll you telle,

What a ventore hym be felle,

He that wyll herke theretyll.

It be felle be god Edwerd's deys,

Ffor soth so the romans seys,

Herkyng I will you telle.

The Kyng to Scherwod gan wend,

On hys pleyng for to lend,

Ffor to solas hym that stond,  
The grete herte for to hunte,  
In frythys and in felle.  
With ryall fests and feyr ensemblè  
With all ye lordys of that contrè  
With hym ther gan thei well.

Tyll it be fell upon a day.  
To hys forstere he gan sey,  
“ Ffelowys were is the best ?  
“ In your playng wher ye have bene ?  
“ Were have ye most gam sene  
“ Off dere in this forest ?”  
They answerd, and fell on kne,  
“ Over all, Lord, is gret plente  
“ Both est and west,  
“ We may schew you at a syht  
“ Two thousand dere this same nyht  
“ Or ye son go to reste.”

An old forester, drew hym nere,  
“ Lyfans Lord, I saw a dere  
“ Under a tre,  
“ So grete a hed as he bare  
“ Sych one saw I never are,

“ No feyrer myht be,  
“ He is more than any two,  
“ That ever I saw on erth go,”  
    Than seyde the kyng so fre,  
“ Thy waryson I will ye geve  
“ Ever more whyll you doyst lyve,  
    “ That dere you late me se,

Upon the morne thei ryden fast  
With hounds and with hornes blast  
    To wodde than are thei wente  
Netts and gynnes than leyde he,  
Every archer to hys tre,  
    With bowys redy bent,  
They blew thrys, uncoupuld hounds,  
They reysed the dere up that stonde,  
    So nere that span and sprent  
The hounds all as they were wode  
They ronned the dere as they were wode  
    The kyng hys hors he hent

The kyng sate one a god coreser  
Ffast he rode after ye dere,  
    And chasyd hym ryght fast,  
Both throw thyke and thine,

Throw the forest he gan wyn

With hounds and hornes blast.

The kyng had followyd hym so long,

Hys god sted was ne strong,

Hys hert away was past,

Horn ne hunter myght he not here,

So ranne the hounds at the dere,

A wey was at the last.

The kyng had folowyd hym so long

Ffro mydey to the ev'ning song,

That lykyd hym full ille.

He ne wyst were that he was,

Ne out of the forest for to passe,

And thus he rode all wylle.

“ Whyle I may the dey liht se

“ Better is to loge under a tre”

He seyde hym selve untylle.

The kyng cast in hys wytte.

“ Gyff I stryke into a pytte

“ Hors and man myght spylle.

“ I have herd pore men call at morow

“ Seynt Julyan send yem god harborow

“ When they had nede

“ And that when that they were travyst,

“ And of herborow were abayst,

“ He wole them wysse and rede.

“ Seynt Julyan, as I ame trew knyht,

“ Send me grace this iche nyght,

“ Of god harborow to sped.

“ A gift I schall thee gyve,

“ Every here whyll that I lyve,

“ Ffolke for thy sake to fede.”

As he rode whyll he had lyht,

And at the last he hade syght

Off an hermyte hym be syde,

Off that syght he was full feyn.

Ffor he wold gladly be in the pleyn

And theder he gan to ryde.

An hermytage he found there,

He throwyd a chapell that it were,

Than seyde the kyng that tyde

“ Now seynt Julyan a bone ventyll .

“ As pylgrymes know full wele

“ Yonder I wyll abyde.”

A lytell gate he fond ney

There on he gan to call and cry,

That within myght here.  
That herd an hermyte there within,  
Unto the gate he gan to wyn,  
    Bedyng his preyer.  
And when the hermyt saw the kyng,  
He seyde; "Sir gode evynyng"  
    "Wele worth thee, Sir Frere."  
"I prey thee I myght be thy gest,  
"Ffor I have ryden wyll in this forest,  
    "And nyght neyhes me nere."

The hermyte seyde, "So mote I the,  
"Ffor sych a lord as ye be,  
    "I have non herborow tyll,  
"Bot if it be soe pore a wyght,  
"I ne der not herbor hym a nyht,  
    "But he for faute schuld spyll.  
"I wone here in wyldernes,  
"With rotys and rynds among wyld bests,  
    "As it is my lords wylle."

The kyng seyde, "I ye beseche  
"The wey to the toun thou wold me teche;  
    "And I schall thee be hyght,  
"That I schall thy trevell quyte

“ That thou schall me not wyte,  
“ Or passyth this fortnyht  
“ And if thou wyll not, late thy knave go,  
“ To teche me a myle or two,  
“ The whylys I have dey lyght.”  
“ By Seynt Mary,” said the frere,  
“ Schorte sirvys getys thou here,  
“ And I can rede a ryght.”

Than seyde the kyng, “ My dere frend  
“ The way to the towne if I schuld wynd  
“ How fer may it be?  
“ Syr,” he seyde, “ so mote I thryve.  
“ To the towne is myles fyve  
“ Ffrom this long tre.  
“ A wyld wey I hold it were,  
“ The way to wend I you swere,  
“ Bot ye the dey may se.”  
Than seyde the kyng, “ Bi gods myght  
“ Ermyte, I schall here abode with thee this nyght,  
“ And els I were wo.”  
“ Me thinke,” seyde the hermyte, “ thou art a  
“ stoute syre,  
“ I have ete up all the hyre

“ That ever thou gafe me,  
“ Were I oute of my hermyte wede  
“ Off thy favyll I wold not dred,  
“ Thaff thou were sych thre,  
“ Loth I were with thee to fyght,  
“ I will herbor thee all nyght,  
“ And it be-hovyth so be,  
“ Such gode as thou fynds here, take,  
“ And aske thyn in for God’s sake.”  
“ Gladly sir,” sayd he.

Hys stede in to the hous he lede  
With litter son he gaf hym bed  
Met ne was there now  
The frere he had bot barly stro,  
Two thake bendsfull without no,  
Ffor soth it was furth born.  
Before the hors the kyng it leyd.  
“ Be Seynt Mary,” the hermyte seyde,  
“ Every thing have we non,”  
The kyng seyde, “ Gramsy frere,  
“ Wele at ease ame I now here,  
“ A nyht wyll son be gon.”



The kyng was never so servysable,  
He hew the wode and kepyd the stable,

God far he gan hym dyght.

And made hym ryght well at es,  
And ever the fyre befor hys nese,

Bryndand feyr and bryht.

“Leve Ermyte,” seyde the kyng,

“Mete and thou have any thing,

“To soper you us dyght,

“For sirteynly, as I thee sey,

“I ne had never so sory a dey,

“That I ne had a mery nyght.”

The kyng seyde “Be Gods are

“And I such an hermyte were

“And wonyd in this forest

“When forsters were gon to slep

“Than I wold cast off my cope

“And wake both est and weste

“With a bow of hue full strong

“And arowys knyte in a thong

“What wold me lyke best.

“The kyng of venyson hath non nede,

“Hit myght me hape to have a brede

“To glad me and my gest.”

The hermyte seyde to the kyng,

“ Leve sir where is thy dwellyng

“ I praye you wolde me sey”

“ Sir, he seyde, so mote I the

“ In the kyngs courte I have be

“ Duellyng many a dey,

“ And my lord rode on huntyng,”

“ As grete lords doth many tyme,

“ That giff them myche to pley,

“ And after a grete hert have we redyn

“ And mekyll travell we have byden

“ And yit he scape a way.

“ To dey erly in the mornynge,

“ The kyng rode on huntyng,

“ And all the courte beden,

“ A dere we reysed in that stonde,

“ And gane chase with our hounds,

“ A feyrer had never man sene.

“ I have folowyd hym all this dey,

“ And ryden many a wylsom wey,

“ He dyd me trey and tene.

“ I pray thee helpe me, I were at es

“ Thou bought never so god sirvege

“ In sted there thou hast bene

The ermyte seyde " So God me save,

" Thou take sych gode as we have,

" We schall not hyll with thee."

Bred and chese forth he brouht,

The kyng ete whyles hym thouht,

Non othyr mete saw he,

Sethen thyn drynke he droughe,

Ther on he had sone inoughe,

Than seyde the kyng so fre,

" Hermyt pute up this mete tyte,

" And if I may I schall ye quyte

" Or passyd be thes monthys thre."

Then seyde the kyng, " Be Gods grace!

" Thou wonys in a mery place,

" To schote thou schuld lere,

" When the forsters are go to rest,

" Som tyme thou myht have off the best,

" All of the wylld dere

" I wold hold it for no skath

" Thoff thou had bow and arowys bothe,

" All thoff thou be a frere.

" Ther is no foster in all this fe

" That wold sych herme to thee,

" There thou may leve here.

The Armyte seyde, " So mote thou go  
" Hast thou any othyr herand than so  
" On to my lord the kyng,  
" I schall be trewe to hym, I trow,  
" Ffor to wayte my lords prow,  
" Ffor dred of sych a thing.  
" Ffor iff I were take with sych a dede  
" To the courte thou wold me lede,  
" And to prison me bryng.  
" Bot if I myght my ransom gete,  
" Be bound in prison and sorow grete  
" And in perell to hyng."

Than seyde the kyng, " I would not lete  
" When thou arte in this forest sette  
" To stalke when men are at rest,  
" Now as thou arte a trewe man,  
" Iff you ouht a scheting can  
" Ne hyll it not with your gest  
" Ffor be hym that dyed on tre  
" Ther schall no man wyte for me  
" Whyll my lyve wyll lest  
" Now hermyte for thy professyon  
" Giff thou have any venison  
" Thou giff me of the best."

The ermyte seyde, " Men of grete state  
 " Our ordyr they wold make full of bate

" And on to prison bryng

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
	*		*		*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

" Aboute schych mastery

" To be in preyer and in penans,

" And arne ther met by chans,

" And not be archery.

" Many dey I have her ben

" And flesche mete I ete non

" Bot mylke off the ky.

" Warme thee wele and go to slepe,

" And I schall lape thee with my cope,

" Softly to lyke.

" Thou semys a felow," seyde the frere,

" It is long gon seth any was here,

" Bot thou thy selve to nyght."

Unto a cofyr he gan go

And toke forth candylls two

And sone there were a lyght.  
A cloth he brought, and bred full whyte,  
And venyson ybake tyte :  
Agen he yede full ryght,  
Venyson salt and fresch he brouht,  
And bade him chese wher off hym thought,  
Colopys for to dyght.

Well may ye wyte ynow they had,  
The kyng ete and made hym glad,  
And grete laughtere he lowghe,  
“ Nere I had spoke of archery,  
“ I myht have ete my bred full dryhe,”  
The kyng made it full towghe.  
“ Now Cryst’s blyssing have sych a frere,  
“ That thus cane ordeyn our soper,  
“ And stalke under the wode bowe.  
“ The kyng hym selves so mote I the,  
“ Is not better at es than we  
“ And we have drinke inowhe.”

The hermyte seyde, “ Be Seynt Savyoure  
“ I have a pott of galons foure  
“ Standyng in a wro.

“ Ther is bot thou, and I, and my knave,

“ Som solas schall we have,

“ Sethyn we are no mo.”

The hermyte callyd hys knave full ryht,

Wyllyn Alyn for soth he hyght,

And bad hym be lyve and go.

And taught hym privetly to a sted,

To feche the hors corne and bred.

“ And luke that thou do so”

Unto the knave seyde the frere,

“ Ffelow go wyhtly here

“ Thou do as I thee sey.

“ Be syde my bed thou must goe

“ And take up a floute of strawe

“ Als softly, as thou may

“ A hownyd pote ther standys there,

“ And God forbot that we it spare,

“ To drynke to it be dey.

“ And bryng me forth my schell,

“ And every man schall have his dele,

“ And I schall kene us pley.

The hermyte seyde, “ Now schall I se

“ Iff thou any felow be,



“ Or off pley canst ought.”

The kyng seyde, “ So mote I the,

“ Sey you what thou wilt with me

“ Thy wyll it schall be wrought.”

“ When the coppe comys into the plas,

“ Canst thou sey, ‘ fusty bandyas,’

“ And think it in your thought.

“ And you schall here a totted frere

“ Sey ‘ Stryke pantnere,’ (vel pantnere)

“ And in ye cope leve ryht nouht.”

And when the coppe was forth brought,

It was oute of the kyngs thought,

That word that he schuld sey.

The frere seyde “ fusty bandyas,”

Then seyde thee kyng “ Alas ! alas !”

His word it was a wey

“ What art you mad,” seyde the frere,

“ Canst thou not sey stryke pantnere,

“ Wylt thou lerne all dey

“ And if thou ofte forgete it ons,

“ Thou gets no drinke in this wons.

“ Bot giff thou thinke upon thy pley.”



‘ Ffusty bandias,’ the frere seyde  
And gaf the coppe such a breyd,  
That well nyh of izede,  
The knave fyllyd and up it zede in plas  
The kyng seyde “ fusty bandyas.”  
Ther to hym stod gret nede.  
“ Ffusty bandyas,” seyde the frere  
How long hast thou stond here  
Or thou couth do thy dede  
Ffyll this efte and late us lyke,  
And between rost us a styke,  
Thus holy lyve to lede.

The knave fyllyd the coppe full tyte,  
And brouht it furth with grete delyte,  
Be for hym gan it stand,  
“ Ffusty bandyas” seyde the frere  
The kyng sey’d “ stryke pantnere”  
And toke it in hys hand,  
And stroke halve and more,  
“ Thys is ye best pley, I suere,  
“ That ever I saw in lond.  
“ I hyght thee hermyte I schall thee give,  
“ I schall thee quyte if yt I lyve  
“ The god pley thou hast us fond.”

- “ Than seyde the hermyte, “ God quyte all,  
 “ Bot when thou comys to thy lords haule,  
     “ Thou wyll for gete, the frere  
 “ Bot wher thou comyst nyght ore dey  
 “ Yit myght thou thynk upon the pley  
     “ That thou hast sene here  
 “ And thou com among gentyll men  
 “ They wyll laugh then hem it ken  
     “ And make full mery chere,  
 “ And iff thou comys here for a nyht  
 “ A colype I dere thee behyht  
     “ All of the wyld dere.”

- The kyng seyde “ Be hym that me bouht,  
 “ Syre,” he seyde, “ ne think it nouht  
     “ That thou be there forgete.  
 “ To morrow sone when it is dey  
 “ I schall quyte if that I may  
     “ All that we have here ete.  
 “ And when we come to the kings gate  
 “ We shall not long stond there-ate  
     “ In we schall be lete  
 “ And by my feyth I schall not blyne  
 “ Tyll the best that is there ine  
     “ Be tween us two be sete”

The Ermyte seyde. " By him that me bouht,

" Syre," he seyde, " ne thinke it nouht,

" I swere ye by my ley,

" I have be ther and takyn dele.

" And have hade many merey mele.

" I dare full savely sey

" Hopys thou I wold for a mase

" Stond in the myre there and dase

" Neyhand halve a dey

" Ther charyte comys thorow such menys hend,

" He havys full lytell that stond at hend,

" Or that he go a wey

" Hopys thou that I am so preste

" For to stond at the kyng gate and reste,

" Ther pleys for to lere.

" I have neyhbers her nygh hand

" I send them of my presente

" Be syds of the wyld dere.

" Off my presants they are feyn

" Bred and ale they send me ageyn

" Thus gates lyve I here."

The king seyde. " So mote I the

Hermyte, me pays wele with thee,

" Thou arte a horpyd frere"

The kyng seyde " Yit myght thou come in dey

" Unto the courte for to pley

" A venteroyes for to sene

" Thou wote not what thee be tyde may

" Or that thou gon a wey

" The better thou may bene

" Thoff I be here in pore clothing

" I ame no bayschyd for to bryng

" Gestys two or thre

" Ther is no man in all this wonys

" That schall myssey to thee onys

" Bot as I sey so schall it be,"

Sertis seyde the hermyte than.

" I hope you be a trewe man,

" I schall a ventore the gate,

" Bot tell me first, leve syre,

" After what man schall I spyre,

" Both erly and late."

" Jhake Flecher, that is my name,

" All men knowys me at home

" I am at young man state,

" And thoff I be here in pore wede

" I sych a stede I can ye lede,

" There we schall be made full hate."

“ Aryse up, Jake, and go with me,

“ And more of my privyte

“ Thou schall se som thyng.”

Into a chambyr he hym lede,

The kyng sauwe aboute ye hermytes bed

Brod arowys hynge.

The frere gaff him a bow in hond.

“ Jake,” he seyde, “ draw up the bond.”

He myght oneth styre the streng.

“ Sir ;” he seyde, “ so have I blys,

“ There is no archer that may schot in this,

“ That is with my lord the kyng.”

An arow of an elle long

In hys bow he it throng,

And to the hede he gan it hale.

“ Ther is no dere in this foreste,

“ And it wolde one hym feste ;

“ Bot it schuld spyll his skale

“ Jake sith thou can of flecher crafte,

“ Thou may me ese with a schafte.”

Than seyde Jake, “ I schall.”

“ Jake and I wist that thou were trew,

“ Or and I thee better knew,

“ More thou schuld se”

The kyng to hym grete othys swer,  
 “ The covennand we made whyle are,

“ I wyll that it hold be.”

Tyll two trowys he gan hym lede,  
 Off venyson there was many brede,

“ Jake how thinkes thee ?

“ Whyle there is dere in this forest,

“ Som tyme I may have of the best

“ The kyng wyte save on me.

“ Jake and you wyll have a of myn arowys have

“ Take thee of them and in thou leve

“ And go we to our pley.”

And thus thei sate with fusty bandyas

And with stryke pantnere in that plas,

Tyll it was nere hand dey.

When tyme was com there rest to take,

On morn they rose when they gon wake.

The frere he gan to sey.

“ Jake I wyll with thee go,

“ In thy felowschype a myle ore two,

“ Tyll you have redy weys,

Then seyde the kyng. “ Mekyll thanke,

“ Bot when we last nyght to gether dranke

“ Thinke what thou me be hyght.

" That thou schuld com som dey  
 " Unto the courte for to pley,  
 " When tyme thou se thou myght.'  
 " Sertis," seyde ye hermyte, than,  
 " I schall com, as I ame trew man,  
 " Or to morrow at nyght."

Either betaught other gode dey  
 The kyng toke the redy wey  
 Home he rode full ryght

Knyghtes and squyres many mo  
 All that nyght they rode and go  
 With syheng and sorowyng sore  
 They cryhed and blew with hydoys bere,  
 Giff they myht of there lord here,  
 Wher that ever he were.  
 When the kyng hys bugyll blew,  
 Knyhtes and forsters wele it knew,  
 And lystin'd to him there.  
 Many man that wer masyd and made,  
 The blast of that horn made them glad,  
 To the towne than gan they fare.

\* \* \* \* \*

HEERE BEGINNETH A MERY IEST OF  
DANE HEW MUNK OF LEICESTRE, AND  
HOW HE WAS FOURE TIMES SLAIN  
AND ONCE HANGED.

“ IN olde time there was in Leicester town  
An Abbay of Munks of great renown,  
As ye shall now after heer :  
But amongst them all was one there  
That passed all his brethern iwis,  
His name was Dane Hew, so haue I blis,  
This Munk was yung and lusty,  
And to fair women he had a fansy,  
And for them he laid great wait in deed :  
In Leicester dwelled a Tayler I reed,  
Which wedded a woman, fair and good ;  
They looued eche other, by my hood ;  
Seuen yeer, and somewhat more,  
Dane Hew looued this taylers wife sore ;  
And thought alway in his minde,  
When he might her alone finde;



And how he might her assay,  
And if she would not to say him nay.  
Upon a day, he said, fair woman free,  
Without I haue my pleasure of thee,  
I am like to go from my wit :  
Sir, she said, I haue many a shrewd fit  
Of my husband euery day.  
Dame, he said, say not nay ;  
My pleasure I must haue of thee ;  
What so euer that it cost mee.  
She answered and said, if it must needes be,  
Come to morrow vnto me,  
For then my husband rideth out of the town,  
And then to your wil I wil be bown ;  
And then we may make good game,  
And if ye come not ye be to blame ;  
But, Dane Hew, first tel thou me  
What that my rewarde shalbe.  
Dame, he said, by my fay,  
Twenty nobles of good money ;  
For we wil make good cheer this day :  
And so they kist and went their way.  
The tayler came home at euen, tho,  
Like as he was wunt to doo :

And his wife tolde him all, and some;  
How Dane Hew in the morning would come,  
And what her meed of him should be.  
What? dame thou art mad so mot I thee,  
Wilt thou me a cuckolds hood giue?  
That should me shrewdly greeue!  
Nay, sir, she said, by sweet saint Iohn,  
I wil keep my self a good woman!  
And get thee money also iwis,  
For he hath made therof a promisse:  
Tomorow earely heer to be,  
I know wel he wil not fail me;  
And I shall lock you in the chest,  
That ye out of the way may be mist:  
And whē Dane Hew commeth hether early,  
About fīue of the clock truely;  
For at that time his houre is set,  
To come hether then without any let;  
Then I shall you call full lightly,  
Look that ye come vnto me quickly.  
And when the day began to appeer in y<sup>e</sup>. morning,  
Dane Hew came thitherwarde fast renning;  
He thought that he had past his houre,  
Then softly he knocked at the taylers door;

She rose vp and bad him come neer ;  
And said, Sir, welcome be ye heer.  
Good morow (he said) gentle mistris,  
Now tel me where your husband is,  
That we may be sure indeed ?  
Sir, she said, so God me speed,  
He is foorth of the town,  
And wil not come home til after noon.  
With that Dane Hew was wel content,  
And lightly in armes he did her hent,  
And thought to haue had good game :  
Sir, she said, let be, for shame !  
For I wil knowe first what I shall haue,  
For when I haue it I wil it not craue ;  
Giue me twenty nobles first,  
And doo with me then what ye list.  
By my preesthood, quoth he, than,  
Thou shalt haue in gold and siluer anon ;  
Thou shalt no longer craue it of me,  
Lo my mistresse where they be ;  
And in her lap he it threw.  
Gramercy ! she said vnto Dane Hew.  
Dane Hew thought this wife to assay :  
Abide sir, she said, til I haue laid it away :  
For so she thought it should be best.  
With that she opened then a chest ;

Then Dane Hew thought to haue had her alone,  
But the taylor out of the chest anon,  
And said, sir Munk, if thou wilt stand,  
I shall giue thee a stroke with my brand,  
That thou shalt haue but little lust vnto my wife.  
And lightly, without any more strife,  
He hit Dane Hew vpon the hed,  
That he fel down stark dead.  
Thus was he first slain in deed ;  
Alas ! then said his wife, with an euil speed,  
Haue ye slain this munk so soone ?  
Whither now shall we run or gone ?  
There is no remedy, then said he,  
Without thou giue good counsail to me ;  
To conuay this false preest out of the way,  
That no man speak of it, ne say  
That I haue killed him, or slain,  
Or els that we haue doon it in vain.  
Yea sir (she said) let him abide,  
Til it be soon in the euen tide,  
Then shall we him wel conuay,  
For ye shall beare him into the Abba  
And set him straight vp by the wall,  
And come your way foorth withall ;

The Abbot sought him all about,  
For he heard say that he was out,  
And was very angry with him in deed,  
And would neuer rest, so God me speed,  
Vntil Dane Hew that he had found,  
And bad his man to seek him round  
About the place, and to him say  
That he come speak with me straight way.  
Foorth went his man, til at the last  
Beeing abroad his eye he cast  
Aside : where he Dane Hew did see ;  
And vnto him then straight went he,  
And thinking him to be aliue  
He said, Dane Hew so mut I thriue,  
I haue sought you and meruel how  
That I could not finde you til now.  
Dane Hew stood as stil as he that could not tel  
What he should say, no more he did good nor il.  
With that the Abbots man said with good intent,  
Sir ye must come to my Lord, or els you be shent.  
When Dane Hew answered neuer a dele,  
He thought he would aske some counsail ;  
Then to the Abbot he gan him hye,  
I pray you my Lord come by and by,

And see where Dane Hew stands straight by the  
wall,

And wil not answer what so euer I call.

And he stareth and looketh vpon one place,

Like a man that is out of grace ;

And one woord he wil not speak for me :

Get me a staf (quoth the Abbot) and I shall see,

And if he shall not vnto me answer.

Then when the Abbot came there,

And saw him stand vpriht by the wall,

He then to him began to call ;

And said thou false Bribour thou shalt aby

Why keepest thou not thy seruice truely ?

Come hether he said, with an euil speed ;

But no woord that Dane Hew answered in deed.

What whorsō (q. the Abbot) why spekest not thou ?

Speak or els I make God a vow

I wil giue thee such a stroke vpon thy head,

That I shall make thee to fall down dead.

And with that he gaue him such a rap,

That he fel down at that clap.

Thus was he the second time slain,

And yet he wroght them much more pain ;

As ye shall afterwarde heer ful wel.

Sir, quoth the abbots, an ye haue doon il,

For ye haue slain Dane Hew now,  
And suspended this place I make God a vow.  
What remedy (quod the Abbot than?)  
Yes, quoth his man, by sweet Saint Iohn,  
If ye would me a good rewarde giue,  
That I may be the better while that I liue.  
Yes (q. the Abbot) xl. shillings thou shalt haue,  
And if thou can mine honor saue :  
My Lord I tel you so mot I thee  
Vnto such a Taylers house haunted he,  
To woo his pretty wife certain ;  
And thither I shall him bring again,  
And there vpright I shall him set,  
That no man shall it knowe or wit.  
And then euery man wil sain  
That the Tayler hath him slain.  
For he was very angry with him  
That he came to his wife so oft time.  
Of his counsail he was wel appaid ;  
And his man took vp dane Hew that braid :  
And set him at the Taylers door anon,  
And ran home as fast as he might gone.  
The Tayler and his wife were in bed,  
And of Dane Hew were sore afraid ;



Lest that he would them bewray,  
And to his wife began to say—  
All this night I haue dreamed of this false caitife,  
That he came to our door (quoth he to his wife)  
Jesus (quoth his wife) what man be ye  
That of a dead man so sore afraid ye be?  
For me thought that you did him slo.  
With that the Tayler to the door gan go,  
And a Polax in his hand,  
And saw the Munk by the door stand ;  
Whereof he was sore afraid ;  
And stil he stood and no woord said,  
Til he spake vnto his wife ;  
Dame now haue I lost my life,  
Without I kil him first of all.  
Foorth he took his Polax or mall,  
And hit Dane Hew vpon the head,  
That he fel down stark dead.  
And thus was Dane Hew three times slain,  
And yet he wrought him a train,  
Alas, quoth the Taylers wife,  
This caitife doth vs much strife :  
Dame, he said, what shall we now doo ?  
Sir, she said, so mote go.



The Munk in a corner ye shall lay,  
Til to morow before the day ;  
Then in a sack ye shall him thrast,  
And in the Mil dam ye shall him cast.  
I counsail it you for the best surely,  
So the Tayler though to doo truely.  
In the morning he took Dane Hew in a Sack.  
And laid him lightly vpon his back ;  
Vnto the Mil Dame he gan him hye,  
And there two theeues he did espye,  
That fro the Mil came as fast as they might ;  
But when of the Tayler they had a sight,  
They were abashed very sore,  
For they had thought the miller had come thoret  
For of him they were sore afraid.  
That the Sack there down they laid,  
And went a little aside I cannot tel where,  
And with that the Tayler saw the sack lye there.  
Then he looked therin anon ;  
And he saw it was ful of Bacon ;  
Dane Hew then he laid down there,  
And so the bacon away did beare ;  
Til he came home and that was true,  
The theeues took vp y<sup>e</sup>. sack with dane Hew,

And went their way til they came home.  
One of the theeues said to his wife anon,  
Dame look what is in that sack, I thee pray  
For there is good bacon by my fay ;  
Therefore make vs good cheer lightly ;  
The wife ran to the Sack quickly ;  
And when she had the Sack vnbound,  
The dead Munck therein she found.  
Then she cryed out, and said alas,  
I see heer a meruailous case,  
That ye haue slain Dane Hew so soon ;  
Hanged shall ye be if it be known.  
Nay, good dame, said they again to her,  
For it hath been the false miller !  
Then they took Dane Hew again,  
And brought him to the mil certain,  
Where they did steal the Bacon before,  
And there they hāged Dane Hew for store ;  
Thus was he once hanged in deed,  
And y<sup>e</sup> theeues ran hōe as fast as they could speed :  
The Millers wife rose on the morning erly,  
And lightly made herself redy,  
To fetch some Bacon at the last,  
But when she looked vp she was agast,

That she saw the munk hang there ;  
She cryed out, and put them all in fere ;  
And said heer is a chaunce for the nones,  
For heer hangeth the false Munk by cocks bones,  
That hath been so Lecherous many a day,  
And with mens wiues vsed to play.  
Now some body hath quit his meed ful wel,  
I trow it was the Deuil of Hel ;  
And our Bacon is stolne away,  
This I call a shrewd play.  
I wot not what we shall this winter eate,  
What wife (quoth the Miller) ye must all this  
forget ;  
And giue me some good counsail I pray.  
How we shall this Munk conuay,  
And priuily of him we may be quit ;  
Sir, she said, that shall you lightly wit.  
Lay him in a corner til it be night,  
And we shall conuay him or it be day light.  
The Abbot hath a close heer beside,  
Therein he hath a good horse vntide,  
Go and fetch him home at night,  
And bring him vnto me straight,  
And we shall set him there vpon in deed,  
And binde him fast so God me speed,

And giue him a long pole in his hand,  
Like as he would his ennies withstand,  
And vnder his arme we will it thrust,  
Like as he would fiercely iust.  
Fo[r] (she said) as ye wel knowe,  
The Abbot hath a Mare gentle and lowe,  
Which ambleth wel and trotteth in no wise,  
But in the morning when the Abbot dooth rise,  
He commaundeth his mare to him to be brought :  
For to see his workmen if they lack ought.  
And vpon the mare he rideth as I you tel,  
For to see and all things be wel.  
And when this Horse seeth this mare anon,  
Vnto her he wil lightly run or gone :  
When the Miller this vnderstood,  
He thought his wiues counsail was good.  
And held him wel therwith content,  
And ran for the horse verament,  
And when he the horse had fet at the last,  
Dane Hew vpon his back he cast ;  
And bound him to the horse ful sure,  
That he might the better indure,  
To ride as fast as they might ren ;  
Now shall ye knowe how the Miller did then,

He tooke the horse by the brydle anon,  
And Dane Hew sitting theron ;  
And brought him that of the mare he had a sight,  
Then the horse ran ful right.  
The Abbot looked a little him beside,  
And saw that Dane Hew toward him gan ride ;  
And was almoste out of his minde for feare,  
When he saw Dane Hew come so neere,  
He cryed help for the looue of the trinitie,  
For I see wel that Dane Hew auenged wil be.  
Alas I am but a dead man !  
And with that from his mare he ran ;  
The abbots men ran on Dane Hew quickly,  
And gaue him many strokes lightly :  
With clubs and staues many one,  
They cast him to the earth anone ;  
So they killed him once again,  
Thus was he once hanged and foure times slaine ;  
And buried at the last as it was best,  
I pray God send vs all good rest.

Amen.



## NOTES TO PIERS OF FFULHAM.

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Page 117.

IN see in ryver, &c.

In se, in feld, and eke in ryvere.

*Life of Ipomydon*, v. 63.

In toun, in feld, in frith and fen.

*Minot's Poems*, p. 9.

Ibid.

What fisshe, &c. Thus Plautus compares a slippery and uncertain fellow to an eel :

“ Ps. *Ecquid argutu' est ?* Ch. *malorum facinorum sæpissime.*

“ Ps. *Quid cum manifesto-tenetur ?* Ch. *anguilla et elabitur.*”

*Pseudolus*, A. II. Sc. iv. l. 57.

The excess in banqueting in Edward the Third's time was so great, that he was obliged in the seventeenth year of his reign to establish certain rules, forbidding any common man to have dainty dishes at his table, or costly drink.

Stowe says (Chron. p. 267,) at the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. with Violentis, the daughter of Galeasius the Second, Duke of Milan; there was a rich feast, in which above thirty courses were served at the table, and the fragments that remained were more than sufficient to have served one thousand people.

The feast made in honour of the nuptials of King Henry the Fourth, with the Lady Jane of Navar, in the year 1403, consisted of six courses; the first three were of flesh and fowls, the three last chiefly of fish.

In the first course of the wedding of Henry the Fourth, in 1403, we find Fesaintys; in the second, Partryche; in the third, Woodecokke, Plover, Quaylys, Suytys, and Feldfare. In the first course of fish, Lampreys pouderyd, Pyke, Breme, Samoun rostyde; in the second, Samoun, Congre, Gurnarde, Lampreys in past; in the third, Tenche enbrace, Perchys, Lamprey roasted, Lochys, and Sturjoun.

At the coronation feast of Catherine and Henry the Fifth, in 1419, we find Pyke in erbage, Breme of the see, and Perche with goion.

At the coronation feast of Henry the Sixth, 1429, was a Heyron roasted, great pyke or luce, and *Carpe*.

In Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle are the following well-known verses:

Hops and turkies, carps and beer  
Came into England all in a year.

The opinion expressed in these lines was first controverted



by Walton in the Complete Angler; he says carp were introduced into this country by one Mr. Mascal about the year 1580. Juliana Barnes, who wrote her *Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an angle*, about the year 1400, or probably a little later, says, the carp "is a deyntous fysshe, but there ben but fewe in Englonde. And therfor I wryte the lasse of hym." This therefore was, no doubt, considered a rarity worthy to be placed "inter lanres mensasq: nitentes" of the coronation banquet of Henry the Sixth.

## Page 118.

"The Barbyll is a swete fysshe; but it is a quasy meete, and a peryllous for mannys body."—*The Treatyse of Fysshynge. W. de Worde, 1496.*

Could not the surging and distempered seas

Thy queasy stomacke gorged with sweet meats please.

*Verses on the Duke of Buckingham's Return from the*

*Isle of Rees. MS. in Caii Coll. 143.*

## Page 119.

*Stew* also signifies a place of ill-fame, a brothel, in which sense it is used in Hycke-scorner.

"They twayne togyder had good sporte;

"But at the *stewes syde* I lost a grote:"

and farther on,

"At the *stues* we wyll lye to nyght,"

“ And truely I thinke some of these places are little better than the stewes and Brothell houses were in times past.”—*Stubbes' Anatomy of Abuses*, p. 49.

Page 119.

The cely fisshes, &c. The verb *excuse* is used similarly in Hycke-scorner :

For and I had not *scused* me without fayle,  
By our lady, he wolde have lad me strayte to jayle.

Also by Shakespeare,

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself *excus'd*.

*Romeo and Juliet*, A. v. sc. iii.

Page 120.

WARE, *to beware* ; warian, bewarian, A. S. the Gr. words *ὄρεω* and *βλεπω*, answer to this, the latter of which in its primary signification means to see, in its secondary sense to take heed ; the same analogy may be remarked in the Sec. G. *War Videns*. “ And but yf that a man *be well ware* how he goth, he may so doo he shall not come out agayn.”—*Informacyon for Pylgrymes. W. de Worde*.

“ Bot sho es *war* with his gilvy.”

*Ywaine and Gawin*, v. 1604.

“ Or ye bene *war* apoun you wil thay be.”

*G. Dougl.* 4446.

*War* is also used in the sense of *aware off*.

“ Off Nynyve they wer *ware*.”

*Richard Coer de Lion*, v. 636.

The word *WARE* is also used as an adjective, in which sense it is perhaps taken here ; *be a wise and prudent man* : thus in *Ywayne and Gawin*, v. 1241.

“ He es cumen of hegh parage,

“ And wonder doghty of vasselage,

“ *War and wise* and ful curtayse.”

Page 120.

*Off ffat elys*, &c. By a passage in Gammer Gurton's Needle, (Act II. sc. 1.) it may be inferred that eels in the reign of Edward the Sixth, were considered delicacies ;

“ *Her eele*, Hodg ! who fisht of late ? *that was a dainty dish*.”

*Ibid*.

*WARE*, merchandize, goods, commodities, &c. A. S. *waree merces*.

“ Hue nolden take for huem raunsoun ne *ware*.”

*A ballad against the French in Ritson's Antient Songs*, p. 22.

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*PANTEIR*. S. a swoop net. F. *panthière*, or better from *pantiere*, which come from the Greek *πανθηρα*, quia omnia obvia abripit.

" Tyll on morow when Tytan shone full dere

" The byrd was trappyd and caute wyth a pantera."

*Lydgates Chorl and the Byrde. MS.*

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Finally he (Paul the Third) is a great astronomer, and so olde a man, that (as thei saie) for the most part he is nourished with the suck of a woman's breast : and to helpe his *colde nature*, hath, &c. &c.—*Thomas' Description of Italy*, p. 73, *Berthelett*. 1549.

" Wherefore he called his cone and prayed him for to  
" gyue hym a draught of muste. His sone answered and  
" sayd. That wyll not do for I must is not good for thy  
" complexyon."—*Gesta Romanorum. W. de Worde*.

" Also whan ye come to dyuers hauens be ware of fruytes  
" that ye ete none for nothyng, as melons and such colde  
" fruytes, for they be not accordyng to oure complexion."  
—*Informacyon for Pylgr. W. de Worde*.

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LYME TWIGGES. S. twiggis covered with birdlime ; from the A. S. lime, bitumen, and twig, ramus.

" Thy lymetwyggs and panteris I defy."

*The Tale of the Byrde and the Chorle, by*

*Lydgate, MS. in Trin. Coll. Lib. Cant.*

" Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands upright,

" Like lime-twiggis set to catch my winged soul !"

*Hen. VI. p. 2. A. iii. S. 3.*

“ You must lay lime, to tangle her desires.”

*Two Gent. of Verona*, A. iii. S. 3.

“ Poor bird ! thou’dst never fear the net, nor lime,

“ The pit-fall, nor the gin.”

*Macbeth*, A. iv. S. 2.

—“ To birds the lime-twigg, so

“ Is love to man an everlasting foe.”

*Fanshaw’s Pastor Fido*, i. 4.

—————“ He throws,

“ Like nets, or lime-twigg, wheresoe’er he goes,

“ His title of barrister.”

*Donne.*

“ York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

“ Have all lim’d bushes to betray thy wings.”

*Henry VI.* p. 2. A. ii. S. 4.

“ Over her bylevith in folie,

“ So in the lym doth the flye.”

*King Alisaunder*, 419, 420.

LYCROUSE, adj. dainty-mouthed, or sweet-toothed :  
A. S. *liccera*, *gullcsus*.

“ Let not Sir Surfeit sit on thy board :

“ Leve him not for he is lechyrous and licorous of tongue,

“ And after many manner of meat his mawe is a hungered.”

*Pierce Plowman's Vision.*

“ Certayne it is, that this life of ours is a continuall  
“ warrefare, a pitchte felde, wherein, as the lickerous  
“ tounge of our mother ene hath justly prouoked the Lorde,”  
&c.—*Playes confuted in fiue actions, by Step. Gosson.* Lond.  
12mo. n. d. b. l.

In the time of Elizabeth, they dined at one o'clock; and such as eat suppers most commonly sat down to meat about seven o'clock in the evening, or a little before. In Mary's reign, the hour of supper at court seems to have been still earlier; for in Fox's Martyrs, Weston promises Bradford that he would go and say evening song before the Queen, and speak to her in his [Bradford's] behalf; but [he adds] it is to be thought that the Queen had almost supped at that present, for it was past six of the clock.

In an account (in Anthony Wood's life) of the extraordinary custom at Merton College, of the indignity fresh men then endured, we are told the fellows would go to supper at six o'clock [this was in the year 1647].

And nowe a dayes, if the Table be not couered from the one ende to the other, as thicke as one dish can stand by an other, with delicate meate of sundrie sortes, one cleane different from an other, and to euery dishe a seurall sauce appropriate to hys kinde, it is thought there unworthy the name of a dinner: yea, so many dishes shal you haue

pestering the table at once, as the unsaciablist fellow, the devouringst glutton, or the greediest comorant that euer was, can scarce eate of euery one a little. And these many shal you haue at the first course, and as many at the second, and peradventure, more at the third : besides other sweete condiments, and delicate confections, of spiceries, and I can not tell what. And to these dainties, all kinde of wines are not wanting, you may bee sure. Oh what nisitie is this : what vanitie, excesse, riott, and superfluitie is heere : Oh farewell former worlde : for I have heard my father say, that in his dayes, one dishe or two, of good wholesome meate, was thought sufficient for a man of great worshippe to dine withall, and if they had three or foure kinds, it was reputed a sumptuous feast. A good peece of beefe was thought then, good meate, and able for the best, but now, it is thought too grosse for their tender stomackes to digest.—*Anatomie of Abuses*, p. 59.

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And hereby it appeareth, that no people in the world, are so curious in *new fangles*, as they of Aligna bee.—*Stubbe's Anat. of Abuses*, p. 7.

And licentious in all their wayes, whiche easely appeareth by their apparell, and newfangled fashions, eury day inuented.—*Stubbe's Anat. of Abuses*, p. 47.

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Save *re-resoupers*, &c.

The public suppers of the Normans were generally fol-



lowed by dancing ; and that by the rear-supper, or collation, consisting of spiced cakes and medicated wines.

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**JAFE**, v. to mock, deride, delude. Skinner deduces it from the F. Gaber, and gives it the respective meanings of comprimere, stuprare, vitiare.

Jamieson from the A. S. *geap*, fraudulentus.

**JAFE**, s. a jest. From this word is derived gibe, to jeer ; jybe, in the Yorkshire dialect, and signifies sport, jest, &c.

“ He gan his beste japes forth to caste,  
“ And made her so to laugh at his folie.”

“ Wherefore notwithstanding that thou speak rebukefully to me, I tak it in iape.”—*Pasquil the Playne*.

“ Now thus it appereth that it is but a iape and a vanite.”—*Miles and Clericus*, p. 10.

“ And all his earnest tourneth to a iape.”

*The Mill. Tale*, 281.

In the sense of insulting over those under our subjection :

“ The God of love deliverly  
“ Came lepande to me hastily,  
“ And sayid to me in grete jape  
“ Yelde the, for thou maie not escape.”

*Chauc. Rom. Rose*. 1927.



Gawin Douglas applies the word to the Trojan horse,

“ Vnder the feit of this ilk bysnyng jaip.”

46, 47.

“ Quhat wenys fulis this sexte buk be bot japis.”

*Prol.* 158. 16.

“ To harberie that iaip.”

*Watson's Collect.* v. ii. p. 22.

“ Thus in Braband has he bene,

“ Whare he bifore was seldom sene,

“ For to prove thaire japes.”

*Minot's Poems*, p. 23.

“ The two knyghtys grete yapys made.”

*The Erle of Tolous*, v. 697.

“ He had a jape of malice in the derk.”

*Coke's Prol.* v. 4336.

“ A litel jape that fell in our citee.”

*ib.* 4341.

“ As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape.”

*Chauc.* v. 16780.

“ That when the ende is known, all will turn to a jape.”

—*Gammer Gurton's Needle*.

“ Also take good hede to your knyues and other small japes.—*Informacyon for Pylgrymes*.

“ The pilfryng pastime of a crue of apes.

“ Sporting themselves with their conceited japes.”

*Longate verses*, &c.

" I jape not, for that I say weill I knaw."

*G. Douglas*, 41, 34.

" Thetis hath so bejaped Deidamie."

*Gower*.

—Be japed with a mowe.

*Gower. Conf. Am.* f. 68. a.

" Nay jape not hym, he is no smal fole."

*Skelton*, p. 236.

It was also used in another sense :—Now have ye other vicious manners of speech, but sometimes and in some cases tolerable, and chiefly to the intent to moove laughter and to make sport, or to give it some prety strange grace ; and is when we use such wordes as may be drawen to a foule and unshamefast sence, as one that should say to a young woman, I pray you let me jape with you, which is indeed no more but let me sport with you. Yea, and though it were not so directly spoken, the very sounding of the word were not commendable, as he that in the presence of ladies would use this common proverbe :

Jape with me, but hurt me not,  
Bourde with me, but shame me not.

For it may be taken in another perverser sense by that sorte of persons that heare it, in whose eares no such matter ought almost to be called in memory.—*Puttenham. Art of Eng. Poetry*, B. III. c. 22.

For he japed my wyfe, and made me cuckolde.

*Hycke-Scorner*.

A man may, &c.—Herrick has an epigram on this sentiment :

“ Haste is unhappy : what we rashly do  
 “ Is both unluckie, I, and foolish too :  
 “ Where war with rashnesse is attempted there,  
 “ The Soldiers leave the field with equall feare.

*Hesperides*, p. 99.

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Stubbes, in noticing “ the speedy decay of those that geue themselves to daintie fare,” says, “ doth not the whole bodie become pursie, and corpulent, yea sometimes decrepite withall, and full of all filthie corruption ?”

*Ibid.*

At the time of Henry II. kings sat at meat attended by their physicians ; which is confirmed by what Robert of Glocester says, for king Henry the First desirous to eat of a lamprey that was brought to the table, was advised by his physicians to forbear, because it was unwholesome for him :

He wylled of a lampreye to ete  
 But hys leches hym verbede, vor yt was a feble mete.

Leche was a term applied to all men who practised physic : the word is still retained in some counties ; a cow doctor is called a cow leche.

*Ibid.*

Allway kepe, &c.

And, when there is no *more inke in the pen*,  
 I wyll make a shift, as wel as other men.

*Lusty Juventus.*

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LYVELOODE, livelihood, liban, M.G. libban. A.S. to live. Hood, in composition, placed after a noun, signifies office, way of life, &c. and is perhaps derived from οδος, Gr. οσοι του βιου ταυτην την οδον επορευθησαν.—*Isoc.*

“ And learn to labour with hand ; for *live-lode* is sweet.”

*Pierce Ploughman.*

“ And by this *lyve-lod* I must live till Lammas time.”

*Ibid.*

THE END.



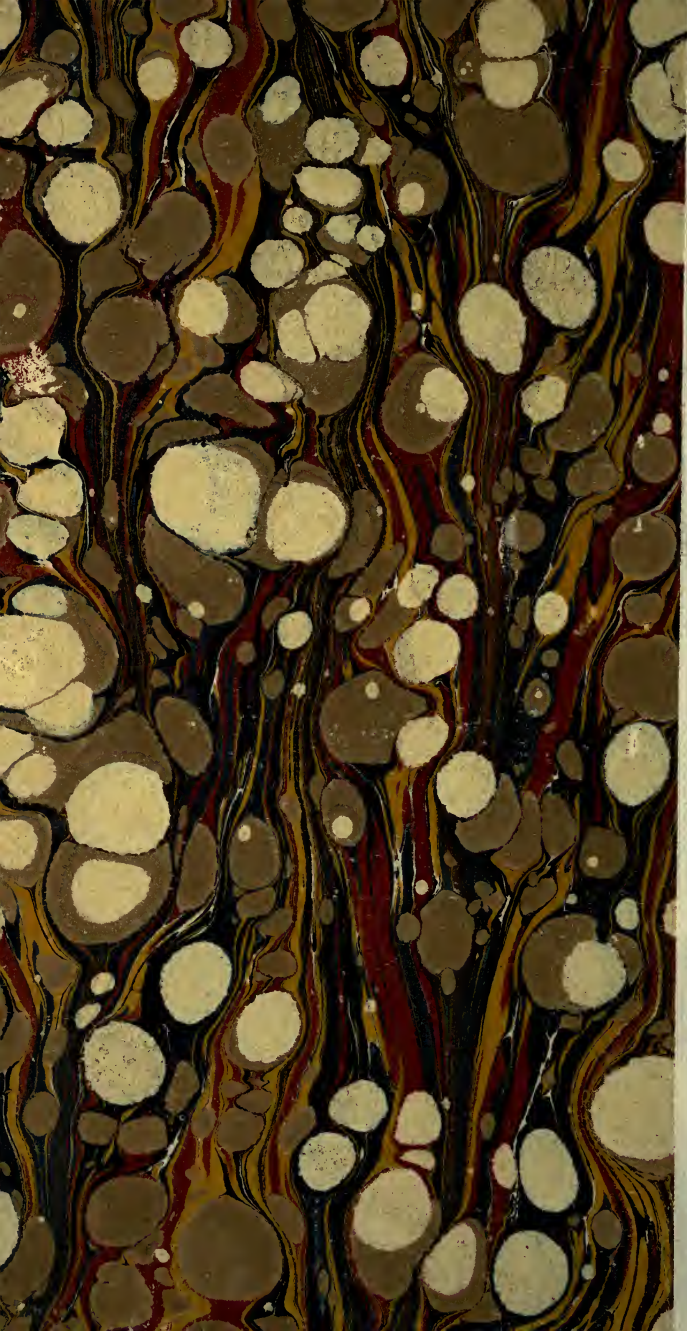
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